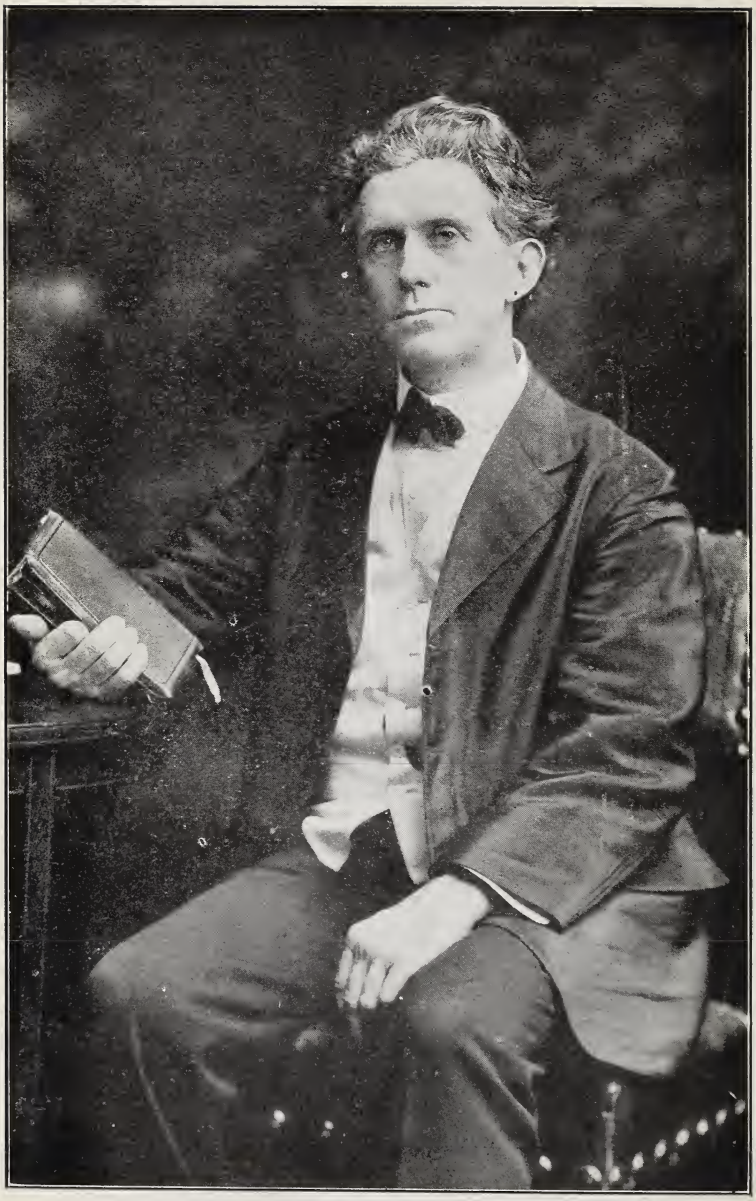
# MARTYRS AND WITNESSES

FORD HENDRICKSON

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1800

Martyrs at the Stake



Ford Hendrickson.

# MARTYRS

AND

# WITNESSES

By FORD HENDRICKSON

AUTHOR OF

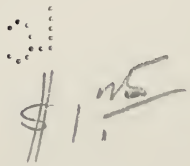
**"Secret Confession to a Priest,"** and the **"Black Convent Slave,"** besides the following books now in preparation: **"The Way Home," "Treasures of Heaven"** and **"Life and Work of Mr. Hendrickson,"** an illustrated auto-Biograhpy in detail on his life and labors.

---

Protestant Missionary Publishing Co.
445 Fisher Avenue
Detroit, Michigan

BR1601
.H57

Copyright by
FORD HENDRICKSON
1917
All Rights Reserved



APR 11 1917
©CLA457925
no. 1.

# Table of Contents


Page

**CHAPTER I—The Inquisition** ..... 9
Its Early Institution and Persecutions of Christians Under Pagan Rome. Origin, Progress and Cruelties of the Inquisition Under Papal Rome ..... 11
Among the Martyrs ..... 30

**CHAPTER II—Peter Waldo—**
His Accusations Against Popery ..... 40
Waldenses and the Inquisition ..... 42
Trial and Sufferings of Isaac Martin ..... 49
Singular Discoveries ..... 62
An Inquisition Harem ..... 66
Beautiful Girls Held as White Slaves ..... ..

**CHAPTER III—Persecutions of Protestants—**
Semper Eadem ..... 78
William Lithgow, Tortured ..... 83
Bartholomew Massacre ..... 94

**CHAPTER IV—Crimes of the Papacy** (Continued)—
Burning of the O'Guier Family ..... 102
The Massacre at Vassy, France ..... 110
Others Persecuted and Murdered ..... 120
The Terrible Head Band Torture ..... 133
The Dropping Water Torture ..... 135
Awful Persecutions and Crimes ..... 136

**CHAPTER V—Persecutions in Germany and Bohemia—**
The Reformation Started ..... 143
Twenty Martyrs Beheaded ..... 148

**CHAPTER VI—Huss and Jerome—**
The Life and Martyrdom of John Huss ..... 155
Martyrdom of Jerome of Prague ..... 164

**CHAPTER VII—English Martyrs—**
Trial, Imprisonment and Burning of Ridley and Latimer ..... 170

**CHAPTER VIII—Savonarola—**
His Tortures and Death ..... 189
Martin Luther ..... 194
At Worms ..... 195
"Here I Stand, I Can Do No Other" ..... 200
Closing Scenes in Luther's Life ..... 203
"A Thousand Times Yes" ..... 204

**CHAPTER IX—John Knox** ..... 207
Part One ..... 209
Part Two ..... 216
John Bunyan ..... 223

**CHAPTER X—John Wesley** ..... 232
Rawlins White Burned at the Stake ..... 243
William Tyndale ..... 248

**CHAPTER XI—Noted Missionaries' Witnesses—**
David Livingston ..... 250
William Carey ..... 258

**CHAPTER XII—Laborers of Yesterday and Today—**
Men of Yesterday ..... 260
Workers of Today ..... 276
Appendix ..... 317
Eminent Writers and Present-Day Workers ..... ..
Announcements and Book List ..... 318

# List of Illustrations


Martyrs at the Stake.....Frontispiece

Page

The Author ..... 7

Collosseum, and Lions in Arena.....Opposite page 10

Christian Noviced and Killed by Dogs.....Opposite page 11

The Torture Rack ..... 27

Taking Refuge in the Mountains..... 45

Head Bands Torture.....132

Water Torture .....135

Ridley in Prison .....175

Ridley and Latimer at the Stake.....187

"Savonarola" .....Opposite 190

Before the Inquisitors—from the Torture Rack...Opposite 191

Martin Luther .....Opposite 194

John Wickliffe .....Opposite 195

Luther Translating the Bible.....201

John Knox .....211

Castle of St. Andrew's.....219

John Bunyan .....225

Bunyan's Birth Place.....226

The Jail on Bedford Bridge.....228

Bunyan in Jail.....230

John Wesley .....233

Birth Place of Wesley.....237

Rawlins White at the Stake.....245

David Livingston .....252

William Black .....Opposite 260

James Vincent McNamara.....Opposite 261

H. L. Hastings .....266

N. L. A. Eastman.....270

Edward Hennessy Walsh .....271

Justin D. Fultin.....272

Charles Chiniquy .....273

Thomas Watson .....278

"Hickory Hill" .....279

John Ortis Gongalez .....284

Louis Joseph King .....285

Thomas E. Leyden .....290

Theodore C. Walker .....291

Alice Manlove .....294

Alma White .....295

Marvin Brown .....202

William Lloyd Clark .....203

E. A. Rassmann .....306

H. C. Hocken .....307

Edward Wells .....310

John Marchant .....311

Edward Jocque .....314

Medals, for St. Bartholomew's Massacre.....315

# BIOGRAPHY

*Ford Hendrickson was born in North Central Ohio, September 11th, 1875. Receiving his early education in the public schools,—later took up the study of law and was admitted to the bar in the State of Ohio in 1901. His law education was received in the law offices of Douglass & Mengert, at the time one of the leading law firms in that part of the State, with offices at Mansfield, Ohio. After practicing for about six years at this profession, he was converted to Bible christianity and immediately closed his labors at the bar and started to proclaim the gospel. He migrated to Arizona, where he labored, preached and lectured in the midst of privations and hardships until the winter of 1911-12.

In the spring of 1912 he packed his grips and made a missionary trip to Italy; making the trip of nearly 8,000 miles in about six weeks, going by rail to New York City, thence by steamship to Naples via the Island of Maderia. During his study and labors in Italy he divided his time between Naples and Rome, studying the convent systems and the faith and practice of the Church of Rome. In Naples he was imprisoned and robbed of what few clothes he carried, as well as being defrauded out of most of his missionary funds, leaving him with only a few dollars for his necessities. However, this did not interfere with his studies. He continued the work by living on bread and water for weeks, until provision was made by a wealthy lady for his accommodation during the remaining part of the reformer's studies in Rome. The entire missionary trip to Italy was remarkable on account of the providential care and protection that he received, being delivered from his imprisonment and delivered from the deadly assassins' butcher-knife. He, like Paul, "in sickness and in peril on land and sea."

Since Mr. Hendrickson's return to America he has contended for the faith upon the platform and pulpits, published a magazine and several books, to-wit: "Secret Confession to a Priest," "Black Convert Slave," besides nearly a million tracts and missionary cards.

His preaching and lecturing has been in Arizona, Mexico, Kansas and Texas, Ohio, West Virginia, Michigan and London, England. At Amarillo, Texas, after speaking on the "Sacrament of Penance in the Church of Rome" he was mobbed and beaten into insensibility. After being brutally bruised and mangled he was thrown into jail to recover his senses. He continued his lectures in Amarillo for eight days in the Baptist Tabernacle, speaking to thousands nightly.

In the year 1914 he made a second missionary trip to Europe, stopping at London, where he lectured until the outbreak of the war, in August. After this he continued his labors in the direction of securing material for this volume.

Among his latest campaigns, he has battled in Toledo, Ohio; Jackson, Detroit and Saginaw, Michigan, and Toronto, Canada, reaching hundreds of thousands of both protestants and catholics,—resulting in hundreds of converts from popery to Bible christianity. His home and missionary headquarters are in Detroit, Michigan. It is here that he prepares his manuscripts and directs his reform work.

PUBLISHERS.

---

(*See his "Life and Work" an antobiography, now in preparation, for his struggles and experiences in Italy and America.)

# A FOREWORD

The preparation of this volume came in answer to a general demand upon the part of the great mass of patriotic workers and supporters of Bible Christianity. From all parts of American and from Canada requests have been made for the author to compile the present volume and bring together a group of Martyrs and Witnesses from the centuries of the past down to the present day.

In the matter of compilation the author has departed from the usual course in his treatment of the Martyrs and has included other matter and illustrations descriptive of both Martyrs and Witnesses. He has used the leading Martyrs treated by Fox, the Martyrologist, and consulted the oldest and most authentic records in existence in America and England, securing much of the matter from the old book shelves in "Pater Noster Row," London, England, and from other sources in Italy. Other contributors that have rendered valuable assistance in furnishing records and matter are, The American Citizen office, B. O. Flower, Thomas Watson, William Lloyd Clark, Thomas E. Leyden, John Parker, Marvin Brown, Mrs. Antonio Guerretore, "Memoirs of Mighty Men," Protestant Alliance in England and others.

# DEDICATION

To the cause of Humanity and the service of our Lord we dedicate this volume, praying that every descriptive paragraph, and illustration, of the Lives of God's Martyrs and Witnesses, will reflect the glory of a living God, and be an inspiration for others to leave the beaten paths of the world and go the Martyrs' route for Truth and Liberty.

THE AUTHOR.

# CHAPTER I

## The Inquisition

### PERSECUTIONS OF CHRISTIANS.

TOWARD the close of the first century, the Emperor of Rome, Nero, sent forth the edict that the followers of Jesus should be annihilated from Roman territory. In consequence of this order,. thousands of the early Christians were slain because of their faith in Christ.

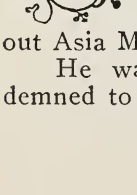
Night after night for nearly 300 years both rulers and plebians thronged the great Coliseum and witnessed this great slaughter of humanity. Night after night from seventy-five to eighty thousand Romans assembled in the spacious amphitheatre to feast their barbarous appetites upon the various modes and instruments of death. Upon one occasion a man would be led into the arena to face a savage throng—perhaps a recent convert from a noted family. As he was led out the officer made his last appeal for him to abjure the Christian faith. The mass of spectators became silent. At length they reached the middle of the arena —low mutterings were heard in the assemblage: "Will he return to our Roman Gods?" etc., when suddenly with eyes upturned he was seen to kneel in prayer. That was enough. The Emperor arose, waved his hand to the gate-man and the populace who now cheered the ruler called for the death of the Christian, until the echo of their voices were mingled with the loud roar of the half-starved lions in the subterranean chambers. The arena was cleared, save for the victim, who remained upon his knees to meet the end.

On the opposite side of the arena the lions' gate was raised, a monster appears, eyes bloodshot, jaws foaming from thirst and hunger. He hurries out into the open, lashing his tail from side to side; he surveys the throng. and then the colossal walls are again shaken with the maddened roar from the king of beasts. The beast saunters aimlessly across the arena until his eyes meet the kneeling form of the Christian. A bound, a spring, and then a stroke of the huge paw, and the form was torn asunder—a Christian witness died, sealing his testimony to the power of God with his own blood. And again Rome had been entertained.

### A Second Night Scene.

A group, upon this occasion, is being led into the arena. Some are young, some are old and infirm, all move quietly—a peculiar night. They have been divested of their clothing and are now partly clothed in furs and animal skins. They embrace each other and kneel while their lips are seen to move in silent prayer. It is now that about three score starved and maddened dogs are released from a side gate. Howling, they rush into the little band, biting, clawing, tearing and wearying the victims until they die. Again the wrath of the Roman gods has been appeased—eighty thousand beings had an evening's entertainment upon the sacrifice of the lives of God's faithful.

## JOHN POLYCARP.



AMONG the earliest Christian martyrs stands the noble and venerable John Polycarp, bishop of Smyrna, in Asia Minor. He was strict in his adherence to the pure Christian doctrine, being a disciple of JJohn and other apostles. His power for the Christian faith extended throughout Asia Minor. and stirred the populace.

He was arrested by the authorities and condemned to death, by burning at the stake. He was

Martyrs in the Arena.
(Awaiting the Jaws of Death.)

The Collosseum at Rome.

Christians worried and eaten by half-starved animals.

led forth on the day of his execution amid the jeers of the pagan populace and when being shown the death spot where stake and fagots were "waiting the sacrifice," he asked for leave to pray for the people and talk with his heavenly father just one hour. His pleading won his executioners and they consented to let him have the hour alone. After which he came forth and signfied his readiness to be burned. He was bound to the stake and the kindling piled up about his body and the fire started. In a few minutes the charred remains of the old Smyrna martyr hung stiff in death, while the martyr himself had passed over into the presence of the Father with whom he had but a few minutes before communed in silent prayer.

## The Origin, Progress, and Cruelties of the Inquisition.

In the time of pope Innocent III. the reformed religion had occasioned such a noise throughout Europe that the Catholics began to fear their church was in danger, and that the pope was determined to impede as much as possible the progress of the reformation: He accordingly instituted a number of inquisitors—persons who were to make inquiries after, apprehend, and punish the reformed heretics. At the head was one Dominic, who had been canonized in order to render his authority the more respectable. He and the other inquisitors spread themselves into various Roman Catholic countries, and treated the Protestants with the utmost severity. At length the pope, not finding them so useful as he had imagined, resolved upon the establishment of fixed and regular courts of inquisition, the first office of which was established in the city of Toulouse, and Dominic became the first inquisitor-general.

Courts of inquisition were soon erected in other countries; but the Spanish inquisition became the most powerful and the most dreaded of any. Even the kings

of Spain themselves, though arbitrary in all other respects, were taught to dread the power of the lords of inquisition; and the horrid cruelties they exercised compelled multitudes who differed but slightly in opinion from the catholics, carefully to conceal their sentiments. The Dominicans and Franciscans were the most zealous of all the monks: these, therefore, the pope invested with an exclusive right of presiding over and managing the different courts of inquisition. The friars of these two orders were always selected from the very dregs of the people, and therefore were not much troubled with scruples of conscience: they were obliged, however, by the rules of their respective orders, to lead very austere lives, which rendered their manners unsocial, and better qualified them for their employment.

The pope gave the inquisitors the most unlimited powers, as judges delegated by him, and immediately representing his person: they were permitted to excommunicate, or sentence to death, whom they thought proper, upon the slightest information of heresy; they were allowed to publish crusades against all whom they deemed heretics, and enter into leagues with sovereign princes, to join those crusades with their forces. About the year 1244, their power was further increased by the emperor Frederic the Second, who declared himself the protector and friend of all inquisitors, and published two cruel edicts—that heretics who continued obstinate should be burnt; and that those who repented should be imprisoned for life. This zeal in the emperor for the inquisitors and the Roman Catholic persuasion, arose from a report, which had been promulgated throughout Europe, that he intended to turn Mahometan; he therefore attempted, by the height of bigotry and cruelty, to establish beyond all doubt his attachment to the popish system.

The officers of the inquisition are three inquisitors or judges, a prosecutor, fistal, two secretaries, a mag-

istrate, a messenger, a receiver, a gaoler, an agent of confiscated possessions, and several assessors, counsellors, executioners, physicians, surgeons, door-keepers, familiars, and visitors, who were all sworn to profound secrecy. Their chief accusation against those who are subject to this tribunal is heresy, which comprises all that is spoken or written against the creed, or the traditions of the Romish church. The other articles of accusation are, renouncing Roman Catholic persuasion, and believing that persons of any other religion may be saved, or even admitting that the tenets of any but papists are either scriptural or rational. There are but two other things which incur the most severe punishments, to disapprove of any action done by the inquisition, or doubt the truth of anything asserted by inquisitors.

Heresy comprises many subdivisions, and, upon a suspicion of any of these, the party is immediately apprehended. Advancing an offensive proposition; failing to impeach others who may advance one, condemning church ceremonies; defacing idols; reading books condemned by the inquisition; lending such books to others; deviating from the ordinary practices of the Romish church; letting a year go past without going to confession; eating meat on fast-days; neglecting mass; being present at a sermon preached by a heretic; not appearing when summoned by the inquisition; lodging in the house of, contracting a friendship with, or making presents to a heretic; assisting a heretic to escape from confinement, or visiting one in confinement, all matters of suspicion, and prosecuted accordingly. All Roman Catholics were even commanded, under pain of excommunication, to give immediate information, even of their nearest and dearest friends, if they judged them to be heretics, or any ways inclining to heresy. All who give the least assistance to protestants are called fautors or abettors of heresy, and the accusations against them are for

comforting such as the inquisition has begun to prosecute; assisting, or not informing against them, if they should happen to escape; concealing, abetting, advising, or furnishing heretics with money; visiting, or writing to, or sending them subsistence; secreting or burning books and papers which might serve to convince them. The inquisition also takes cognizance of such as are accused of being magicians, witches, blasphemers, soothsayers, wizards, common swearers, and of such as read or even possess the bible in the common language, the Talmud of the Jews, or the Alcoran of the Mahometans. Upon all occasions the inquisitors carry on their process with the utmost severity. A protestant is seldom shown any mercy; and a Jew, who turns Christian, is far from being secure; for if he is known to keep company with another converted Jew, suspicion arises that they privately practice together some Jewish ceremonies; if he keep company with a person who was lately a protestant, but now professes popery, they are accused of plotting together; but if he associate with a Roman Catholic, an accusation is often laid against the former for only pretending to be a papist, and the consequence is, a confiscation of his effects, and the loss of life is he complain of ill usage. A defense is of little use to the prisoner; for suspicion is deemed cause of condemnation, and the greater his wealth the greater his danger. Most of the inquisitors' cruelties are owing to their rapacity; they destroy life to possess the property of their victims, and, under pretense of zeal, plunder individuals of their rights. A prisoner of the inquisition is never allowed to see the face of his accuser, or of the witnesses against him, but every method is taken by threats and tortures to oblige him to criminate himself. If the jurisdiction of the inquisition be not fully allowed, vengeance is denounced such as call it in question; or if any of its officers are opposed, those who oppose them are almost certain

of becoming sufferers for their temerity; the maximum of the inquisition being to strike terror and awe to those who are the objects of its power, into obedience. High birth, distinguished rank, great dignity, or eminent employments, are no protection from its severities; and the lowest officers of the inquisition can make the highest characters tremble at their authority. These are the circumstances which subject persons to the rage of the inquisition; and the methods of beginning the process are, 1. to proceed by an imputation, or prosecute on common report; 2. to proceed by the information of an indifferent person who wishes to impeach another; 3. to prosecute on the information of spies retained by the inquisition; and, 4. to prosecute on the confession of the prisoner himself. The inquisitors never forget nor forgive; length of time cannot efface their resentments; nor can the humblest concessions or most liberal presents obtain a pardon; they carry their desire of revenge to the grave, and are gratified with nothing short of the property and lives of those who have offended. Hence, when a person once accused to the inquisition, after escaping, is re-taken, he ought seriously to prepare himself for martyrdum, for pardon is next to an impossibility. If a positive accusation be given, the inquisitors direct an order to the executioner, who takes a certain number of familiars with him to assist in the execution. Father, son, brother, sister, husband, or wife, must quietly submit; none dare resist or even speak—as either would subject them to the punishment of the devoted victim. No respite is allowed, but the prisoner is instantaneously hurried away.

This dreadful engine of tyranny may at any time be introduced into a country where the catholics have the ascendancy; and hence how careful we ought to be, who are not accursed with such an arbitrary court, to prevent its introduction. In speaking of this subject an elegant author says, "How horrid a scene of

perfidy and inhumanity. What kind of community must that be whence gratitude, love, and mutual forbearance of human frailties, are banished! What must that tribunal be, which obliges parents not only to erase from their minds the remembrances of their own children, to extinguish all those keen sensations of tenderness and affection wherewith nature inspires them, but even to extend their inhumanity so far as to force them to become their accusers, and consequently the cause of the cruelties inflicted upon them! What ideas ought we to form of a tribunal which obliges children not only to stifle every soft impulse of gratitude, love and respect, due to those who gave them birth, but even forces them, under the most rigorous penalties, to be spies over their parents, and to discover to a set of merciless inquisitors the crimes, the errors, and even the infirmities to which they are exposed by human frailty! In a word, a tribunal that will not permit relations, when imprisoned in its horrid dungeons, to give each other the succors, or perform the duties which religion enjoins, must be of an infernal nature. What disorder and confusion must give rise to in a tenderly affectionate family! An expression, innocent in itself, and, perhaps, but too true, shall, from an indiscreet zeal or panic of fear, give infinite uneasiness to a family; shall entirely ruin its peace and perhaps cause one or more of its members to be the unhappy victims of the most barbarous of all tribunals. What distractions must necessarily break forth in a house where the husband and wife are at variance, or the children loose and wicked! Will such children scruple to sacrifice a father, whose endeavors to restrain them by his exhortations, by reproofs, or paternal corrections? Will they not rather, after plundering his house to support their extravagance and riot, readily delivered up their unhappy parent to all the horrors of a tribunal founded on the blackest injustice? A riotous husband, or a loose

wife, has an easy opportunity, assisted by the system in question, to rid themselves of one who is a check to their vices, by deliverng him or her up to the rigors of the inquisition."

When the inquisitors have taken umbrage against an innocent person, all expedients are used to facilitate condemnation; false oaths and testimonies are employed to find the accused guilty, and all laws and institutions are sacrifificed to satiate the most bigoted vengeance. If a person accused be arrested and imprisoned, his treatment is deplorable. The goalers may begin by searching him for books and papers which tend to his conviction, or for instruments which might be employed in self-murder or escape, and on this pretext they often rob him of valuables and even wearing apparel. When the prisoner has been searched and robbed, he is committed to prison. Innocence, on such an occasion, is a weak reed, nothing being easier than to ruin an innocent person. The mildest sentence is imprisonment for life; yet the inquisitors proceed by degrees at once subtle, slow, and cruel. The gaoler first insinuates himself into the prisoner's favor, by pretending to wish and advise him well; and among other hints of false kindness tells him to petition for an audit. When he is brought before the consistory, the first demand is, "What is your request?" To this the prisoner very naturally answers, that he would have a hearing. On this one of the inquisitors replies, "Your hearing is—confess the truth, conceal nothing, and rely on our mercy." If now the prisoner make a confession of any trifling affair, they immediately found an indictment upon it; if he is mute, they shut him up without light, or any food but a scanty allowance of bread and water till he overcomes his obstinacy, as they call it; and if he declare his innocence, they torment him till he either dies with the pain, or confesses himself guilty.

On the re-examination of such as confess, they continually say, "You have not been sincere, you tell not all; you keep many things concealed, and therefore must be remanded to your dungeon." When those who have been silent are called for re-examination, if they continue mute, such tortures are ordered as either make them speak, or kill them; and when those who proclaim their innocence are re-examined, a crucifix is held before them, and they are solemnly exhorted to take an oath of their confession of faith. This brings them to the test; they must either swear they are Roman catholics, or acknowledge they are not. If they acknowledge they are not, they are proceeded against as heretics; if they acknowledge they are, a string of accusations is brought against them, to which they are obliged to answer extempore; no time being given even to arrange their thoughts. On having verbally answered, pen, ink, and paper, are brought them, in order to produce a written answer, which must in every degree coincide with the verbal one. If the verbal and written answers differ, the prisoners are charged with prevarication; if one contain more than the other, they are charged of wishing for concealment; if they both agree, they are charged with premeditated artifice.

After a person impeached is condemned, he is either severely whipped, violently tortured, sent to the galleys, or sentenced to death; in either case the effects are confiscated. After judgment, a procession is arranged to the place of execution, and the ceremony is called an Auto da Fe, or act of Faith. The following is an exact account of one of these solemn farces, performed at Madrid in the year 1682.

The officers of the inquisition, preceded by trumpets, kettle-drums, and their banner, marched on the 30th of May, in cavalcade, to the palace of the great square, where they declared by proclamation, that on the 30th of June the sentence of the prisoners was to

be put into execution. There had not been a spectacle of this kind at Madrid for several years before, for which reason it was expected by the inhabitants with as much impatience as a day of great festivity and triumph. When the day appointed arrived, a prodigious number of people appeared dressed as gaily as their respective circumstances would admit. In the great square was raised a high scaffold; and thither, from seven in the morning till the evening, were brought criminals of both sexes; all the inquisitions in the kingdom sending their prisoners to Madrid. Twenty men and women, with one renegade Mahometan, were ordered to be burned; fifty Jews and Jewesses, never having before been imprisoned, and repenting of their crimes, were sentenced to a long confinement, and to wear a yellow cap; and ten others, indicted for bigamy, witchcraft, and other crimes, were sentenced to be whipped, and then sent to the galleys; these last wore large pasteboard caps, with inscriptions on them, having a halter about their necks, and torches in their hands. On this occasion the whole court of Spain was present. The grand inquisitor's chair was placed in a sort of tribunal higher than that of the king. Nobles acted the part of the sheriff's officers in England, leading such criminals as were to be burned, and holding them when fast bound with thick cords; the rest of the victims were conducted by familiars of the inquisition. There was among them a young Jewess of exquisite beauty, but seventeen years of age. Being on the same side of the scaffold where the queen was seated, she addressed her, in hope of obtaining pardon, in the following pathetic speech: "Great queen! will not your royal presence be of some service to me in my miserable condition? Have regard to my youth; and, oh! consider that I am about to die for professing a religion imbibed from my earliest infancy!" Her majesty seemed to pity her distress, but turned away her

eyes, as she did not dare speak a word in behalf of a person who had been declared a heretic by the inquisition. Mass now began, in the midst of which the priest came from an altar placed near the scaffold, and seated himself in a chair prepared for that purpose. Then the chief inquisitor descended from the amphitheatre, dressed in his cope, and having a mitre on his head. After bowing to the altar, he advanced towards the king's balcony, attended by some of his officers, carrying a cross and the gospels, with a book containing the oath by which the kings of Spain oblige themselves to protect the catholic faith, to extirpate heretics, and support with all their power the decrees of the inquisitions. On the approach of the inquisitor presenting this book to the king, his majesty rose up bare-headed, and swore to maintain the oath, which was read to him by one of his counsellors; after which the king remained standing till the inquisitor had returned to his place; when the secretary of the holy office mounted a sort of pulpit, and administered a like oath to the counsellors and the whole assembly. Mass commenced about twelve at noon and did not end till nine in the evening, being protracted by a proclamation of sentences of the several criminals, which were rehearsed aloud one after the other. Next followed the burning of the twenty-one men and women, whose intrepidity in suffering that horrid death was truly astonishing: some thrust their hands and feet into the flames with the most dauntless fortitude; and all yielded to their fate with such resolution that many of the amazed spectators lamented that such heroic souls had not been more enlightened. The situation of the king was so near to the criminals, that their dying groans were audible to him: his coronation oath obliges him to give sanction by his presence to all the acts of the tribunal.

Another Auto da Fe is thus described by the reverend Dr. Geddes:—"At the place of execution there

are as many stakes set as there are prisoners to be burned, a large quantity of dry furze being piled about them. The stakes of the protestants, or as the inquisitors call them, the professed, are about four yards high, and have each a small board, whereon the prisoner is seated within a half yard of the top. The professed then go up a ladder betwixt two priests, who attend the whole day of execution. When they come up even with the board they turn about to the people, and the priests spend a quarter of an hour in exhorting them to be reconciled to the see of Rome. On their refusing, the priests come down, and the executioner ascending, turns the professed from off the ladder upon the seat, chains their bodies close to the stakes, and leaves them. Then the priests go up a second time to renew their exhortations, and if they find them ineffectual, usually tell them at parting, that they leave them to the devil, who is standing at their elbow ready to receive their souls, and carry them with him into the flames of hell-fire, as soon as they are out of their bodies. A general shout is then raised, and when the priests get off the ladder, the universal cry is, 'Let the dogs' beards be burnt,' which is accordingly done by means of flaming furzes thrust against their faces. This barbarity is repeated till their faces are burnt, and is accompanied with loud acclamations. Fire is then set to the furzes, and the criminals are consumed."

The inquisition belonging to Portugal is on a similar plan to that of Spain, having been instituted much about the same time, and put under the same regulations, and the proceedings nearly resemble each other. The house or rather palace of the inquisition is a noble edifice. It contains four courts, each about forty feet square, round which are about 300 dungeons or cells. The dungeons on the ground floor are for the lowest class of prisoners, and those on the second story are for superior rank. The galleries are

built of freestone, and hid from view both within and without by a double wall of about fifty feet high. So extensive is the whole prison, which contains so many turnings that none but those acquainted with it can find their way through the various avenues. The apartments of the chief inquisitor are spacious and elegant; the entrance is through a large gate, which leads into a court-yard, round which are several chambers, and some large saloons for the king, royal family, and the rest of the court to stand and observe the executions.

A testoon, which is a sevenpence-halfpenny English money, is allowed every prisoner daily; and the principle goaler, accompanied by two other officers, visits every prisoner monthly to enquire how he would have his allowance laid out. This visit, however is only a matter of form, for the goaler usually lays out the money as he pleases, and commonly allows the prisoner daily a porringer of broth, half a pound of beef, a small piece of bread, and a trifling portion of cheese. Sentinels walk about continually to listen, and if the least noise is heard, to address and threaten the prisoner; if the noise is repeated, a severe beating ensues. The following is said to be a fact: a prisoner having a violent cough, one of the guards came and ordered him not to make a noise; to which he replied, that from the violence of his cold, it was not in his power to forbear. The cough increasing, the guard went into the cell, stripped the poor creature naked, and beat him so unmercifully that he soon died.

Sometimes a prisoner passes a month without knowing of what he is accused, or having the least idea when he is to be tried. The goaler at length informs him that he must petition for a trial. This ceremony being gone through he is taken bare-headed for examination. When they come to the door of the tribunal, the goaler knocks three times, to give the judges notice of their approach. A bell is rung by one of the judges, when an attendant opens the door,

admits the prisoner and accomodates him with a stool. The prisoner is then ordered by the president to kneel down, and lay his right hand upon a book, which is presented to him close shut. This being complied with, the following question is put to him: "Will you promise to conceal the secrets of the holy office, and to speak the truth?" Should he answer in the negative, he is remanded to his cell and cruelly treated. If he answers in the affirmative, he is ordered to be again seated, and the examination proceeds; when the president asks a variety of questions, and the clerk minutes both them and the answers. When the examination is closed, the bell is again rung, the goaler appears, and the prisoner is ordered to withdraw with this exhortation: "Tax your memory, recollect all the sins you have committed, and when you are again brought here, communicate them to the holy office." The gaolers and attendants, when apprised that the prisoner has made an ingenuous confession, and readily answered every question, make him a low bow, and treat him with affected kindness as a reward for his candor. He is brought in a few days for a second examination, with the same formalities as before. The inquisitors often deceive prisoners by promising the greatest lenity, and even to restore their liberty, if they will accuse themselves; the unhappy persons who are in their power frequently fall into this snare, and are sacrificed to their own simplicity. Instances have occurred of some, who relying on the faith of the judges, have accussed themselves of what they were totally innocent, in expectation of obtaining their liberty and thus became martyrs of their own folly.

There is another artifice made use of by the inquisitors: if a prisoner has too much resolution to accuse himself, and too much foresight to be ensnared by their sophistry, they proceed differently. A copy of an indictment against the prisoner is given him, in which, among many trivial accusations, he is charged

with the most enormous crimes of which human nature is capable. This rouses his temper, and he exclaims against such falsities. He is then asked which of the crimes he can deny. He naturally mentions the most atrocious, and begins to express his abhorence of them, when the indictments are snatched out of his hand, the president says, "By your denying only those crimes which you mention, you implicitly confess the rest, we shall therefore proceed accordingly." Sometimes they make a ridiculous affectation of equity, by pretending that the prisoner may be indulged with a counsellor, if he chooses to demand one. Such a request is sometimes made, and a counsellor appointed; but upon these occasions, as the trial is a mockery of justice, so the counsellor is a mere cipher; for he is not permitted to say any thing that might offend the inquisitor, or to advance a syllable that might benefit the prisoner.

Though the inquisitors allow the torture to be used only three times, yet it is so severely inflicted, that the prisoner either dies under it, or ever after continues a cripple. The following is a description of the severe torments occasioned by the torture, from one who suffered it the three usual times, but happily survived its cruelties.

### The First Time of Torturing.

A prisoner on refusing to comply with the iniquitous demand of the inquisitors, by confessing all the crimes they thought proper to charge him with, was immediately conveyed to the torture-room, where no light appeared but what issued from two candles. That the cries of the sufferers might not be heard by other prisoners, the room was lined with a kind of quilting, covering all the crevices and deadening the sound. The prisoner's horror was extreme on entering this infernal place, when suddenly he was surrounded by six wretches, who, after preparing the tortures, stripped him naked to his drawers. He was

then laid upon his back upon a kind of stand, elevated a few feet from the floor. They began by putting an iron collar round his neck and a ring to each foot. which fastened him to the stand. His limbs being thus stretched out they wound two ropes round each arm and each thigh; ehese being passed under the scaffold, were all drawn tight at the same instant of time, by four of the men at a given signal. The pains which immediately succeeded were intolerable; the ropes, which were of small size, cut through the prisoner's flesh to the bone, making the blood gush out at all the different places bound at a time. As he persisted in not making any confession of what the inquisitors required, the ropes were drawn in this manner four times successively. A physician and surgeon attended, and often felt his temples, to judge of the danger he might be in; by these means his tortures were for a short time suspended; but only that the might have sufficient opportunity of recovering his spirits to sustain further torture. During this extremity of anguish, while the tender frame is tearing, as it were, in pieces, while at every pore it feels the sharpest pangs of death, and the agonized soul is just ready to burst forth and quit its wretched mansion, the ministers of the inquisition have the obduracy to look on without emotion, and calmly to advise the poor distracted creature to look on without emotion, and calmly to advise the pardon and receive absolution. All this, however, was ineffectual with the prisoner, whose mind was strengthened by a sweet consciousness of innocence, and the divine consolation of religion. Amidst his bodiy suffering, the physician and surgeon were so barbarous as to declare, that if he died under the torture he would be guilty, by his obstinacy of self-murder. The last time the ropes were drawn tight he grew so exceedingly weak, by the stoppage of the circulation of his blood and pains he endured, that he fainted away; upon

which he was unloosed and carried back to his dungeon.

### The Second Time of Torturing.

The inhuman wretches of the inquisition, finding that all the tortures they inflicted, instead of extorting a discovery from the prisoner, only served the more fervently to excite his supplications to Heaven for patience and power to persevere in truth and integrity, were so inhuman, in six weeks after, as to expose him to another kind of torture, more severe, if possible, that the former, the manner of inflicting which was as follows. They forced the arms backwards, so that the psalms of his hands were turned outward behind him, when, by means of a rope that fastened them together at the wrists, and which was turned by an engine, they drew them by degrees nearer each other. In consequence of this violent contortion, both his shoulders became dislocated, and a considerable quantity of blood issued from his mouth. This torture was repeated thrice; after which he was again taken to the dungeon, and delivered to the physician and surgeon, who, in setting the dislocated bones, put him to the most exquisite torment.

### The Third Time of Torturing.

About two months after the second torture, the prisoner, being a little recovered, was again ordered to the torture-room; and there, for the last time, made to undergo another kind of punishment, which was inflicted twice without intermission. The executioners fastened a thick iron chain twice around his body, which, crossing upon his stomach, terminated at the wrists. They then placed him with his back against a thick board, at each extremity whereof was a pulley, through which there run a rope that caught the ends of the chain at his wrists. Then the executioner stretching the end of this rope, by means of a roller placed at a distance behind him, pressed or bruised his stomach in proportion as the ends of the

The Torture Rack.

chain were drawn tighter. They tortured him in this manner to such a degree, that his wrists, as well as his shoulders, were quite dislocated. They were, however, soon set by the surgeons; but the barbarians, not yet satisfied with this series of cruelty, made him immediately undergo the torture a second time; which he sustained with equal constancy and resolution. He was then remanded to his dungeon, attended by the surgeon to dress his bruises and adjust the parts dislocated; and here he continued till their gaol delivery restored him to a miserable freedom in this world, or their Auto de Fe removed him to a better state.

It may be judged from these accounts what dreadful agony the sufferer must have labored under, by being so frequently put to the torture. Most of his limbs were disjointed; so much was he bruised and exhausted, as to be unable, for weeks, to lift his hands to his mouth; and his body became greatly swelled from the inflammation caused by frequent dislocations. After his discharge he felt the effects of this cruelty for the remainder of his life, being frequently seized with thrilling and excruciating pains, to which he had never been subject, till after he had the misfortune to fall under the merciless and bloody lords of the inquisition. The unhappy females who fall into the hands of the inquisitors, have not more favor shown them on account of the tenderness of their sex; but are tortured with as much severity as the male prisoners, with the additional mortification of having the most shocking indecencies added to the most savage barbarities.

Should these modes of torturing force a confession from the prisoner, he is remanded to his horrid dungeon, and left a prey to the melancholy of his situation, to the anguish arising from what he has suffered, and to the dreadful ideas of future cruelties. Should he refuse to confess, he is still remanded to his

dungeon; but a stratagem is used to draw from him what the torture fails to do. A companion is allowed to attend him, under the pretence of comforting his mind till his wounds are healed; this person, who is always selected for his cunning, insinuates himself into the good graces of the prisoner, laments the anguish he feels, sympathizes with him, and, taking advantage of the hasty expressions forced from him by pain, does all he can to dive into his secrets. This companion sometimes pretends to be a prisoner like himself, and imprisoned for similar charges; to draw the unhappy person into unsuspecting confidence, and persuade him in unbosoming his grief, to betray his private sentiments.

Frequently these snares succeed, as they are the most alluring by being glossed over with the appearance of friendship, sympathy, pity, and every tender passion. In fine, if the prisoner cannot be found guilty, he is either tortured or harassed to death, though a few have sometimes had the good fortune to be discharged; but not without having first of all suffered the most dreadful cruelties. If he is found guilty, all his effects are confiscated, and he is condemned to be whipped, imprisoned for life, sent to the gallies, or put to death. Having mentioned the barbarities with which the prisoners are treated by the inquisitors, we shall proceed to recount the severity of their proceedings against publications.

When a book is published, it is carefully read by some of the families belonging to the inquisition. These wretched critics are too ignorant and bigoted to search for truth, and too malicious to appreciate sound wisdom and virtue. They scrutinize not for the merits, but for the defects of an author, and pursue the slips of his pen with unremitting diligence. Hence they read with prejudice, judge with partiality, pursue errors with avidity, and strain that which is innocent into an offensive meaning. They misapply, confound,

and pervert the sense; and when they have gratified the malignity of their disposition, charge their blunders upon the author, that a prosecution may be founded upon their false conceptions and designed misinterpretations. Any trivial charge causes the censure of a book. There is a catalogue of condemned books annually published under three different heads of censures, and being printed on a large sheet of paper, is hung up in the most public and conspicuous places. After this, people are obliged to destroy all such books as come under either of the censures, unless the exceptionable passages have been expunged, and the corrections made, as in either case disobedience would be of the most fatal consequence: for the possessing and reading the proscribed books are deemed very atrocious crimes. Every publisher of such books is usually ruined in his circumstances, and sometimes obliged to pass the remainder of his life in a cell of the inquisition.

---

## Cruelties Exercised by the Inquisition of Spain and Portugal from the Most Authenticated Records.

Francis Romanus, a native of Spain, was employed by the merchants of Antwerp to transact some business for them in Bremen. He had been educated in the Romish persuasion, but going one day into a Protestant church, he was struck with the truths which he heard, and beginning to discern the errors of popery, he determined to search farther into the matter. Perusing the sacred scriptures, and the writings of some Protestant divines, he perceived the falsehood of the principles he had formerly embraced; and soon renounced the impositions of popery for the doctrines of the reformed church, in which religion appeared in its genuine purity. Resolving to think only of his eternal salvation, he studied religious truth more

than earthly trade, and purchased books rather than merchandise, convinced that the riches of the body are trifling to those of the soul. He resigned his agency to the merchants of Antwerp, giving them an account at the same time of his conversion; and then, resolved on the conversion of his parents, he returned without delay to Spain for that purpose. But the Antwerp merchants writing to the inquisitors, he was seized, imprisoned for some time, and then condemned to the flames as a heretic. He was led to the place of execution in a garment painted with demon figures, and had a paper mitre put on his head by way of derision. As he passed by a wooden cross, one of the priests bade him kneel to it; but he absolutely refused to do so, saying, "It is not for Christians to worship wood." Having been placed on a pile of fagots, the fire quickly reached him, when he suddenly lifted up his head; the priests thinking he meant to recant, ordered him to be taken down. Finding, however, that they were mistaken, and that he still retained his constancy, he was placed again upon the pile, where, as long as he had life and voice remaining, he kept repeating these verses of the seventh psalm—"O Lord by God, in thee I put my trust! O let the wickedness of the wicked come to an end, but establish thou the just. My defence is of God, who saveth the upright in heart. I will sing praise to the name of the Lord most high!"

### Rochus, the Carver.

At St. Lucar, in Spain, resided a carver named Rochus, whose principal business was to make images of saints and other popish idols. Becoming, however, convinced of the errors of the Romish persuasion, he embraced the Protestant faith, left off carving images, and for subsistence followed the business of a seal engraver only. But he had retained one image of the Virgin Mary for a sign; when an inquisitor passing by, asked if he would sell it. Rochus mentioned a price; the inquisitor objected to it, and offered half the

money. Rochus replied, "I would rather break it to pieces than take such a trifle."—"Break it to pieces," said the inquisitor, "break it to pieces if you dare!" Rochus being provoked at this expression, snatched up a chisel, and cut off the nose of the image. This was sufficient; the inquisitor went away in a rage, and soon after sent to have him apprehended. In vain did he plead that what he defaced was his own property; and that if it was not proper to do as he would with his own, it was not proper for the inquisitor to bargain for the image in the way of trade. Nothing, however, availed him; his fate was decided; he was condemned to be burnt, and the sentence was executed without delay.

### Doctor Cacallla and His Whole Family.

A doctor Cacalla, his brother Francis and sister Blanche, were burnt at Valladolid, for having spoken against the inquisitors. A gentlewoman with her two daughters and niece, were apprehended at Seville, professing the Protestant religion. They were all put to the torture; and when that was over, one of the inquisitors sent for the youngest daughter, pretended to sympathize with her, and pity her suffering; then binding himself with a solemn oath not to betray her, he said, "If you will disclose all to me, I promise you I will procure the discharge of your mother, sister, cousin, and yourself." Rendered confident by this oath, and ensnared by specious promises, she revealed all the tenets they professed; when the perjured wretch, instead of acting as he had sworn, immediately ordered her to be put to the rack, saying, "Now you have revealed so much, I will make you reveal more." Refusing, however, to say anything further, the whole family were condemned to the flames, and the horrid sentence was executed at the next Auto de Fe.

### A Humane Keeper Tortured.

The keeper of the castle of Triano, belonging to the inquisitors of Seville, happened to be of a more

mild and humane temper than is usual with persons in his situation. He gave all the indulgence he could to the prisoners, and showed them every favor in his power with as much secrecy as possible. At length the inquisitors became acquainted with his kindness, and determined to punish him severely for it, that the gaolers might be deterred from showing the least trace of that compassion which ought to glow in the breast of every human being. With this view they superseded him, threw him into a dismal dungeon, and used him with such dreadful barbarity that he lost his senses. His deplorable situation, however, procured him no favor; for, frantic as he was, they brought him from prison at an Auto de Fe to the usual place of punishment, with a sanbenito (or garment worn by criminals) on him, and a rope about his neck. His sentence was then read—that he should be placed upon an ass, led through the city, receive 200 stripes, and then be condemned six years to the galleys. The unhappy frantic wretch, just as they were about to begin his punishment, suddenly sprang from the back of the ass, broke the cords that bound him, snatched a sword from one of the guards, and dangerously wounded an officer of the inquisition. Being overpowered he was prevented from doing further mischief, seized, bound more securely to the ass, and treated according to his sentence. So inexorable were the inquisitors, that for the rash effects of his madness, which they had caused, four years were added to his slavery in the galleys.

### A Maid Servant Branded.

A maid-servant to another gaoler belonging to the inquisition was accused of humanity, and detected in bidding the prisoners keep up their spirits. For this heinous crime, as it was called, she was publicly whipped, banished from her native place for ten years, and had her forehead branded, by red hot irons with these words, "A favourer and aider of heretics."

### The Pontic Family.

John Pontic, a Spanish gentleman and a protestant, was, principally on account of his great estate, apprehended by the inquisitors, and charged with heresy. On this charge all his effects were confiscated to the use of the inquisitors, and his body was burnt to ashes. John Gonsalvo, originally a priest, but who now embraced the reformed religion, was, with his mother, brother, and two sisters, seized by the inquisitors. Being condemned, they were led to execution singing part of the 106th psalm. At the place of execution they were ordered to repeat the creed, which they immediately complied with, but coming to these words, "the holy catholic church," they were commanded to add the monosyllables "of Rome," which absolutely refusing, one of the inquisitors said, "Put an end to their lives directly," when the executioners obeyed, and strangled them.

### Four Women Burned at the Stake.

Four protestant women were seized at Seville, tortured, and afterwards ordered for execution. On the way they began to sing psalms: but the officers thinking that the words of the psalms reflected on themselves, used the most cruel means to silence them. They were then burnt, and the houses they resided in ordered to be demolished. A protestant schoolmaster of the name of Ferdinando, was apprehended by order of the inquisition, for instructing his pupils in the principles of protestantism; and after being severely tortured, committed to the flames.

### Ferdinando the Teacher.

A monk, who had abjured the errors of popery, was imprisoned at the same time as Ferdinando; but through the fear of death, he said he was willing to embrace his former communion. Ferdinando hearing of this, obtained an opportunity to speak to him, reproached him with his weakness, and threatened him

with eternal perdition; when the monk, sensible of his crime, re-embraced and promised to continue in the protestant faith, and declared to the inquisitors that he solemnly renounced his intended recantation. Sentence of death was therefore passed upon him, and he was burned at the same stake with his friend.

### Twenty Persons Roasted on Spits.

A Spanish Roman Catholic, named Juliano, travelling into Germany, became converted to the protestant religion and undertook to convey to his own country a great number of Bibles, concealed in casks, and packed up like Rhenish wine. He succeeded so far as to distribute the books. A pretended protestant, however, who had purchased one of the Bibles, betrayed him, and laid an account of the affair before the inquisition. Juliano was seized, and means being used to find out the purchasers of the Bibles, 800 persons were apprehended. They were indiscriminately tortured, and then most of them were sentenced to various punishments. Juliano was burnt, twenty were roasted upon spits, several imprisoned for life, some were publicly whipped, many sent to the galleys, and a very small number were acquitted.

### John Leon, the Tailor.

A protestant tailor of Spain, named John Leon, travelled to Germany, and from thence to Geneva, where hearing that a number of English Protestants were returning to their native country, he and some other Spaniards determined to go with them. The Spanish inquisitors being apprised of their intentions, sent a number of familiars in pursuit of them, who overtook them at a sea-port in Zealand. The prisoners were heavily fettered, handcuffed, had their necks and heads covered with a kind of iron net-work, and in this miserable condition they were conveyed to Spain, thrown into a dungeon, almost famished, barbarously tortured, and then burnt.

### Young Woman Racked.

A young lady having been forced into a convent, absolutely refused to take the veil; and on leaving the cloister she embraced the protestant faith, on which she was apprehended and condemned to the flames. An eminent physician and philosopher of the name of Christopher Losada, became obnoxious to the inquisitors, on account of exposing the errors of popery, and professing the tenets of protestantism. He was apprehended, imprisoned, and racked; but these severities not making him confess the Roman catholic church to be the only true one, he was sentenced to the fire; which he bore with exemplary patience, and resigned his soul to his Creator.

### Arias; Tortured the Monk.

Arias, a monk of St. Isidore's monastery at Seville, was a man of great abilities, but of a vicious nature. He sometimes pretended to forsake the errors of the church of Rome, and become a protestant, and soon after turned Roman catholic. Thus he continued a long time wavering between both persuasions, till God thought proper to touch his heart. He now became a true protestant; and the sincerity of his conversion soon after becoming known, he was seized by the officers of the inquisition, severely tortured, and afterwards burned at an Auto da Fe.

### Maria de Coccicao.

A young lady named Maria de Coccicao, who resided with her brother at Lisbon, was taken up by the inquisitors, and ordered to be put to the rack. The torments she felt made her confess the charges against her. The cords were then slackened, and she was reconducted to her cell, where she remained till she had recovered the use of her limbs; she was then brought again before the tribunal, and ordered to ratify her confession. This she absolutely refused to do, telling them, that what she had said was forced from her by the excessive pain she underwent. The inquisitors,

incensed at this reply, ordered her again to be put to the rack, when the weakness of nature once more prevailed, and she repeated her former confession. She was immediately remanded to her cell; and being a third time brought before the inquisitors they ordered her to sign her first and second confessions. She answered as before, but added, "I have twice given away to the frailty of the flesh, and perhaps may while on the rack, be weak enough to do so again: but depend upon it, if you torture me a hundred times, as soon as I am released from the rack I shall deny what was extorted from me by pain." The inquisitors then ordered her to be racked a third time; and, during this last trial, she bore the torments with utmost fortitude, and could not be persuaded to answer any of the questions put to her. As her courage and constancy increased, the inquisitors, instead of putting her to death,, condemned her to a severe whipping through the public streets, and banishment for ten years

### Inquisitors Affected Remorse.

A lady of the noble family of Seville, named Jane Bohorquia, was apprehended on the information of her sister, who had been tortured and burnt for professing the protestant religion. While on the rack, she confessed she had frequently conversed with her sister concerning protestantism, and upon this extorted confession Jane was seized and ordered to be racked, which was done with such severity, that she expired a week after of the wounds and bruises. Upon this occasion the inquisitors affected some remorse, and in one of the printed acts of the inquisition, which they always published at an Auto da Fe, this young lady is thus mentioned: "Jane Bohorquia was found dead in prison; after which, upon reviving her prosecution, the inquisitors discovered she was innocent. Be it therefore known, that no further prosecution shall be carried on against her; and that her effects, which were confiscated, shall be given to the heirs at

law." One sentence in this passage is as remarkable as it is ridiculous, that not further prosecution shall be carried on against her. This alludes to the absurd custom of prosecuting and burning the bones of the dead; for when a prisoner dies in the inquisition; the process continues the same as if he was living; the bones are deposited in a chest, and if sentence of guilt is passed they are brought out at the next Auto da Fe; the sentence is read against them with as much solemnity as against a living prisoner, and they are at length committed to the flames. In a similar manner are prosecutions carried on against prisoners who escape; and when their persons are far beyond the reach of the inquisitors, they are burnt in effigy.

### Awful Torture of Isaac Orobio.

Isaac Orobio, a learned physician, having beaten a Moorish servant for stealing, was accused by him of professing Judaism, and the inquisitor seized the man upon the charge. He was kept three years in prison before he had the least intimation of what he was to undergo, and then suffered the following modes of torture:—A coarse coat was put upon him, and drawn so tight that the circulation of the blood was nearly stopped, and the breath almost pressed out of his body. After this the strings were suddenly loosened, when the air forcing its way hastily into his stomach, and the blood rushing into its channels, he suffered the most incredible pain. He was seated on a bench with his back against a wall to which iron pullies were fixed. Ropes being fastened to several parts of his body and limbs, were passed through the pulleys, and being suddenly drawn with great violence, his whole frame was forced into a distorted mass. After having suffered for a considerable time the pains of this position, the seat was suddenly removed and he was left suspended against the wall. The executioners fastened ropes round his wrists, and then drew them about his body. Placing him on his

back with his feet against the wall, they pulled with the utmost violence, till the cord had penetrated to the bone. He suffered the last torture three times, and then lay seventy days before his wounds were healed. He was afterwards banished and in his exile wrote the account of his sufferings.

### Burnt for Writing the Lord's Prayer.

A protestant author of Toledo was fond of producing fine specimens of writings, and having them framed to adorn the different apartments of his house. Among other curious examples of penmanship, was a large piece containing the Lord's prayer, creed, and ten commandments, in verse. This piece, which hung in a conspicuous part of the house, was one day seen by a person belonging to the inquisition, who observed that the numerical arrangement of the commandments was not according to the church of Rome, but according to the protestant church; for the protestants retain the whole ten commandments as they stand in the bible, but the papists omit the second which forbids the worship of images. The inquisition soon had information of the circumstance, and this gentleman was seized, prosecuted, and burnt, only for adorning his house with a specimen of his skill.

# CHAPTER II

## PETER WALDO.

### His Accusations Against Popery and the Early Struggles of the Waldenses.

THE principle accusation of Peter Waldo against the Roman Catholics were that they affirm the church of Rome to be the only infallible church of Christ upon earth; and that the pope is its head and the vicar of Christ; that they hold the absurd doctrine of trans-substantiation, insisting that the bread and wine given in the sacraments are the very identical body and blood of Christ which was nailed to the cross; that they believe there is a place called purgatory, where the souls of persons, after this life, are purged from the sins of mortality, and that the pains and penalties here inflicted may be abated according to the masses said by and the money paid to the priests; that they teach the communion of one kind, or the receiving the wafer only, is sufficient for the lay people, though the clergy must be indulged with both bread and wine; that they pray to the Virgin Mary and saints, though their prayers ought to be immediately to God; that they pray for souls departed, though God decides their fate immediately on the decease of the person; that they will not perform the service of the church in a language understood by the people in general; that they place their devotion in the number of prayers, and not in the intent of the heart; that they forbid marriage to the clergy, though God allowed it; and that they use many things in baptism, though Christ used only water. When Pope Alexander the Third was informed of these transactions, he

excommunicated Waldo and his adherents and commanded the Bishop of Lyons to exterminate them. Thus began the papal persecution against the Waldenses.

### Tenets of the Waldenses.

1. That holy oil is not to be mingled in baptism.

2. That prayers used over things inanimate are superstitious.

3. Flesh may be eaten in Lent; the clergy may marry; and auricular confession is unnecessary.

4. Confirmation is no sacrament; we are not bound to pay obedience to the pope; ministers should live upon tithes; no dignity sets one clergyman above another, for their superiority can be drawn only from real worth.

5. Images in churches are absurd; image worship is idolatry; the pope's indulgences ridiculous; and the miracles pretended to be done by the church of Rome are false.

6. Fornication and public stews ought not to be allowed; purgatory is a fiction; and deceased persons called saints, ought not to be prayed for.

7. Extreme unction is not a sacrament; and masses, indulgences, and prayers are of no service to the dead.

8. The Lord's prayer ought to be the rule of all other prayers.

Waldo remained three years undiscovered in Lyons, though the utmost diligence was used to apprehend him, but at length he found an opportunity of escaping from the place of his concealment to the mountains of Dauphiny. He soon found means to propagate his doctrines in Dauphiny and Picardy, which so exasperated Philip, king of France, that he put the latter province, which contained most of the sectaries, under military execution, destroying above 300 gentlemen's seats, erasing some walled towns,

burning many of the reformed, and driving others into Flanders and Germany.

Notwithstanding these persecutions, the reformed religion seemed to flourish, and the Waldenses in various parts became more numerous than ever. At length the pope accused them of heresy, and the monks of immorality. These slanders they, however, refuted, but the pope, incensed at their increase, used all means for their extirpation, such as excommunications, anathemas, canons, constitutions, decrees, etc., by which they were rendered incapable of holding places of trust, honor or profit; their lands were seized, their goods confiscated and they were not permitted to be burid in consecrated ground. Some of the Waldenses having taken refuge in Spain, Aldephonsus, king of Arragon, at the instigation of the pope, published an edict, strictly ordering all Roman Catholics to persecute them where they could be found and decreeing that all who gave them the least assistance should be deemed traitors.

The year after this edict Aldephonsus was severely punished by the hand of Providence, for his son was defeated in a great battle, and 50,000 of his men slain, by which a considerable portion of his kingdom fell into the hands of the Moors.

The reformed ministers continued to preach boldly against the Romish church, and Peter Waldo, in particular, wherever he went, asserted that the pope was anti-christ, that mass was an abomination, that the host was an idol, and that purgatory was a fable.

### Origin of the Inquisition.

These proceedings of Waldo and his reformed companions occasioned the origin of inquisitors, for Pope Innocent III authorized certain monks inquisitors, to find and deliver over the reformed to the secular power. The monks, upon the least surmise or information, gave up the reformed to the magistrates, who delivered them to the executioner, for the process

was short, as accusation supplied the place of evidence, and a fair trial was never granted to the accused.

**Cruelties of the Pope, and Artifices of Dominic.**

When the pope found that these cruel means had not the desired effect, he determined to try others of a milder nature. He therefore sent several learned monks to preach among the Waldenses, and induce them to change their opinions. Among these monks was one Dominic, who appeared extremely zealous in the cause of popery. He instituted an order which, from him, was called the order of Dominian friars, and the members of this order have ever since been the principal inquisitors in every country into which that horrible tribunal has been introduced. This power was unlimited; they proceeded against whom they pleased without any consideration of age, sex or rank. However infamous the accusers, the accusation was deemed valid and even anonymous informations were thought sufficient evidence. The dearest friends or kindred could not, without danger, serve any one who was imprisoned on account of religion; to convey to those who were confined a little straw, or give them a cup of water, was called favoring the heretics; no lawyer dared to plead for his own brother even, or notary register anything in favor of the reformed. The malice of the Papists, indeed, went beyond the grave, and the bones of many Waldenses, who had been long dead, were dug up and burnt. If a man on his death bed were accused of being a follower of Waldo, his estates were confiscated and the heir defrauded of his inheritance, and some were even obliged to make pilgrimages to the Holy Land, while the Dominicans took possession of their houses and property, which they refused to surrender to the owners upon their return.

**Prisons Filled with Christians.**

A knight named Enraudus, being accused of embracing the opinions of Waldo, was burnt at Paris, A. D. 1201. About 1228 such numbers of the reformed

were apprehended that the archbishops of Aix, Arles and Narhonne took compassion on them and thus expressed themselves to the inquisitors: "We hear that you have apprehended such a number of Waldenses that it is not only impossible to defray the charge of their food and confinement, but to provide lime and stone to build prisons for them."

### Avarice and Injustice of Boralli.

In 1380 a monk inquisitor named Francis Barolli had a commission granted him by Pope Clement VII to search for and punish the Waldenses in Aix, Ambrune, Geneve, Savoy, Orange, Arles, Vienne, Avignon, etc. He went to Ambrune and summoned all the inhabitants to appear before him, when those who were found to be of the reformed religion were delivered over to the secular power and burnt, and those who did not appear were excommunicated for contumacy and had their effects confiscated. In the distribution of the effects, the clergy had two-thirds of the property of all who were condemned, and the secular power one-third. All the reformed inhabitants of the other places named in this ecclesiastic were equal sufferers.

### Persecutions in Dauphiny.

In 1400, the Waldenses who resided in the valley of Pragela were, at the instigation of some priests, suddenly attacked by a body of troops, who plundered their houses, murdered many, and drove others into the Alps, where great numbers were frozen to death, it being in the depth of winter. In 1460, a persecution was carried on in Dauphiny against the Waldenses, by the Archbishop of Ambrune, who employed a monk named John Vayleti, who proceeded with such violence that not only the Waldenses, but even many Papists, were sufferers; for if any of them expressed compassion or pity for the inoffensive people who were so cruelly treated, they were accused of favoring the Waldenses, and punished. At length Vayleti's pro-

**Taking Refuge in the Mountains.**

ceedings became so intolerable that a great number of the Papists themselves addressed a petition against him to Louis XI, king of France, who granted the request of the petitioners and sent an order to the governor of Dauphiny to stop the persecution. Vayleti, however, by order of the archbishop, still continued it; for, taking advantage of the last clause of the edict, he pretended that he did nothing contrary to the king's precept, who had ordered punishment to such as affirmed anything against the holy Catholic faith. This persecution at length concluded with the death of the archbishop, which happened in 1487.

**Attempts of the Pope to Exterminate the Waldenses.**

Pope Innocent VIII, in 1488, determined to persecute the Waldenses. To this end he sent Albert de Capitaneis, archdeacon of Cremona, to France, who, on arriving in Dauphiny, craved the assistance of the king's lieutenant to exterminate the Waldenses from the valley of Loyse. The lieutenant readily granted his assistance, and marched a body of troops to the place, but when they arrived at the valley they found that it had been deserted by its inhabitants, who had retired to the mountain and hid themselves in caverns, etc. The archdeacon and lieutenant immediately followed them with the troops, and apprehending many, they cast them headlong from the precipices, by which they were dashed to pieces. Several, however, retired to the innermost parts of the caverns and knowing the intricacies, were able to conceal themselves. The archdeacon and lieutenant, not being able to come at them, ordered the mouths of the caves to be filled with fagots, which being lighted, those within were suffocated. On searching the caves, 400 infants were found smothered, either in their cradles or in their mothers' arms, and upon the whole, about 3,000 men, women and children were destroyed in this persecution.

After this tragical work the lieutenant and archdeacon proceeded with the troops to Pragela and Fras-

sanier, in order to persecute the Waldenses in those parts. But these having heard of the fate of their brethren in the valley of Loyse, thought proper to arm themselves, and by fortifying the different passes and bravely disputing the passages through them, they so harassed the troops that the lieutenant was compelled to return without effecting his purpose.

**The King of France Favors the Waldenses.**

In 1404, Anthony Fabri and Christopher de Salience, having a commission to persecute the Waldenses of Dauphiny, put some to death, sequestered the goods of many, but Louis XII, coming to the crown in 1498, the Waldenses petitioned him for a restitution of their property. The king determined to have the affair impartially canvassed and sent a commissioner of his own, together with a commissary from the pope, to make proper inquiries. The witnesses against the Waldenses having been examined, the innocence of those poor people evidently appeared and the king's commissioner declared, "That he only desired to be as good a Christian as the worst of them." When his favorable report was made to the king, he immediately gave orders that the Waldenses should have their property restored to them. The archbishop of Ambrune, having the greatest quantity of these poor people's goods, it was generally imagined that he would set a laudable example to others by being the first to restore them. The archbishop, however, declared that he would not restore any of the property, for it was incorporated with, and became part of, his archbishopric. He, however, with an affectation of candor, offered to relinquish several vineyards of which he had dispossessed the Waldenses, provided the lords of Dauphiny would restore all they had taken from those poor people, but this the lords absolutely refused, being as desirous of keeping their plunder as the archbishop himself.

The Waldenses, finding that they were not likely

to recover any of their property, again appealed to the king, and the monarch having attended to their complaints, wrote to the archbishop, but that artful and avaricious prelate replied "That at the commencement of the persecution the Waldenses had been excommunicated by the pope, in consequence of which their goods were distrained, therefore till the sentence of excommunication was taken off, which had occasioned them to be seized, they could not be restored with property." This plea was allowed to be reasonable, and application was ineffectually made to the pope to remove the sentence of excommunication, for the archbishop, supposing that this would be the case, had used all his interest at Rome to prevent the application from succeeding.

### Progress of the Waldenses.

At length this sect, having spread from Dauphiny into several other provinces, became very numerous in Provence. At their first arrival, Provence was almost a desert, but by their great industry it soon abounded in corn, wine, oil, etc. The pope, by being often near them at his seat at Avignon, heard occasionally many things concerning their differing from the church of Rome, which greatly exasperated him, and he determined to persecute them. Proceeding to extremeties, under the sanction of his ecclesiastical authority only, without consulting the king of France, the latter became alarmed and sent his master of requests and his confessor to examine into the affair. On their return they reported the Waldenses were not such dangerous or bad people as they had been represented; that they lived with perfect honesty, were friendly to all, causing their children to be baptized, had them taught the Lord's prayer, creed, and ten commandments; expounded the Scriptures with purity, kept the Lord's day sacred, feared God, honored the king, and wished well to the state. "Then," said the king, "they are much better Christians than myself or

my Catholic subjects, and therefore they shall not be persecuted." He was as good as his word, and sent orders to stop the persecution.—(From Centuries of Persecution.)

## THE TRIAL AND SUFFERINGS OF MR. ISAAC MARTIN.

In the year 1714, about Lent, Mr. Martin arrived at Malaga, with his wife and four children. On the examination of his baggage, a bible and some other books were seized. He was accused soon after of being a Jew, for these curious reasons, that his own name was Isaac and one of his sons was named Abraham. The accusation was laid in the bishop's court, and he informed the English consul of it, who said it was nothing but the malice of some of the Irish papists, whom he advised always to shun. The clergy sent to Mr. Martin's neighbors to know their opinion concerning him and the result of the inquiry was this—"We believe him not to be a Jew, but a heretic." After this, being continually pestered by priests, particularly those of the Irish nation, in order to change his religion, he determined to dispose of what he possessed and retire from Malaga. When, however, his purpose became known his house was assailed after dark by a loud knocking at the door. He demanded to know who was there. The persons without said they wanted to enter. He desired they would come the next morning; but they replied, if he would not open the door they would break it open; and they were as good as their word. Then about fifteen persons entered, consisting of a commissioner, with several priests and familiars belonging to the inquisition. Mr. Martin would fain have gone to the English consul; but they told him the consul had nothing to do in the matter, and then said, "Where are your beads and fire arms?" To which he answered, "I am an

English protestant, and as such carry no arms, nor make use of beads." They took away his watch, money, and other things, carried him to the bishop's prison, and loaded him with heavy fetters. His distressed family was turned out of doors till the house was stripped: and when they had taken every thing away, they returned the key to his wife. Four days after his commitment, Mr. Martin was told he must be sent to Grenada to be tried: he earnestly begged to see his wife and children before he went, but this request was cruelly denied. Oppressed with fetters, he was mounted on a mule, and set out towards Grenada. By the way, the mule threw him upon a rocky part of the road, and almost broke his back. He was three days on the journey of 72 miles.

On his arrival at Grenada he was detained at an inn till it was dark. (No one is ever put into the inquisition by day light—fit arrangement for so black a deed.) At night he was taken along a range of galleries till he arrived at a dungeon, with a few things brought from Malaga by the carrier, consisting of an old bed, some clothes, and a box of books. The gaoler nailed up the latter, and said they must remain in that state till the lords of the inquisition chose to inspect them, for prisoners were not allowed to read books. He also took an inventory of whatever Mr. Martin had about him; and having asked a great number of frivilous questions, at length gave him this order: "You must observe as great silence as if you were dead; you must not speak, nor whistle, nor sing, nor make any noise that can be heard; and if you hear anybody cry or make a noise, you must be still and say nothing, on pain of receiving 200 lashes." Mr. Martin asked if he might have liberty to walk about the room; the gaoler replied he might, but it must be very softly. After giving him some wine, bread and half a dozen walnuts, the gaoler left him till morning. It was frosty weather, and the walls of the dungeon

were between two and three feet thick, the floor was bricked, and a great wind came through an aperture which served as a window. The next morning the gaoler came to light his lamp, and bade him light a fire in order to dress his dinner. He then took him to a wheel usually found at the doors of convents, on which a person on the other side, unseen turns the provisions round. He had then given him half a pound of mutton, two pounds of bread, some kidney beans, a bunch of raisins, and a pint of wine, which formed his allowance for three days. He was also furnished with some charcoal, an earthen stove, and a few other articles.

In about a week Mr. Martin was summoned to an audience: he followed the gaoler, and coming to a large room found a man sitting between two crucifixes; and another with a pen in his hand, who was exidently secretary to the inquisition. The chief lord inquisitor, the person between two crucifixes, seemed about sixty years of age, and was a bony man, meagre and hideous as could well be imagined. He commanded Mr. Martin to sit down upon a little stool that fronted him. A frivolous examination then took place, the questions related to his family, their religion, and his own tenets and professions. The prisoner admitted that he was a protestant, pleaded that Christ admitted of no persecutions, and concluded with saying that he hoped to remain in the religion he had hitherto adopted. He underwent five examinations without any thing serious being alleged against him.

In a few days he was called to his sixth audience, when, after some immaterial interrogatives, the inquisitor told him the charges against him should be read and that he must give an explicit and prompt answer to each charge.

**First accusation.** Soon after your coming to Malaga, you went and abused the schoolmaster for teaching your children the christian doctrine, telling him

that you would teach them your own religion, and that you sent them to school to read and write, and not to learn religion.

**Answer.** My lord, I did go to the schoolmaster, and told him that I sent my children to read and write, and not to learn prayers; that I would have them brought up in my own religion, and would teach them how to pray; but I did not abuse him. I believe, my lord, I have liberty to bring up my children in my own faith without being called to an account for it.

The inquisitor, displeased at this reply, bid the secretary write him down guilty of the first accusation.

**Second accusation.** At times it was remarked. that you did not pull off your hat, in homage to images, but turned your back on them.

**Answer.** In my religion we pay no respect to graven images. I profess myself to be a protestant, it is against my conscience to bow to wood or stone, and I am not obliged by the articles of peace to do so.

The inquisitor told him, that as he lived in a country where it was done, he ought to comply with the custom of the place in which he resided. The secretary was then ordered to record the answer.

**Third accusation.** You once said, walking in your own apartment with an English captain, a heretic like yourself, that purgatory was but an invention of the church of Rome to get money. There was one present who could understand your language, and heard you say so.

**Answer.** My lord, I cannot remember everything I have said during four years time. It may be that I have said such a thing; but if I did, it was not to a Roman catholic. If there was one in the room that heard me say so he must have been an Irishman, who was not very welcome there, for he came as a spy upon my words and actions.

The inquisitor asking if he thought he knew him,

Mr. Martin named the person on whom his suspicion fell. The inquisitor then having blamed him for giving his tongue such liberties in Roman catholic countries, demanded if he was sorry for having said so; he replied, "My lord, if I have said amiss, I beg your lordship's pardon." When the inquisitor, turning to the secretary, said, "Write down that the heretic begs pardon for the third accusation."

**Fourth accusation.** You were once walking with another person who pulled off his hat to the crucifix. You asked him why he did this. He replied, I honor the crucifix: when you said, "We have no such things in our country," and passed by without pulling off your hat.

**Answer.** My lord, I remember the time very well; it is true, I never pulled off my hat to a crucifix, unless it was carried in procession; and then I used to pull off my hat, not in respect to the image, but to cause no scandal, by appearing to deny my superiors salutation as they passed.

Guilty of this accusation by his own confession.

**Fifth accusation.** You have several times spoken in religious disputes against our faith; and though you have been frequently admonished to embrace the Roman catholic persuasion, without which no man can be saved, you would never listen to the salutary advice.

**Answer.** My lord, at my first arrival in the inquisition you allowed that a man might defend his religion; it is what I have done. As for being admonished to change it, that has happened very often; but I have no inclination to change.

Then the inquisitor asked him if he could not defend his own religion without speaking against the church of Rome. To which Mr. Martin made answer, that he really could not: "For," said he, "in disputing with others, when they spoke against my religion, I naturally spoke against theirs; and I brought proof

of scripture for what I said." He was recorded as guilty of this charge by his own confession.

**Sixth accusation.** Being on board an English ship with your wife and others, a female admonished your wife to change her religion, when you bade her be quiet and mind her own religion. This was on a Friday, and you ate meat without regarding the day.

**Answer.** My lord, we were merry drinking Florence wine and punch, and the woman was always talking of religion to my wife, though she hardly knew what she said, and at best knew but little of the matter. Continuing to talk on in the same manner, she made us very uneasy, so that I bade her hold her tongue, and had a trifling quarrel with her. As for eating meat on a Friday, I generally do, and so did she, though she was a Roman catholic.

**Seventh accusation.** Being in company with some English heretic captains at church, there were several people kneeling and praying to the image of the Virgin Mary. The captains asked if they prayed to the image. You answered, "Yes; they know no better, for they are brought up in ignorance."

**Answer.** My lord, I have been several times walking with captains. I do not remember this particular time: it may be that some person heard me say so.

**Eighth accusation.** Walking with several merchants, the host passed by, when they took off their hats, and some kneeled, but you did not so much as take off you hat, which occasioned such scandal that some of the people were going to stab you.

**Answer.** My lord, it is false; I have lived several years in Roman catholic countries, and know that by the articles of peace, I am obliged to have my hat off on all such occasions. As for people stabbing me, I have run those hazards many times on account of my religion.

**Ninth accusation.** You have been threatened various times with the pope's authority in those coun-

tries, and you have said that you did not value him, and that he has no authority over you.

**Answer.** My lord, it is true I have said so.

This answer occasioned the following curious altercation:—

Q. How came you to say so? Don't you value the holy father, who is God on earth?

A. My lord, talking with some people who are very troublesome about religion, they threatened me with the authority of the pope; and being an English protestant, I thought he had nothing to do with me.

Q. What! then you value nobody?

A. I beg your lordship's pardon; I value all mankind as being fellow-creatures; I value the pope as bishop of Rome, but not for the authority he has over me, for I believe he has not any.

Q. You are mistaken. Who is the head of the church?

A. My lord, I see to my sorrow I was mistaken. Jesus Christ is the head of the church.

Q. What! then you allow no head upon earth?

A. No, my lord.

Q. Hold your tongue; you are an unbeliever; he is God upon earth.

The secretary was ordered to record Mr. Martin's several replies.

**Tenth accusation.** Walking with some captains of ships, there was a procession passing, when you bade them retire, and not mind it, though it was their design to see it; but you hindered them through disrespect to the procession.

**Answer.** Processions are very frequent in Malaga. I have been in company with captains who were never in Roman catholic countries before: and they, not knowing that people went in procession for devotion, would laugh and not take their hats off: so that I desired them to retire to avoid confusion.

**Eleventh accusation.** The procession mentioned

in accusation the tenth went by, and the people kneeled down and worshipped: but you stood with your hat on, and took no notice of it.

**Answer.** My lord, I remember nothing of the affair, but believe it is false; or if I did not take off my hat, it was because the host was not there. But with respect to kneeling or bowing, I told your lordship I never do either.

**Twelfth accusation.** Being in your own house, an English captain asked you if you were a Jew; when you burst into a fit of laughter, and answered, you did not value what scandalous people said, for you were ready to give an account of your religion.

**Answer.** It is true, my lord, I little value what such scandalous people said, and was always ready to give an account of my faith. Nor did I think of being sent here, that it might be examined whether I was a Jew or not, when the clergy are so numerous in Malaga.

**Thirteenth accusation.** You refused to give any thing to such as begged alms for the souls that are in purgatory, and violently dismissed them from your door.

**Answer.** My lord, it is true; but did they mention the reason why I did so?

The inquisitor did not satisfy him, but bade him relate the reason, which he did, by stating that one person in particular, who went about begging alms for souls in purgatory, did all he could to torment him, and the more Mr. Martin declared he would not bestow any money for such a person, the more importunate the other became, calling him heretic dog, and telling him that he would be damned, which at length overcame his temper, and made him in some measure return the fellow's scurrility.

**Fourteenth accusation.** You have been heard to say that you feared no ecclesiastical court of justice,

not even the inquisition itself, which you affirmed had nothing to do with an English protestant.

**Answer.** My lord, I have oftentimes said so.

**Fifteenth accusation.** You have had Jews in your house without giving notice to the commissioners of the inquisition, that they might be taken up and prosecuted according to the laws of the country. How durst you do such a thing? Do you remember these circumstances?

**Answer.** Yes, my lord, I do very well.

**Sixteenth accusation.** It is confirmed by several people, that the said heretic, Isaac Martin, has often shewn himself disaffected to the holy faith of the church of Rome, and has hindered people from embracing it; so that had it not been for the sake of his family, he would have been murdered long ago.

**Answer.** My lord, I suppose those are good christians who give me this character; God knows what best to do with them. I hope God will enable me to go through these afflictions. I am well assured that your lordship knows that I am no Jew. I have answered the truth in your examination to the best of my remembrance; and I believe your lordship knows it to be so, and know the people who have informed against me are of a very indifferent character, and have envied me ever since I have lived at Malaga.

**Seventeenth accusation.** You hindered your family from being brought up in the christian faith, and if it was not for you they would all be Romans, and it is against the laws of the country to prevent their becoming such.

**Answer.** My lord, it is false that my family had any inclination to be Romans; neither can the law oblige them to be so, or hinder me from bringing them up in my religion.

**Eighteenth accusation.** You used to close your shutters when the prosession passed by, to hinder your children from kneeling down, and would beat

them if they showed any inclination to be Roman catholics.

**Answer.** My lord, it is true I have closed my shutters several times; for sometimes I have had captains of ships in my house, who would not pull their hats off when the procession passed. As for my children, they went to the window generally to laugh; and I often bade them not show themselves till the procession was gone, that no scandal might be given.

**Nineteenth accusation.** Your daughter being of age, hath often said in the neighborhood, that she would be a Roman catholic, but was afraid you would beat her upon that account.

**Answer.** My lord, I have nothing to answer to lies; it is false as the devil is false.

**Twentieth accusation.** In Lent, and other fast-days, you caused your family to eat meat, and forbade them to keep any of the fasts appointed by the church of Rome, and beat them if they did.

**Answer.** My lord, these are poor accusations, and they are all false. I thank God my table afforded flesh and fish all the year round; I never troubled myself to see what the servants used to eat: and as for myself, wife, and children, we ate meat all the year, without any scruple of conscience. Your lordship knows the fact.

"You English mind nothing but eating and drinking and living at your ease, without doing any penance.

"My lord, I beg your pardon, we have souls to be saved as well as other nations. We are born in a plentiful country, and I believe we live as well as the people of any nation, and serve God as well.

"Your country was a good country formerly; it produced a great many saints, but it now produces no such thing.

"My lord, I believe there are few saints now in the sense in which you use the word; but I am per-

suaded it produces as many good men as ever it did.

"Hold your tongue, you are all lost men; you are fallen from the holy church, and there is no salvation for you if you do not return.

**Twenty-first accusation.** You children had often been at mass or prayers in the neighborhood, and would have done so every day if you would have let them; but you beat them, and prevented their being Christians, and thereby endangered their souls.

**Answer.** My lord, I never knew my children to go to mass or prayers in the neighborhood, nor did I beat them on that account; I hope God will save their souls in the religion to which they are brought up, though the church of Rome condemns them. The accusation is false.

**Twenty-second accusation.** Living at Lisbon you had several disputes about religion, and you hid yourself for fear of being taken up as a Jew.

**Answer.** My lord, God knows I am no Jew, and your lordship knows it very well. The devil has invented this to frighten me; but God, who knows everything, will plead and avenge my cause.

**Twenty-third accusation.** You breed schisms among the people, persuading them to turn heretics, and to leave the church of Rome, out of which no man can be saved.

**Answer.** I wish your lordship or any one else would tell me whom I persuaded to change their religion. You may accuse me of any thing; hell can't invent greater lies. I can't think, my lord, who could have sent such accusations against me.

**Twenty-fourth accusation.** Your name being Isaac, and your son's name Abraham, you must be a Jew, or related to Jews.

**Answer.** My lord, I have sufficiently answered this matter; the Roman catholics that are in Holland and Flanders don't mind whether their children have names out of the Old or New Testament; and I know

a man at Malaga, who is a Fleming, and a Roman catholic, whose name is Jacob. As for my parents, I never knew any of them were Jews.

**Twenty-fifth accusation.** You offered to dispose of your house, and retire for fear of being taken up by the inquisition.

**Answer.** It is true I offered to dispose of my house, but not through fear of the inquisition, for I never thought it had anything to do with English protestants. If I had been afraid of it, I would not have come to live in the country: I had opportunities enough to go on board English ships, and to retire if I had been afraid.

"What, then, you thought the inquisition had nothing to wo with English protestants? You are mistaken.

"My lord, I see I am, to my sorrow.

**Twenty-sixth accusation.** You took all opportunities of making game of the religion of the church of Rome.

**Answer.** My lord, I don't deny that; being in company with some Roman catholics, as they have made game of my religion, I have made game of theirs but it was not in a profane way.

Mr. Martin being remanded to his dungeon, the next day one of the gaolers gave him some incense to be put into the fire, as he was to receive a visit from the lords of the inquisition. Two of them accordingly came, asked many trivial questions, concluding them as usual with, "We will do all the service we can." Mr. Martin complained of their having promised him a lawyer to plead his cause; when, instead of a proper person, there was a man they called a lawyer, but he never conversed with him. To this one of the inquisitors gravely replied, "Lawyers are not allowed to speak here." The gaoler and secretary went out of the dungeon to laugh, and Mr. Martin could scarce refrain from smiling, to think that his cause was to be defend-

ed by a man who scarce dare to open his lips. Some time after Mr. Martin was ordered to dress himself very clean: as soon as he was ready, one of the gaolers came and told him that he must go with him: but that first he must have a handkerchief tied about his eyes. This alarmed Mr. Martin, who now thought of nothing but torture. The gaoler then led him for some time, till he heard a voice say, "Stop, and pull off your clothes." He was then examined to know if he had been circumcised. Finding that he had not, he was remanded to his dungeon.

In a month after, he was brought to a room filled with a great number of persons, had a rope put round his neck, and was led by it to the altar of the great church. Here his sentence was pronounced, which was that of the crimes of which he stood convicted, the lords of the holy office had ordered him to be banished out of the dominions of Spain, to receive 200 lashes, and be sent five years to the galleys; and that he should at present receive 200 lashes through the common streets of the city of Grenada.

He was again sent to his dungeon for the night, and the next morning the executioner came, stripped him, tied his hands together, put a rope about his neck, and led him out of the inquisition. He was then mounted on an ass, and received 200 lashes, amidst the shouts and pelting of the people. He remained a fortnight after this in gaol, and at length was sent to Malaga. Here he was put in gaol for some days, till he could be sent on board an English ship; which no sooner happened, than news was brought of a rupture between England and Spain, and the ship with many others stopped. Mr. Martin not being considered as a prisoner of war, was put on board a Hamburgh trader, and his wife and children soon came to him; but he was obliged to put up with the loss of his effects, which had been embezzled by the inquisition.

The case of Mr. Martin was published and authen-

ticated by Mr. Secretary Craggs, the archbishop of Canterbury, the archisbishop of York, the bishops of London, Winchester, Ely, Norwich, Sarum, Chichester, St. Asaph, Lincoln, Bristol, Peterborough, and Bangor.

## SINGULAR DISCOVERY OF ENORMITIES OF THE INQUISITION.

In the beginning of the last century, when the crown of Spain was contested by two princes, who had equal pretensions to the sovereignty, France espoused the cause of one competitor, and England of the other. The Duke of Berwick, a natural son of the Apostate James II. commanded the Spanish and French forces, and defeated the English at the celebrated battle of Almanza. The army was then divided into two parts; the one consisting of Spaniards and French, headed by the Duke of Berwick, advanced towards Catalonia; the other body, consisting of French troops only, commanded by the Duke of Orleans, proceeded to the conquest of Arragon. On the troops approaching the city of Arragon, the magistrates came to offer the keys to the duke; but he told them haughtily, they were rebels, and that he would not accept the keys, for he had orders to enter the city through a breach. Accordingly, he made a breach in the walls, with his cannon, and then entered the city with his whole army. When he had made regulations here, he departed to subdue other places, leaving a strong garrison under the command of his lieutenant-general, M. de Legal. This gentleman, though brought up a Roman Catholic, was totally free from superstition; he united great talents with great bravery; and was at once the accomplished gentleman and the skillful officer. Before his departure, the duke had ordered heavy contributions to be levied upon the city.

The money demanded of the magistrates and

principal inhabitants, and of every house, was immediately paid; but when the collectors applied to the heads of the convents and monasteries, they found that these were not so willing to part with their ill-gotten wealth. On this the lieutenant-general sent to the Jesuits a peremptory order to pay the money without delay. The superior of the Jesuits returned for answer, that for the clergy to pay money to the army was against all ecclesiastical law; and that he knew of no argument to authorize such a procedure. M. de Legal then sent four companies of dragoons to quarter in the college, with this sarcastic message: "To convince you of the necessity of paying, I have sent four substantial arguments to your college, drawn from the system of military logic; and therefore I hope you will not need further admonition to direct your conduct."

The Jesuits, greatly perplexed at these proceedings, dispatched an express to court to the king's confessor, who was of their order; but the dragoons were much more expeditious in plundering and doing mischief than the courier in his journey; so that the Jesuits, seeing everything going to ruin, thought proper to adjust the matter, and paid the money before the return of the messenger. The Augustins and Carmelities taking warning by what had happened to the Jesuits, prudently went and paid the money, and by that means escaped the study of military arguments, and of being taught logic by the dragoons.

On the other hand the Dominicans, who are all familiars or agents of the inquisition, imagined that this very circumstance would be their protection; but they were mistaken, for M. de Legal neither feared nor respected the inquisition. The chief of the Dominicans sent word to the military commander, that his order was poor, and had no money whatever to pay the donative; "for," said he, "the whole wealth

of the Dominicans consists in the silver images of the apostles and saints, as large as life, which are placed in our church, and which to remove would be accounted sacrilege."

This insinuation was meant to terrify the French commander, who the inquisitors thought would not dare be so profane as to wish for the possession of the precious idols. He, however, sent word that the silver images would make admirable substitutes for money, and would be more in character in his possession that in that of the Dominicans themselves; "for," said he, "while you possess them in the manner you do at present, they stand up in niches, useless and motionless, without being of the least benefit to mankind; but when they come into my possession, they shall be useful, I will put them in motion; for I intend to have them coined, that they may travel like the apostles." The inquisitors were astonished at an answer which they never expected to receive even from crowned heads; they therefore determined to deliver their precious images in solemn procession, that they might excite the people to an insurrection. The Dominican friars were accordingly ordered to march to De Legal's house, with the silver apostles and saints, in a mournful manner, having lighted tapers with them, and bitterly crying all the way, "Heresy! heresy!"

When M. de Legal heard of these proceedings, he ordered four companies of grenadiers to line the streets which led to the house; each grenadier was ordered to have his loaded fusee in one hand, and a lighted taper in the other; so that the troops might either repel force with force, or do honor to the farcical ceremony. The friars did all they could to raise a tumult, but the people were too much afraid of the troops under arms; the silver images were, therefore, peaceably delivered up to M. de Legal, who sent them to the mint to be melted into money.

The inquisitors, on this, determined to excommunicate M. de Legal, unless he would release their precious saints from imprisonment in the mint, before they were melted down. The French commander absolutely refused to release the images, upon which the inquisitors drew up the form of excommunication, and ordered their secretary to proceed and read it to M. de Legal. This commission the secretary punctually performed, reading the excommunication deliberately and distinctly. The French commander heard it with great patience, and politely told the secretary he would answer it next day. As soon as the secretary of the inquisition was gone, M. de Legal ordered his own secretary to prepare a form of excommunication exactly like that sent by the inquisition; but instead of his own name, to put in the names of the inquisitors.

The next morning he ordered four regiments under arms, and commanded them to accompany his secretary, and act according to his direction. The secretary went to the inquisition, and insisted on admittance, which, after considerable altercation, was granted. As soon as he entered, he read in an audible voice the excommunication sent by M. de Legal, of the inquisitors. They were all present, and heard it with astonishment. Crying out against De Legal as a heretic, they said this was a daring insult against the Catholic faith. But, to surprise them still more, the French secretary told them they must remove from their present apartments; for the French commander wanted to quarter the troops in the place, it being the most commodious place in the whole city for a military purpose. On this the inquisitors exclaimed loudly, when the secretary put them under a strong guard and sent them to a place appointed by D. de Legal to receive them. The inquisitors, finding how things went, begged that they might be permitted to take their private property, which was granted, and

they immediately set out for Madrid, where they made the most bitter complaints to the king; but the monarch told them, he could not grant them any redress, as the injuries they had received were from the troops of his grandfather, the king of France, by whose assistance alone he could be firmly established in his kingdom. In the meantime, M. de Legal set open the doors of the inquisition, and **released its prisoners, amounting to four hundred, among whom were sixty beautiful young women, who appeared to form a seraglio for the three principal inquisitors!**

This discovery, which laid open the enormity of the inquisitors, greatly alarmed the archbishop, who desired M. de Legal to send the women to his palace, and he would take proper care of them; at the same time he published an ecclesiastical censure against all such as should ridicule or blame the holy office of the inquisition. But the French commander sent word to the archbishop, that the prisoners had either escaped, or were securely concealed by their friends, or even by his own officers, so that it was impossible for him to send them to him; therefore the inquisition, having committed such atrocious actions, must now submit as it could to the shameful exposure.

### The Story of a Beautiful Girl's Kidnapping, Confinement and Release.

One of the ladies thus delivered from captivity was afterwards married to the French officer who opened the door of her dungeon and released her. She related the following ciriumstance to her husband, and to M. Gavin, author of the "Master-Key to Popery," who has in that work given it to the public.

"I went one day with my mother, to visit the countess of Attarass, and I met there Don Francisco Tirregon, her confessor, the second inquisitor of the holy office. After we had taken chocolate, he asked my age, my confessor's name, and many intricate questions about religion. The severity of his counte-

nance frightened me; which he perceiving, told the countess to inform me, that he was not so severe as he appeared. He then caressed me in the most obliging manner, presented his hand, which I kissed with great reverence and modesty; and, as he went away, he made use of this remarkable expression—'My dear child, I shall remember you till the next time.' I did not, at the time, mark the sense of the words; for I was inexperienced in matters of gallantry, being, at that time, but fifteen years old. Indeed, he unfortunately did remember me; for the same night, when our whole family were in bed, we heard a great knocking at the door. The maid, who slept in the room with me, went to the window, and inquired who was there. The answer was, 'The holy inquisition.' On hearing this I screamed out, 'Father! father! dear father, I am ruined for ever!' My father got up, and came to me to know the occasion of my crying out. I told him the inquisition were at the door. On hearing this, instead of protecting, he hurried me down stairs as fast as possible, and, lest the maid should be too slow, opened the street door himself. Under such abject and slavish fears are bigoted minds! As soon as he knew they came for me, he fetched me with great solemnity, and delivered me to the officers with much submission.

"I was hurried into a coach, with no other clothing than a petticoat and a mantle. My fright was so great, I expected to die that very night; but judge my surprise, when I was ushered into an apartment decorated with all the elegance that taste, united with opulence, could bestow. Soon after the officers left me, a servant appeared with a silver salver, on which were sweet-meats and cinnamon-water. She desired me to take some refreshments before I went to bed. I told her I could not, but should be glad if she could inform me whether I was to be put to death. 'To be put to death!' exclaimed she; 'you do not come here

to be put to death, but to live like a princess, and you will want for nothing but the liberty of going out; so pray don't be afraid, but go to bed and sleep easy, for tomorrow you shall see wonders; and, as I am chosen to be your waiting maid, I hope you'll be very kind to me.'

"I was going to ask some questions, but she told me she must not answer any thing more till the next day, and assured me that nobody would come to disturb me. She then left me for about a quarter of an hour, and returned saying, 'Madam, pray let me know when you will be pleased to have your chocolate ready in the morning? This greatly surprised me; so that, without replying to her question, I asked her name. She said, 'My name is Mary.' 'Mary, then,' said I, 'for Heaven's sake, tell me whether I am brought here to die or not?' 'I have told you already,' replied she, 'that you come here to be one of the happiest ladies in the world.'

"We now went to bed, but the fear of death prevented me from sleeping. When Mary waked she was surprised to find me up, but soon rose; and after leaving me for about half an hour, she brought in two cups of chocolate, and some biscuits on a silver plate. I drank one cup of chocolate, and desired her to drink the other, which she did; when we had done, I said, 'Well, Mary, can you give me any account of the reasons for my being brought here?' To which she answered, 'Not yet, Madam; you must have patience,' and immediately slipped out of the room.

"In about half an hour she brought a great quantity of elegant clothes suitable to a lady of the highest rank, and told me I must dress myself. Among several trinkets which accompanied the clothes, I observed with surprise a snuff-box, in the lid of which was a picture of Don Francisco Tirregon. This unravelled the mystery of my confinement, and at the same time roused my imagination to contrive how to

evade receiving the present. If I absolutely refused it, I thought immediate death must ensue; and to accept it, was giving him too much encouragement against my honor. At length I hit upon a medium, and said to Mary, 'Pray present my respects to Don Francisco Tirregon, and tell him, that, as I could not bring my clothes along with me last night, modesty contrains me to accept these garments, which are requisite to keep me decent; but since I do not take snuff, I hope his lordship will excuse me not accepting his box.'

"Mary took my answer, and soon returned with Don Francisco's picture elegantly set in gold, and richly embellished with diamonds. This message accompanied it, that his lordship had made a mistake; his intent not being to send me a snuff-box, but his picture. I was at a great loss what to do; when Mary said, 'Pray, Madam, take my poor advice; accept of the picture, and every thing else his lordship sends you; for if you do not, he can compel you to do what he pleases, and put you to death when he thinks proper, without any body being able to defend you. But if you are obliging to him, he will be very kind, and you will be as happy as a queen; you will have elegant apartments to live in, beautiful gardens to range in, and agreeable ladies to visit you: therefore I advise you to send a civil answer, and even not to deny a visit from his lordship, or perhaps you may repent of your disrespect.'

"O, my God!" I exclaimed, "must I sacrifice my honor to my fears, and give up my virtue to his despotic power? Alas! what can I do? To resist is vain. If I oppose his desires, force will obtain what chastity refuses.' I now fell into the greatest agonies, and told Mary to return what she thought proper. She said she was glad of my humble submission, and ran to acquaint Don Francisco with it. In a few minutes she returned, with joy in her countenance,

telling me his lordship would honor me with his company to supper. 'And now give me leave, Madam,' she said, 'to call you mistress, for I am to wait upon you. I have been in the holy office fourteen years, and know all the customs perfectly well; but as silence is imposed upon me, under pain of death, I can only answer such questions as immediately relate to your own person. But I would advise you never to oppose the holy father's will; or if you see any young ladies about, never ask them any questions. You may divert yourself sometimes among them, but must never tell them anything: three days hence you will dine with them; and at all times you may have music, and other recreations. In fine, you will be so happy, that you will not wish to go abroad; and when your time is expired, the holy fathers will send you out of the country, and marry you to some nobleman.' After saying these words she left me overwhelmed with astonishment, and scarce knowing what to think. As soon as I recovered myself I began to look about. and finding a closet, I opened it, and perceived that it was filled with books; they were chiefly upon historical and profane subjects, but not on any religious matters. I chose out a book of history, and so passed out the interval with some degree of composure till dinner time.

"When dinner was over, Mary left me, and told me if I wanted anything I might ring a bell, which she pointed out to me. I read to amuse myself during the afternoon, and at seven in the evening Don Francisco came to visit me in his night-gown and cap, not with the gravity of an inquisitor, but with the gaiety of a gallant. He saluted me with great respect, and told me, that he came to see me in order to show the great respect he had for my family, and to inform me, that it was my lover who had procured my confinement, having accused me in matters of religion; and that the information was taken, and

the sentence was pronounced against me, to be burned alive over a gradual fire; but that he, out of pity and love to my family, had stopped the execution of it.

"These words were like daggers. I dropped at his feet, and said, 'Ah, my lord, have you stopped the execution forever?' He replied, 'That belongs to yourself only; and abruptly wished me good night. When he was gone I burst into tears, when Mary came and asked what could make me cry so bitterly. To which I answered, 'Oh, Mary! what is the meaning of the gradual fire by which I am to die?'

"'Alas, madam,' said she, 'never fear; you shall see, ere long; it is made for those who oppose the holy father's will, not for you who are so good as to obey it.' But pray, was Don Francisco very obliging?' 'I don't know,' said I, 'for he frightened me out of my wits by his discourse; he saluted me with civility, but left me in an abrupt manner.' 'Well,' said Mary, 'you do not yet know his temper; he is extremely obliging to them that are kind to him; but if they are disobedient, he is as unmerciful as Nero; so, for your own sake, take care to oblige him in all respects. And now, dear Madame, pray go to supper, and be easy.' I went to supper, indeed, and afterwards to bed; but I could neither eat nor sleep, for the thought of the gradual fire deprived me of appetite, and banished drowsiness.

"The next morning early, Mary said, that as nobody was stirring, if I would promise her secrecy, she would show me what so much disturbed me; so taking me down stairs, she brought me to a large room with a thick iron door, which she opened. Within it was an oven, with fire in it at the time, and a large brass pan upon it, with a cover of the same, and a lock to it. In the next room there was a great wheel, covered on both sides with thick boards. Opening a little window in the centre, Mary desired me to look in with a candle; there I saw all the cir-

cumference of the wheel set with sharp razors, which made me shudder.

"Mary then took me to a pit, which was full of venomous animals. On my expressing great horror at the sight, she said, 'Now, my good mistress, I'll tell you the use of these things. The brass pan is for heretics, and those who oppose the holy father's will and pleasure. They are put alive into it; and the cover being locked down, the executioner puts a small fire into the oven, and by degrees augments it, till the body is reduced to ashes. The wheel is designed for those who speak against the pope, or the holy fathers of the inquisition; for they are put into that machine through the little door, which is locked after them, and then the wheel is turned swiftly, till they are all cut to pieces. The pit is for those who contemn the images, and refuse to give proper respect to ecclesiastical persons; for they are thrown into the pit, and so become the food of poisonous animals.

"We went back again to my chamber; and Mary said, that another day she would show me the torments designed for other transgressors; but I was in such agonies at what I had seen, that I begged not to be terrified with any more such sights. She soon after left me, but not without enjoining my strict obedience to Don Francisco; 'for if you do not comply with his will,' says she, 'the gradual fire will be your fate.' The horrors which the sight of these things and Mary's injunctions impressed on my mind, almost bereaved me of sense, and left me in such a state of stupefaction, that I seemed to have no will of my own."

In this state the ruin of this lovely and timid creature was effected; on which sad result she has these bitter reflections—"Thus to avoid a dreadful death did I entail upon myself perpetual infamy; and to escape the so much dreaded gradual fire, give myself up to the flames of lust. Wretched alternative,

where the only choice is an excruciating death, or everlasting pollution!"

"Mary the next morning served us with chocolate in the most submissive manner; she kneeled down by the bed-side to present it. When I was dressed, Mary took me into a very delightful apartment, which I had never yet seen. It was furnished with the most costly elegance; but what gave me the greatest astonishment was the prospect from its windows of a beautiful garden and a fine meandering river. Mary told me that the young ladies she had mentioned would come to pay their compliments to me before dinner, and begged me to remember her advice, in keeping a prudent guard over my tongue. In a few minutes a great number of very beautiful young ladies, richly dressed, entered the room, and successively embracing me, wished me joy. I was so surprised, that I was unable to answer their compliments; which one of the ladies perceiving, said, 'Madam, the solitude of this place will affect you in the beginning, but when you begin to feel the pleasures and amusements you may enjoy, you will quit those pensive thoughts. We at present beg the honor of you to dine with us today, and henceforward three days a week.' I returned them suitable thanks in general terms, and so went to dinner, in which the most exquisite and savoury dishes of various kinds were served up, with the most delicate and pleasant fruits and sweetmeats. The room was long, with two tables on each side, and a third in the front. I reckoned fifty-two young ladies, the eldest not exceeding twenty-four years of age. There were five maid-servants, besides Mary, to wait upon us; but Mary confined her attention to me alone. After dinner we retired to a capacious gallery, where some played on musical instruments, a few diverted themselves with cards, and the rest amused themselves with walking about. Mary at length entered the gallery, and said, 'Ladies, this is a day of recrea-

tion, and so you may go into whatever rooms you please, till eight o'clock in the evening.' They unanimously agreed to adjourn to my apartment. Here we found an elegant cold collation, of which all the ladies partook, and passed the time in conversation and mirth; but none mentioned a word concerning the inquisition or the holy fathers, or gave the least distant hint concerning the cause of their confinement.

"On the fourth morning Mary came into Don Francisco's chamber and told me I must immediately rise, for a lady wanted me in her own chamber. She spoke with a kind of authority which surprised me; but as Don Francisco did not speak a syllable, I got up and obeyed. Mary then conveyed me to a dismal dungeon, not eight feet in length, and said sternly to me, 'This is your room, and this lady your bed-fellow and companion.' She then left me in the utmost consternation and in the most dreadful agonies. Tears came to my relief, and I exclaimed, 'What is this place, dear lady! Is it a scene of enchantment, or is it a hell upon earth? Alas! I have lost my honor and my soul forever!' The lady took me by the hand, and said, in a sympathetic tone of voice, 'Dear sister, forbear to cry and grieve, for you can do nothing by such an extravagant behavior but draw upon yourself a cruel death. Your misfortunes, and those of all the ladies you have seen, are exactly of a piece: you suffer nothing but what we have suffered before you; but we dare not show our grief through fear of greater evils. Pray take courage, and hope in God, for he will surely deliver us from this hellish place; but be sure you discover no uneasiness before Mary, who is the only instrument either of our torments or comfort. Have patience until we go to bed, and then I will venture to tell you more of the matter.'

"My perplexity and vexation were inexpressible; but my new companion, whose name was Leonora, prevailed on me to disguise my uneasiness from Mary.

I dissembled tolerably well when she came to bring our dinners; but I could not help remarking, in my own mind, the difference between this repast, and those I had before partook of. This consisted only of plain, common food, and of that a scanty allowance, with only one plate, and one knife and fork for us both, which she took away as soon as we had dined.

"When we were in bed, Leonora was as good as her word; and upon my solemn promise of secrecy, thus began to open her mind to me: 'My dear sister, you think your case very hard, but I assure you, all the ladies in the house have gone through the same. In time you will know all their stories, as they hope to know yours. I suppose that Mary has been the chief instrument of your fright, as she has been of ours; and I warrant she has shown you some horrible places, though not all; and that, at the very thought of them, you were so terrified, that you chose the same way we have done, to redeem yourself from death. By what hath happened to us, we know that Don Francisco hath been your Nero, your tyrant; for the three colors of clothes are distinguishing tokens of the three holy fathers. The red silk belongs to Don Francisco, the blue to Don Guerro, and the green to Don Aliapa; and they always give those colors to those ladies whom they bring here for their respective use. We are strictly commanded to express all the demonstrations of joy, and to be very merry for three days, when a young lady first comes amongst us, as we did with you, and as you must now do with others. But afterwards we live like the most wretched prisoners, without seeing any body but Mary, and the other maid-servants, over whom Mary has a kind of superiority, for she acts as house-keeper. Our situation is miserable indeed, and we have only to pray that the Almighty will pardon the crimes which we are compelled to commit. Therefore, my dear sister, arm yourself with patience, for that is the

only palliative to give you comfort, and put a confidence in the providence of Almighty God.'

"This discourse of Leonora greatly affected me; but I found every thing to be as she told me, in the course of time, and I took care to appear as cheerful as possible before Mary. In this manner I continued eighteen months, during which time eleven ladies were taken from the house; but in lieu of them we got nineteen new ones, which made our number just sixty, at the time we were so happily relieved by the French officers, and providentially restored to the joys of society, and to the arms of our parents and friends. On that happy day, the door of my dungeon was opened by the gentleman who is now my husband, who, with the utmost expedition, sent both Leonora and me to his father's; and soon after the campaign was over he returned home and thought proper to make me his wife, in which situation I enjoy a recompense for all the miseries I before suffered."

---

It is wonderful that superstition has, with respect to the inquisition especially, always overcome common sense, and custom operated against reason. One prince, indeed, Don Carlos, the amiable son of Philip the Second, king of Spain, and grandson of the celebrated emperor Charles V. intended to abolish this cruel court; but he lost his life before he became able to accomplish the merciful purpose. He possessed all the good qualities of his grandfather, without any of the bad ones of his father. He had sense enough to see the errors of popery, and abhorred the very name of the inquisition. He inveighed publicly against the court, ridiculed the affected piety of the inquisitors, and declared, that if he ever came to the crown, he would abolish the inquisition, and exterminate all its agents. This irritated the inquisitors against him, and they accordingly determined on his destruction. They employed all their agents and emissaries to spread the

most artful insinuations against the prince, and at length raised such a spirit of discontent among the people, that the king was under the necessity of removing Don Carlos from court. They even pursued his friends, obliged the king to banish Don John, duke of Austria, his own brother, and uncle to the prince; together with the prince of Parma, nephew of the king and cousin of the prince, because both the duke of Austria and the prince of Parma had a most sincere attachment to Don Carlos.

Shortly after, the prince having shown great lenity and favor to the Protestants in the Netherlands, the inquisition loudly exclaimed against him, declaring that as the persons in question were heretics, the prince himself must be one, since he gave them countenance. Thus they gained such an ascendancy over the mind of the king, who was absolutely a slave to superstition, that he sacrificed the feelings of nature to the force of bigotry, and through fear of incurring the anger of the inquisition, passed sentence of death on his only son. The prince had what they termed an indulgence; that is, he was permitted to choose the manner of his death. He chose bleeding and the hot-bath. On an early day every thing was prepared as he wished; when veins in his arms and legs were opened, and he gradually sunk to death without apparent pain—falling a martyr to inquisitorial malice, strangely sanctioned and strengthened by parental bigotry and relative superstition.

# CHAPTER III

## Account of the Persecutions of Various Protestants Abroad.

(Semper Eadem)

R. ÆGIDIO was educated at the University of Alcala, and applied himself to the study of the sacred scriptures. The professor of theology dying, he was elected to his place, and acted so much to the satisfaction of everyone, that his reputation for learning and piety was celebrated throughout Europe. The doctor's enemies, however, laid a complaint against him to the inquisitors, who sent him a citation, and when he appeared to it, cast him into a dungeon.

As the greatest part of those who belonged to the cathedral church at Seville, and many persons belonging to the bishopric of Dortois approved of the doctrines of Ægidio, which they thought perfectly consonant with true religion, they petitioned the emperor in his behalf. Though the monarch had been educated a Roman Catholic, he was not a bigot, and therefore sent an immediate order for his liberation. Soon after he visited the church of Valladolid, did everything he could to promote the cause of religion, and returning home he fell sick and died an extreme old age. The inquisitors having been disappointed in gratifying their malice against him while living, determined, while the emperor's whole thoughts were engrossed by a military expedition, to wreak their vengeance on the doctor's corpse. They, therefore, soon after he was buried, ordered his remains to be dug up; and a legal process being carried on, they were condemned to be burnt, and the wretched sentence was executed without further delay.

Dr. Constantine, an intimate acquaintance of Dr. Ægidio, was a man of uncommon natural abilities and profound learning. His eloquence rendered him a pleasing and the soundness of his doctrines a profitable preacher; and he was so popular, that he never preached but to a crowded audience.

When fully confirmed in Protestantism by Dr. Ægidio, he preached boldly such doctrines only as were agreeable to gospel purity, and uncontaminated by the errors which had crept into the Romish church. For these reasons he had many enemies in that church, and some of them were determined on his utter ruin. One Scobarta, a worthy gentleman, having erected a school for divinity leaders, appointed Dr. Constantine to be reader therein. He immediately undertook the task, and read lectures by portions on the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and Canticles; but while beginning to expound the book of Job, the inquisitors seized him. When brought to examination, he answered with such precaution that they could not find any explicit charge against him, but remained doubtful in what manner to proceed, when the following circumstances occurred:—

The doctor had deposited with a woman, named Martin, several books, which to him were very valuable, but which he knew were exceptionable in the eyes of the inquisition. This woman was apprehended, and after a small process, her goods were ordered to be confiscated. Previously, however, to the officers coming to her house, the woman's son had removed several chests full of the most valuable articles, and in these were the books of Dr. Constantine; but a treacherous servant having given intelligence of this to the inquisitors, an officer was dispatched to the son to demand the chests. The son supposing the officer only came for Constantine's books, said, 'I know what you come for, and I will fetch them to you immediately.' He then fetched Dr.

Constantine's books and papers, when the officer was greatly surprised to find what he did not look for.

The inquisitors, thus possessed of Constantine's books and writings, soon found matter to form charges against him. When he was brought for re-examination, they presented one of his papers, and asked him if he knew the hand-writing. Perceiving it was his own, he guessed the whole matter, confessed the writing, and justified the doctrine it contained, saying, "In that and all my other writings, I have never departed from the truth of the gospel, but have always kept in view the pure precepts of Christ, as he delivered them to mankind." Having been detained upwards of two years in prison, he was at last seized with a bloody flux, which put an end to his miseries. The process, however, was carried on against his body, which was publicly burnt at the ensuing Auto da Fe.

### Burton, a London Merchant.

Mr. Burton was a merchant of London who traded to Spain. Being at Cadiz, a familiar of the inquisition called upon him one day at his lodgings, pretending that he wanted to send a quantity of merchandise to London. Having asked as many questions as he thought proper, he departed, and the next day one of the inquisitorial officers took Mr. Burton into custody. The president, on this examination, demanded if he had said or insinuated anything disrespectful to the Roman Catholic persuasion. Mr. Burton replied in the negative, saying, that he was sensible, in whatever country he was, respect ought to be paid to the established religion. This defense, however, availed him nothing; they proceeded to torture him, in order to gain information. Failing in this, they condemned him for invincible obstinacy, and at the next Auto da Fe he was burnt. When the flames first touched him he bore the torments with such exemplary patience, and appeared with so smil-

ing a countenance, that one of the priests, enraged at his serenity, said with equal malice and absurdity, "The reason why he does not seem to feel is to me very evident; the devil has already got his soul, and his body is of course deprived of the usual sensations." Several other English in Spain were, about the time of Mr. Burton's martyrdom, put to death by the inquisitors; particularly John Baker, William Burgate and William Burgess, who were burnt, and William Hooker was stoned to death.

### William Gardiner Excruciatingly Tortured.

William Gardiner was born at Bristol, received a tolerable education, and was, at a proper age, placed under the care of one Paget, an eminent merchant. At the age of twenty-six he was sent to Lisbon as a British factor. Here he applied himself to the study of the Portuguese language, conversed privately with a few whom he knew to be zealous Protestants; at the same time cautiously avoiding giving the least offense, except by not resorting for divine worship to any of the popish churches.

There being a marriage concluded between the king of Portugal's son and the infanta of Spain, upon the wedding-day the bridegroom, bride, and the whole court went to the cathedral attended by a multitude of all ranks of people, and among the rest William Gardiner, who stayed during the whole ceremony, and was greatly shocked at the superstitions he beheld. From this he conceived the rash design of making a reform in Portugal, or perishing in the attempt, and determined to sacrifice his prudence to his zeal, though upon the occasion he became a martyr. For this purpose he settled all his worldly affairs, paid his debts, closed his books, and consigned over his merchandise. On the ensuing Sunday he went again to the cathedral church, and placed himself near the altar, with a New Testament in his hand. In a short time the king and court appeared, and a cardinal

began mass. At that part of the ceremony in which the people adore the wafer, Gardiner, springing towards the cardinal, snatched the host from him, and trampled it under his feet. The whole congregation were thunder-struck, and one person drawing a dagger, wounded Gardiner in the shoulder, and would by repeating the blow, have finished him, had not the king called him to forbear. Thinking that he had been stimulated by some other person to act as he had done, the king demanded who was his abettor, to which he replied, "My conscience alone. I would not hazard what I have done for any man living; but I owe that and all other services to my Creator." Hereupon he was sent to prison, and a general order issued to apprehend all Englishmen in Lisbon. This order was in a great measure put in execution, and many innocent persons were tortured to make them confess if they knew anything of the matter; in particular a person who resided in the same house with Gardiner was treated with unparalleled barbarity, to induce him to acknowledge something which might throw a light upon the business. Gardiner himself was tormented in the most excruciating manner; but in the midst of all his torments he gloried in the deed. Being ordered for death, a large fire was kindled near a gibbet, and he was drawn up to the gibbet by pulleys, and then let down near the fire, but not so close as to touch it, so that he was burnt or rather roasted by slow degrees. Some embers were blown from the fire towards the heaven, which burnt one of the king's ships of war, and did considerable damage. The Englishmen who were taken up on this occasion were, soon after Gardiner's death, all discharged, excepting the person that resided in the same house with him, who was detained two years before he could procure his freedom.

**William Lithgow, the Young Traveler, Tortured.**

William Lithgow was descended from a good family, and having a propensity to travelling, he rambled when very young over the Northern and Western Islands; after which he visited France, Germany, Switzerland, and Spain. He set out on his travels in the month of March, 1609, and the first place he went to was Paris, where he stayed for some time. He then prosecuted his travels through Germany and other parts and at length arrived at Malaga, in Spain, the scene of all his embarrassments. While he resided here, he contracted with the master of a French ship for his passage to Alexandria, but was prevented from going by unexpected circumstances. In the evening of the 17th of October, 1620, the English fleet, at that time on a cruise against the Algerine rovers, came to anchor before Malaga, which threw the people of the town into the greatest consternation, as they imagined them to be Turks. The morning, however, discovered the mistake; and the governor of Malaga perceiving the cross of England in their colors, went on board Sir R. Mansell's ship, who commanded on that expedition, and after staying some time returned, and silenced all the peope's fears.

Many persons from on board the fleet came ashore the next day. Among these were several well known to Mr. Lithgow, who invited him on board. When Mr. Lithgow got on shore he proceeded towards his lodgings by a private way; in passing through a narrow, uninhabited street, he found himself suddenly surrounded by nine sergeants who threw a black cloak over him, and forcibly conducted him to the governor's house. After a little time the governor appeared, when Mr. Lithgow earnestly begged he might be informed of the cause of such violent treatment. The governor only answered by shaking his head, and gave orders that the prisoner should be strictly watched till he returned from his devotions;

directing, at the same time, that the captain of the town, the alcaid major, and the town notary should be summoned to appear at his examination, and that all this should be done with the greatest secrecy, to prevent the knowledge of it reaching the English merchants who resided in the town at that time. All these orders were strictly obeyed; and on the governor's return, he, with the officers, having seated themselves, Mr. Lithgow was brought before them for examination. The governor began by asking several questions, but without being able to extort an answer upon which he could find a plausible charge. Then the governor proceeded to inquire the quality of the English commander and the prisoner's opinion of the motives that prevented his accepting an invitation to come on shore. He demanded also the names of the English captains of the squadron, and what knowledge he had of the embarkation, or preparation for it before its departure from England. The answers given to the several questions were set down in writing by the notary; but the junta seemed surprised at Mr. Lithgow's denying any knowledge in the fitting out of the fleet. The governor said he lied, that he was a traitor and spy, and came directly from England to favor and assist in designs projected against Spain; and that he had been for that purpose nine months in Seville, in order to procure intelligence of the time the Spanish navy was expected from the Indies. The inquisitors exclaimed against his familiarity with the officers of the fleet, and many other English gentlemen, between whom they said unusual civilities had passed; but all these transactions had been noticed with peculiar attention. In short, they pretended he came from a council of war held that morning on board the admiral's ship, in order to put in execution the orders assigned him. They upbraided him with being accessory to the burning of the island of St. Thomas in the West Indies; "wherefore," said

they, "these Lutherans, and sons of the devil, ought to have no credit given to whatever they say or swear."

Mr. Lithgow in vain endeavored to obviate the accusations laid against him, and to obtain belief from his prejudiced judges. A consultation was held to fix the place where the prisoner should be confined. The alcaid, or chief judge, was for putting him in the town prison; but this was objected to, particularly by the corrigidore who said in Spanish,, "In order to prevent the knowledge of his confinement from reaching his countrymen, I will take the matter on myself, and be answerable for the consequences;" on which it was agreed, that he should be confined in the governor's house, and the greatest secrecy observed. At midnight the sergeant and two Turkish slaves removed Mr. Lithgow from this mild though unjust imprisonment to one more horrible. They conducted him through several passages to a chamber in a remote part of the palace towards the garden, where they loaded him with irons, and extended his legs by means of an iron bar, the weight of which was so great that he could neither stand nor sit, but was obliged to lie continually on his back. They left him in this condition for some time, when they returned with refreshment, consisting of boiled mutton and a loaf, with a small quantity of wine, of which he was allowed to partake.

He received a visit from the governor the next day, who promised him his liberty, with many other advantages, if he would confess being a spy; but on his protesting that he was entirely innocent, the governor left him in a rage, saying, he should see him no more till further tortures constrained him to confess; commanding the keeper, to whose care he was committed, that his sustenance should not exceed three ounces of musty bread and a pint of water every second day; that he should be allowed neither bed, pillow, nor coverlet. "Close up," he added, "this win-

dow in his room with lime and stone; stop the holes of the doors with double mats; let him have nothing that bears any resemblance to comfort." The unfortunate man continued in this melancholy state, without seeing any person for several days, in which time the governor received an answer to a letter he had written concerning his prisoner, from Madrid. Agreeably with this written instruction, he commenced a series of greater cruelties, which were hastened because Christmas approached, and it was not deemed expedient to interrupt the ease and mirth of the usual holidays. Mr. Lithgow had now been more than six weeks in confinement.

About three o'clock one morning he heard the noise of a coach in the street, and some time after the opening of the prison doors, not having had any sleep for two nights. Immediately after the doors were opened the nine servants who had first seized him, with the notary, entered the place where he lay, and without uttering a word, conducted him in his irons into the street where the coach waited, and into which they laid him on his back, as he was not able to sit. Two of the sergeants rode with him, and the rest walked by the coach-side, but all observed the most profound silence. They drove him to a vine-press house about a league from the town, to which place a rack had been privately conveyed before; and here they shut him up for the night. At day-break the next morning the governor and the alcaid arrived, into whose presence he was immediately brought, to undergo another examination. The prisoner desired he might have an interpreter, but was refused; nor would they permit him to appeal to Madrid, the superior court of judicature. After an examination, which lasted the whole day, there appeared in all his answers so exact a conformity with what he had said before, that they declared he had learned them by heart. They pressed him again to make a full discovery; that is, to

accuse himself of crimes never committed; the governor adding, "You are still in my power; I can set you free if you comply; if not, I must deliver you to the alcaid." Mr. Lithgow still persisting in his innocence, the governor ordered him to be immediately tortured.

He was then conducted to the end of a gallery where the rack was placed. The executioner immediately struck off his irons, which put him to very great pain, the bolts being so close riveted, that the sledge hammer tore away above half an inch of his heel in forcing off the bolt; the anguish of which together with his weak condition (not having taken the least sustenance for three days) occasioned him to groan bitterly; upon which the merciless alcaid said, "Villain, traitor, this is but the beginning of what you shall endure." As soon as his irons were off, he fell on his knees, uttering a short prayer, that God would be pleased to enable him to be steadfast, and firmly to undergo the trial he had before him. The alcaid and notary having seated themselves in chairs, he was stripped naked and fixed upon the rack. It is impossible to describe all the tortures inflicted upon him. He lay on the rack above five hours, during which time he received above sixty tortures of the most infernal nature; and had they been continued a few minutes longer he must have expired.

On being taken from the rack, and his irons again put on, he was conducted to his former dungeon, receiving no other nourishment than a little warm wine, which was given rather to preserve him for future punishments rather than from any principle of pity. In this horrid situation he continued till Christmas-day, when he received some relief from Marianne, waiting-woman to the governor's lady. This woman having obtained leave to visit him, carried with her some refreshments, consisting of honey, sugar, raisins, and other articles. (See Illustration, Page 27)

Mr. Lithgow at length received information which gave him little hope of ever being released. The substance of it was, that an English seminary priest and a Scotch cooper had been for some time employed by the governor to translate from the English into the Spanish language all his books and observations; and that it was commonly said in the governor's house, that he was an arch and dangerous heretic. About two days after he had received this information, the governor, an inquisitor, and a canonical priest, accompanied by two Jesuits, entered the dungeon, and after several idle questions asked Mr. Lithgow if he was a Roman catholic, and acknowledged the pope's supremacy. He answered, that he neither was the one, nor did the other. In the bitterness of his soul he made use of some warm expressions not suited to his circumstances:—"As you have almost murdered me for pretended treason, so now you intend to make a martyr of me for my religion." He also expostulated with the governor on the ill return he made the king of England, whose subject he was, for the princely humanity exercised towards the Spaniards in 1588, when their armada was shipwrecked on the Scotch coast, and thousands of the Spaniards found relief, who must otherwise have perished in a miserable manner.

After some silence the inquisitor addressed Mr. Lithgow in the following words: "You have been taken as a spy, accused of treachery and tortured, as we acknowledge, innocently, (which appears by the account lately received from Madrid of the intentions of the English:) yet it was the divine power brought those judgments upon you, for presumptuously treating the blessed miracle of Lorretto with ridicule, and expressing yourself in your writings irreverently of his holiness, the great agent and Christ's vicar upon earth; therefore you are justly fallen into our hands by special appointment: your books and papers are miraculously translated by the assistance of Provi-

dence influencing your own countrymen." When this harangue was ended, they gave the prisoner eight days to consider, and resolve whether he would become a convert to their religion; during which time the inquisitor told him that he, with other religious officers, would attend to give him assistance. One of the Jesuits said, first making the sign of the cross upon his breast, "My son, behold you deserve to be burnt alive; but by the grace of our lady of Loretto, whom you have blasphemed, we will both save your soul and body."

The inquisitors with the three ecclesiastics, returned in the morning, when the former asked the prisoner what difficulties he had on his conscience that retarded his conversion; to which he answered, "He had not any doubts on his mind, being confident in the promises of Christ, and assuredly believing his revealed will signified, as professed in the reformed Catholic church, being confirmed by grace, and having infallible assurance thereby of the true Christian faith." To these words the inquisitor replied, "Thou art no Christian, but an absurd heretic, and without conversion a member of perdition." The prisoner then told him, it was not consistent with the nature of religion and charity to convince by approbrious speeches, racks, and torments, but by arguments deduced from the scriptures; and that all other methods would with him be totally fruitless.

So enraged was the inquisitor at the replies made by the prisoner, that he struck him on the face, used many abusive speeches, and attempted to stab him, which he would certainly have done had he not been prevented by the Jesuits: and from this time he never visited the prisoner again. The two Jesuits returned the next day, and the superior asked him what resolution he had taken. To which Mr. Lithgow replied, that he was already resolved, unless he could show substantial reasons to make him alter his opinion. The

superior, after a pedantic display of their seven sacraments, the intercession of saints, transubstantiation, etc., boasted greatly of their church, her antiquity, universality, and uniformity; all which Mr. Lithgow denied: "For," said he, "the profession of the faith I hold hath been ever since the first days of the apostles, and Christ had ever his own church, however obscure, in the greatest time of your darkness."

The Jesuits finding their arguments had not the desired effect, and that torments could not shake his constancy, after severe menaces left him. On the eighth day after, being the last of their inquisition, when sentence is pronounced, they returned again quite altered both in words and behavior. After repeating much the same kind of arguments as before, with seeming tears in their eyes they pretended sorrow from their hearts that he must be obliged to undergo a terrible death; but above all, for the loss of his most precious soul; and falling on their knees, cried out, "Convert, convert, O dear brother, for our blessed lady's sake, convert." To which he answered, "I fear neither death nor hell, being prepared against both." He received sentence that night of eleven different tortures; and if he did not die in the execution of them, he was after Easter to be carried to Grenada, and there burnt to ashes. The first part of the sentence was executed with great barbarity that night; and it pleased God to give him strength both of body and mind, to adhere to the truth, and to survive the horrid punishments.

After these cruelties, they again fettered and conveyed him to his dungeon. The next morning he received some little comfort from a Turkish slave, who secretly brought hid raisins and figs, which he ate in the best manner his strength would permit. It was to this slave Mr. Lithgow attributed his surviving so long in such a wretched situation, for he found means to convey similar fruits to him twice every

week. It is very extraordinary and exemplary that this poor slave, bred up from his infancy according to the maxims of his prophet, in the greatest detestation of Christians, should be so affected at the situation of Mr. Lithgow, that he became unwell and continued so for upwards of forty days. During this period Mr. Lithgow was attended by a female negro slave, who found means to furnish him with refreshments still more ample than the Turk, being more conversant with the house and family. She brought him wholesome food and nourishing wine every day.

Mr. Lithgow now waited, with anxious expectation, for the day which by putting an end to his life, would also end his torments. But his melancholy expectations were, by the interposition of Providence, rendered abortive, and his deliverance obtained from the following incidents:—A Spanish gentleman of quality came from Grenada to Malaga, who, being invited to an entertainment by the governor, was informed of what had befallen Mr. Lithgow from the time of his being apprehended as a spy, and the various sufferings he had endured. The governor told him, that after it was known the prisoner was innocent it gave him great concern. On this account he would gladly have released him, restored his money and papers, and made some atonement for the injuries he had received; but that upon an inspection into his writings, several were found of a very blasphemous nature. On his refusing to abjure these heretical opinions, he was turned over to the inquisition who finally condemned him.

While the governor was relating this tale, a Flemish youth, servant to the Spanish gentleman, who waited at table, was struck with amazement and pity at the sufferings of the stranger thus described. On his return to his master's lodging he began to revolve in his mind what he had heard, which made such an impression on him that he could not rest in his bed;

and when the morning came, without disclosing his intentions to any person whatever, he went into the town and inquired for an English factor. He was directed to the house of one Mr. Wild, to whom he related the whole of what he had heard the preceding evening between his master and the governor; but could not tell Mr. Lithgow's name. Mr. Wild, however, conjectured who it was by the servant remembering the circumstances of his being a traveller. On the departure of the servant, therefore, he immediately sent for other English factors, to whom he related all the particulars relative to their unfortunate countryman. After a short consultation it was agreed that an information of the whole affair should be sent by express to Cir Walter Aston, the English ambassador to the king of Spain then at Madrid. This was accordingly done, and the ambassador having presented a memorial to the king and council of Spain, he obtained an order for Mr. Lithgow's enlargement, and his delivery to the English factory. This order was directed to the governor of Malaga, and was received by the assembly of the bloody inquisition with the greatest surprise.

Mr. Lithgow was released from his confinement on the eve of Easter-Sunday, when he was carried from his dungeon on the back of the slave that had attended him, to the house of one Mr. Busbich, were every possible comfort was given him. It happened that there was at this time a squadron of English ships in the road, commanded by Sir Richard Hawkins, who being informed of the past suffereing and present situation of Mr. Lithgow, came the next day ashore with a proper guard, and received him from the merchants. He was instantly carried in blankets on board the Vanguard, and three days after he was removed to another ship, by direction of the general Sir Robert Mansel. The factory presented him with clothes and all necessary provisions, besides which they gave him

two-hundred reals, and Sir Richard Hawkins sent him two double pistoles. Sir Richard demanded of the inquisition the delivery of his papers, money, and books, before his departure from the Spanish coast, but could not obtain a satisfactory answer on that head. By such unexpected means does Providence frequently interfere in behalf of the virtuous and oppressed.

Having lain twelve days in the road, the ship weighed anchor, and in about two months arrived safe at Deptford. The next morning Mr. Lithgow was carried on a feather-bed to Theobalds, in Hertfordshire, where at that time were the king and royal family. The sufferer was presented to him, and related the particulars of his sufferings, and his happy delivery; at which the king was so affected that he expressed the deepest concern, and gave orders that he should be sent to Bath. By these means, under God, Mr Lithgow became restored from the most wretched spectacle to a great share of health and strength; but he lost the use of his left arm, and several of the smaller bones were so crushed and broken as to be rendered unserviceable ever after. Notwithstanding every effort he could never obtain any part of his money or effects, though his majesty and the ministers interested themselves in his behalf. Gondamore, the Spanish ambassador, promised that all should be restored, with the addition of £1000 as some compensation for the tortures he had undergone; which last was to be paid by the governor of Malaga. These engagements, however, were never kept, and though the king was a kind of guarantee for the performance of them, the cunning Spaniard found means to elude the order.

## STORIES OF THE HORRIBLE MASSACRE IN FRANCE, ANNO 1572.

### Bartholomew Massacre.

After a long series of troubles in France, the papists seeing nothing effectual could be done against the protestants by open force, began to devise how they could entrap them by subtlety, and that by two ways: first, by a pretended commission sent into the Low Countries, which the prince of Navarre and Conde was to command. This was merely to understand what power and force the admiral had under him, who they were, and what were their names. The second was by a marriage between the prince of Navarre and the king's sister; to which were to be invited all the chief protestants of France. Accordingly they first began with the queen of Navarre, mother to the prince who was to espouse the king's sister, and who was then at Rochelle. Allured by many fair words to repair to the king, she consented to come to Paris, where she was at length won over to the king's mind. Shortly after she fell sick, and died within five days, not without suspicion of poison; but her body being opened, no sign thereof appeared. A certain apothecary, however, made his boast that he had killed the queen by venomous odors and smell prepared by himself.

Notwithstanding this, the marriage still proceeded. The admiral prince of Navarre and Conde, with many other eminent protestant chiefs, were induced by the king's letters and fair promises, to proceed to Paris, and were received with great solemnity. The marriage took place on the 18th of August, 1572, and was solemnized by the cardinal of Bourbonne, upon a high stage raised for the purpose without the church walls; the prince of Navarre and Conde came down, waiting for the king's sister, who was then at mass. This done, they all resorted to the bishop's palace to dinner. In the evening they were conducted to a pal-

ace in the centre of the city, to supper. Four days after this the admiral coming from the council table, on his way was shot at with a pistol, charged with three bullets and wounded in both his arms. He still remained in Paris, although his friends advised him to flee. Soldiers were appointed of the king, and upon the watch-word being given, they burst out to the slaughter of the protestants, beginning with the admiral himself, who being wounded was cast out of the window into the street, where his head was cut off, was embalmed and sent to the pope. The savage people then cut off his arms, and drew his mangled body three days through the streets of Paris, after which they took it to the place of execution, and there hanged it by the heels to the scorn of the populace.

The martyrdom of this virtuous man had no sooner taken place, than the armed troops with rage and violence ran about slaying all the protestants they knew or could find within the city gates. This continued many days; but the greatest slaughter was in the first three days, in which were said to be murdered above 10,000 men and women, old and young, of all sorts and conditions. The bodies of the dead were carried in carts and thrown into the river, which, with other whole streams in certain parts of the city were reddened with the blood of the slain.

The brutal deeds of this period were not confined within the walls of Paris, but extended to other cities and quarters of the realm, especially to Lyons, Orleans, Toulouse, and Rouen, where the cruelties were if possible even greater than in the capital. *Within the space of one month, thirty thousand religious protestants are said to have been slain. When intelligence of the massacre was received at Rome, the greatest rejoicings took place. The pope and his car-

*St. Bartholomew Massacre,

dinals went in procession to the church of St. Mark to give thanks to God; and a medal* was struck to commemorate the event. A jubilee was also published, and the ordnance fired from the castle of St. Angelo. To the person who brought the news the cardinal of Lorraine gave 1000 crowns. Similar rejoicings were also made all over France for this imagined overthrow of the faithful.

The following are among the particulars recorded of the above enormities.—The admiral, on being wounded in both his arms, immediately said to Maure, preacher to the queen of Navarre, "O my brother, I now perceive that I am now beloved of my God, seeing that for his most holy name's sake I do suffer these wounds." He was slain by Bemjus, who afterwards reported, that he never saw man so constantly and confidently suffer death. Among the honorable men and great personages who were at the same time murdered, were Count Rochfulcaud, Telinius, the admiral's son-in-law, Antonius Claromontus, marquis of Ravely, Lewis Bussius, Bandineus, Pluvialius, Bernius, and others. Francis Nompar Caumontius, being in bed with his two sons, was slain with one of them; the other was strangely preserved, and afterwards came to great dignity. Stephen Cevalerie, chief treasurer to the king of Poictiers, a very good man, and careful of the commonwealth, after he had paid for his life a large sum of money, was cruelly murdered. Magdalen Brissonet, an excellent and learned woman, the widow of Ivermus, master of requests to the king, flying out of the city in poor apparel, was taken, murdered, and cast into the river. Two thousand were murdered in one day.

### 30,000 Persons Destroyed.

At Meldis two hundred were cast into prison, and being brought out as sheep to the slaughter ,were cruelly murdered. There also were twenty-five women

*See Medals on Illustration.

slain. At Orleans, a thousand men, women, and children, were massacred. The citizens of Augustobona, hearing of the massacre at Paris, shut the gates of their town that no protestants might escape, and cast all they suspected into prison, who were afterwards brought forth and murdered. At Lyons there were eight hundred most miserably and cruelly put to death, the children hanging at their fathers' necks, and the fathers embracing their children. Three hundred were slain in the archbishop's house: the monks would not suffer their bodies to be buried. At Toulouse two hundred were murdered. At Rouen five hundred were put to death. At last, Thuanus records, "this example passed unto other cities, and from cities to towns and villages, so that it is by many published, that in all the kingdom above 30,000 were in these tumults in divers ways destroyed."

A little before this massacre, a man, nurse, and infant carried to be baptized, were all three murdered. Bricamotius, a man of seventy years, and Cavagnius, were laid upon hurdles and drawn to execution. The first might have been pardoned if he would publicly confess that the admiral had conspired against the king, which he refused to do. At Bourdeaux, by the instigation of a monk, named Enimund Angerius, two hundred and sixty-four were cruelly murdered, of whom some were senators. This monk continually provoked the people in his sermons, to slaughter. At Agendicum in Maine, a cruel slaughter of protestants was committed by the instigation of Æmarus, inquisitor of criminal causes. A rumor being spread abroad that the protestants had taken secret counsel to invade and spoil the churches, above a hundred of every estate and sex were, by the enraged people, killed or drowned in the river Igonna.

### The Slaughter at Blois.

On entering Blois, the duke of Guise, notwithstanding the city had voluntarily opened its gates,

gave it up to rapine and slaughter; houses were spoiled, many protestants who had remained were slain, or drowned in the river; neither were women saved, of whom some were ravished, and more murdered. From thence he went to Mere, two leagues from Blois, where protestants had frequent assembly at sermons. For several days together they were worried from place to place, many of them killed, and Cassebonius, the pastor, was drowned in the next river. At Anjou, Alciacus, the pastor, was also murdered, and numerous women injured in a cruel manner, some in the sight of their parents, and others so as to deprive them of life.

### Hanged by His Feet.

John Burgeolus, president of Turin, an old man, being suspected of being a protestant, having bargained for a sum of money for his life and safety, was, notwithstanding, taken and beaten cruelly with clubs and staves, and being stripped of his clothes, was brought to the river Liger, and hanged with his feet upward, and his head downwards in the water to his breast.

### Treachery at Matiscon.

When the city of Matiscon was taken, by corrupting the keeper of the keys, whom, notwithstanding, they killed, great cruelty was showed, so that they counted it sport to maim whatever protestants were unable to resist them. A man of influence in the city, named Sapontius, inviting gentlewomen to supper, would walk with them, and having his soldiers about him, used to cast protestants from the bridge into the river and with that spectacle gratified his guests, whom he would often ask, whether they ever saw men leap better. At Albia of Cahors, on the Lord's day, the papists, at the ringing of a bell, broke open the doors where protestants were assembled, and killed without distinction all they could find: among whom was one Guacerius, a rich merchant, whom they drew

into his house, and then murdered him together with his family.

### Cruelly Murdered at Penna.

In a town called Penna, three hundred protestants notwithstanding the safety of their lives was promised them, were cruelly murdered by Spaniards, who were newly come to serve the French king. The town of Nonne having capitulated to the papists, on condition that the foreign soldiers should depart safe with horse and armor, leaving their ensigns, and that the enemy's soldiers should not enter the town; and that no harm should be done to the inhabitants, who might go into the castle; after its surrender the gates were set open, when, without regard to those conditions, the soldiers rushed in, and began murdering and spoiling all around them. Men and women without distinction were killed; the streets resounded with miserable mourning, and blood flowed in every stream. Many were thrown headlong from the heights. Among others, the following monstrous act of cruelty is reported: a woman being drawn out of a private place, into which to avoid the rage of the soldiers she had fled with her husband, was in his sight shamefully defiled: and then was commanded to draw a sword, and forced by others, who guided her hand, to give her husband a dreadful and mortal wound.*

Bordis, a captain under the prince of Conde, at Mirabellum, was, contrary to promise, cruelly killed,

*The author mentions this monstrous act of cruelty as a report, and it is to be hoped it was a mere report. The record of it is retained, not because the present editor believes it to have actually taken place; but as a sample of the credulous taste of the times, which so easily received and so gravely recorded incidents too often because they were monstrous, without consulting either their delicacy or their truth—without suspecting their falsehood or shrinking at their impropriety. This is, perhaps, the proper place to intimate that several reports of this repulsive sort have already been expunged.

and his naked body cast into the street. The prince of Conde of the Bourbon family, being taken prisoner, and his life promised him, was shot in the neck by Montisquius, captain of the duke of Anjou's guard. Thuanus thus speaks of him: "This was the end of Lewis Bourbon, prince of Conde, of the king's blood, a man high in birth, most honourable in courage and virtue; in valour, constancy, wit, wisdom, experience, courtesy, eloquence, and liberality, all which virtues excelled in him, had few equals, and none, even by confession of his enemies, superior to him."

The enemies of the truth, glutted with slaughter, began everywhere to triumph in the fallacious opinion that they were the sole lords of men's conscience; and, truly, it might appear to human reason that by the destruction of his people, God had abandoned the earth to the ravages of his enemy. But he had otherwise decreed and thousands who had not bowed the knee to Baal, were called forth to glory and virtue.

### The Town of Rochelle Defended.

The inhabitants of Rochelle, hearing of the cruelties committed on their brethren, resolved to defend themselves against the power of the king; and their example was followed by various other towns, with which they entered into a confederacy, exhorting and inspiriting one another in the common cause. To crush this, the king shortly after summoned the whole power of France, and the greatest of his nobility, among whom were his royal brothers: he invested Rochelle by land and sea, and commenced a furious seige, which, but for the immediate hand of God, must have ended in its destruction. Seven principal assaults were made against the town, but none of them succeeded. At one time a breach was made by the tremendous cannonade, but through the undaunted valor of the citizens, assisted even by their wives and daughters, who could not be restrained, the soldiers were driven back with great slaughter. It is worthy of rec-

ord, that amidst every scarcity of provisions, there was found in the river a great multitude of fish, which the people used instead of bread; these fish on the conclusion of the seige, entirely disappeared. The seige lasted seven months, when the duke of Anjou being proclaimed king of Poland, he, in concert with the king of France, entered into a treaty with the people of Rochelle, which ended in a peace: conditions, containing twenty-five articles, having been drawn up by the latter, embracing many immunities both for themselves and other protestants in France, were confirmed by the king, and proclaimed with great rejoicings at Rochelle and other cities.

### Awful Death to the Torturer.

The year following died Charles IX. of France, the tyrant who had been so instrumental in the calamities above recorded. He was only in the 28th year of his age, and his death was remarkable and dreadful When lying on his bed, the blood gushed from various parts of his body. Amidst his slumbers, his dreams and exclamations were horrid beyond description. He rolled about his bed and on the floor of his chamber a most dreadful spectacle, and at last was suffocated in the effort to discharge a quantity of blood from the cruel mouth, whose edicts had occasioned such torrents of his subjects' blood to stain the face of his country.

# CHAPTER IV

## History of Robert Oguier, His Wife, and Their Sons, Who Were Burned at Lisle.

ON SATURDAY, March 6, 1556, about ten o'clock at night, the provost of the city with his sergeants armed themselves, and went to seek any protestants met together in houses; but there was then no assembly. They therefore came to the house of Robert Oguier, which was a little church, where both rich and poor were familiarly instructed in the scriptures. Having entered they found certain books, which they carried away. But he whom they principally sought was not there, namely, Baudicon, the son of Oguier, who was gone abroad to commence and talk of the word of God with some of the brethren. On his return home, he knocked at the door, when Martin, the younger brother, watching his coming, bade him be gone; but Baudicon, thinking his brother mistook him for some other said, "It is I, open the door;" with that the sergeants opened the same, and let him in, saying, "Ah, sir, you are well met!" to whom he answered, "I thank you my friends, you are also welcome hither." Then said the provost, "I arrest you all in the emperor's name:" and with that commanded the husband, his wife, and their two sons to be bound and imprisoned, leaving their two daughters to look to the house. A few days after, the prisoners were brought before the magistrates who examined them concerning their course of life. They directed their speech first to Robert Oguier in these words: "It is told us that you never come to mass, yea, and also dissuade others from coming to it.

We are further informed that you maintain conventicles in your house, causing erroneous doctrines to be preached there, contrary to the ordinance of our holy mother the church, whereby you have transgressed the laws of his imperial majesty."

Robert Oguier answered, "Whereas, first of all you lay to my charge that I do not go to mass. I refuse so to do indeed, because the death and precious blood of the Son of God, and his sacrifice, are utterly abolished there, and trodden under foot; 'For Christ by one sacrifice hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified.' Do we read in all the scriptures, that either the prophets, Christ, or any of his apostles, ever said mass? They knew not what it meant. Christ indeed instituted the holy supper, in which all Christians communicate together, but they sacrifice not. If you please to read the Bible over, you will never find the mass once mentioned therein; therefore it is the mere invention of men. You know what Christ saith, 'In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.' If either myself, or any of mine, had been at mass, which is ordained by men, Christ would have told us we had worshipped him in vain.

"As for the second accusation, I will not deny but there have met together in my house honest people fearing God: I assure you not with intention to wrong any, but rather for the advancement of God's glory, and the good of many. I knew indeed that the emperor had forbidden it, but what then? I knew also that Christ in his gsopel had commanded it: 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.' Thus you see I could not well obey the emperor, but I must disobey Christ. In this case I chose rather to obey God than man."

One of the magistrates demanded what they did when they met together. To which Baudicon, the eldest son, answered, "If it please you to give me

leave, I will open the business unto you." The sheriffs seeing his promptness, looking upon one another, said, "Well, let us hear it." Baudicon lifting up his eyes to heaven, began thus:— "When we meet together in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to hear the word of God, we first of all prostrate upon our knees before God, and in the humility of our spirits do make a confession of our sins before his Divine Majesty. Then we pray that the word of God may be rightly divided, and purely preached: we also pray for our soverign lord the emperor, and for all his honourable counsellors, that the commonwealth may be peaceably governed to the glory of God; yea, we forgot not you whom we acknowledge our superiors, entreating our good God for you, and for this whole city, that you may maintain it in all tranquility. Thus have I exactly related unto you what we do; think you now, whether we have offended so highly in this matter of our assembling."

While they were thus examined, each of them made an open confession of their faith; and being returned again to prison, they not long after were put to the torture, to make them confess who they were that frequented their house; but they would discover none, unless such as were well known to the judges, or else were at that time absent. Four or five days after they were convened again before their judges, namely, the father and his two sons; and after many words passed, they asked them whether they would submit themselves to the will of the magistrates. Robert Oguier and Baudicon his son, with some deliberation said, "Yea, we will" Then demanding the same of Martin, the younger brother, he answered, That he would not submit himself thereto, but would accompany his mother; so he was sent back again to prison, whilst the father and the son were sentenced to be burnt alive to ashes. One of the judges, after sentence pronounced, said, "To-day you shall go to dwell with

all the devils in hell-fire," which he spake as one transported with fury in beholding the great patience of these two servants of Christ. Having received the sentence of death, they were returned to the prison from whence they came, being joyful that the Lord did them the honor to enroll them in the number of his martyrs. They no sooner entered the prison than a band of friars came thither; one amongst the rest told them the hour was come in which they must finish their days. Robert Oguier and his son answered, "We know it well, but blessed be the Lord our God, who now delivering our bodies out of this vile prison, will receive our souls into his glorious and heavenly kingdom."

One of the friars endeavored to turn them from their faith, saying, "Father Robert, thou art an old man, let me entreat thee in this thy last hour, to think of saving thine own soul; and if thou wilt give ear unto me, I warrant thee thou shalt do well" The old man answered, "Poor man, how darest thou attribute that to thyself which belongs to the eternal God, and so rob him of his honor? for it seems by thy speech, that if I will harken unto thee thou wilt be my Saviour, No, no, I have only one Saviour, Jesus Christ, who by and by will deliver me from this miserable world. I have one Doctor whom the heavenly Father hath commanded me to hear, and I purpose to hearken to none other."

Another exhorted him to take pity on his soul. "Thou willest me," said Robert, "to pity mine own soul; dost thou not see what pity I have on it, when for the name of Christ I willingly abandon this body of mine to the fire, hoping to-day to be with him in paradise? I have put all my confidence in God, and my hope is wholly fixed upon the merits of Christ, his death and passion; he will direct me the right way to his kingdom. I believe what the holy prophets and apostles have written, and in that faith will I live and

die." The friar hearing this, said, "Out, dog! thou are not worthy the name of Christian; thou and thy son with thee are both resolved to damn your bodies and souls with all the devils in hell."

As they were about to separate Baudicon from his father, he said "Let my father alone, and trouble him not thus: he is an old man, and hath an infirm body; hinder him not, I pray you, from receiving the crown of martyrdom." Baudicon was then conveyed to a chamber apart, and there being stripped of his clothes, was prepared to be sacrificed. While one brought him gunpowder to put to his breast, an odd fellow standing by, said, "Wert thou my brother, I would sell all that I am worth to buy fagots to burn thee—thou findest but too much favour." The young man answered, "Well, sir, the Lord shew you more mercy." Whilst they spake thus to Baudicon, some of the friars pressed about the old man, persuading him at least to take a crucifix into his hands, lest the people should murmur against him; adding further, that he might for all that lift up his heart to God. Then they fastened it between his hands; but as soon as Baudicon was come down and espied what they had done to his father, he said, "Alas! father, what do you now? will you play the idolater even at our last hour?" And then pulling the idol out of his hands, which they had fastened therein, he threw it way, saying, "What cause hath the people to be offended at us for not receiving a Christ of wood? We bear upon our hearts the cross of Christ, the Son of the ever-living God, feeling his holy word written therein in letters of gold."

A band of soldiers attended them to execution, no less than if a prince had been conducted into his kingdom. Being come to the place where they were to suffer, they ascended the scaffold, when Baulicon asked leave of the sheriffs to make a confession of his faith before the people. Answer was made that he was

to look unto his spiritual Father, and confess to him. He was then dragged to the stake, where he began to sing the 16th Psalm. The friar cried out, "Do you not hear, my masters, what wicked errors these heretics sing, to beguile the people with?" Baudicon hearing him, replied, "How, simple idiot, callest thou the psalms of the prophet David errors? But no wonder, for thus you are wont to blaspheme against the Spirit of God." Then turning his eyes towards his father, who was about to be chained to the stake, he said, "Be of good courage, father, the worst will be past very soon." Then he often reiterated these short breathings, "O God, Father everlasting, accept the sacrifice of our bodies, for thy well beloved Son Jesus Christ's sake." One of the friars cried out, "Heretic, thou liest; he is none of thy Father, the devil is thy father." During these conflicts, he lifted his eyes upwards, and speaking to his father, said, "Behold, I see the heavens open, and millions of angels ready to receive us, rejoicing to see us thus witnessing the truth in the view of the world. Father, let us be glad and rejoice, for the joys of heaven are set open to us." Fire was forthwith put in the straw and wood, which burnt beneath, whilst they not shrinking from the pains spake one to another; Baudicon often repeating this in his father's ears, "Faint not, father, nor be afraid; yet a very little while and we shall enter into the heavenly mansions." In the end, the fire growing hot upon them, the last words they were heard to pronounce were, "Jesus Christ, thou Son of God, into thy hand do we commend our spirits." And thus these two slept sweetly in the Lord.

In eight days after, Jane, the mother, and Martin her son, were executed in the same city. But before we come to describe their happy ends, we will, as briefly as we can, take notice by the way of the very great conflicts of spirit which both of them sustained. There were sent unto them many of the popish rabble,

to turn them from their faith. That their devilish enterprise might the better be effected, they separated one from the other, by the politic advice of a monk: the poor woman began to waver, and let go her first faith. At this their enemies rejoiced not a little, whilst the little flock of Christ hearing such sad news were in continual perplexity; but the Lord left them not in their mournful condition.

One of the monks waited on her in the prison, counseling her to win over her son Martin, and to draw him from his errors, which she promised to do. But when he was come to his mother, and perceived that she was not only fallen, but also quite turned out of the right way, he began with tears to bewail her miserable state. "O mother," said he, "what have you done? Have you denied Him who hath redeemed you? Alas! what evil hath he done you, that you should requite him with so great injury and dishonor? Now I am plunged into that woe which I have most feared. Ah, good God, that I should live to see this, which pierceth me to the very heart!" His mother hearing these his pitiful complaints, and seeing the tears which her son shed for her, began again to renew her strength in the Lord, and with tears cried out, "O Father of mercies, be merciful unto me a miserable sinner, and cover my transgressions under the righteousness of thy blessed Son. Lord enable me with strength from above to stand to my first confession, and make me to abide steadfast therein even unto my last breath." It was not long after this change that the emissaries of Satan who had seduced her came in, supposing to find her in the mind wherein they left her: whom she no sooner espied, but with detestation said, "Away, Satan, get thee behind me: for henceforth thou hast neither part nor portion in me. I will, by the help of God, stand to my first confession; and if I may not sign it with ink, I will seal it with my blood." And from that time this frail ves-

sel, who for awhile relented, after her recovery grew stronger and stronger. A certain temporizer said to Martin, "Thou silly youth, thou sayest thou knowest not what; thou art too much conceited of thyself and of thy cause. Seest thou not all these people about thee, what thinkest thou of them? They believe not as thou dost, and yet I doubt not but they shall be saved. But you imagine to that which will never come to pass, though you pretend so much that you are in the faith, and have the scripture for you." The good woman hearing this, answered, "Sir, Christ Jesus our Lord saith, that it is the wide gate and broad way which leads to destruction, and therefore many go in thereat; but the gate is narrow that leads to life, and few there be that find it. Do ye then doubt whether we are in the straight way or no, when ye behold our sufferings? Would you have a better sign than this, to know whether we are in the right way? Compare our doctrine with that of your priests and monks; we, for our parts, are determined to have but one Christ, and him crucified; we embrace only the scriptures of the Old and New Testament. Are we deceived in believing that which the holy prophets and apostles have taught?"

Soon after Martin and his mother were bound and brought to the place of their martyrdom. His mother having ascended the scaffold cried to Martin, "Come up, come up, my son." And as he was speaking to the people, she said, "Speak out, Martin, that it may appear to all that we do not die heretics." Martin would have made a confession of his faith, but he was not permitted to speak. His mother being bound to the stake, said in the hearing of the spectators, "We are Christians; and that which we now suffer is not for murder or theft, but because we believe no more than that which the word of God teacheth us: we both rejoice that we are counted worthy to suffer for the same." The fire being kindled, the vehemency

thereof did not abate the fervency of their zeal, but they continued constant in the faith, and with uplifting hands to heaven, in a holy accord said, "Lord Jesus, into thy hands we commend our spirits." And thus they blessedly slept in the Lord.

---

## THE MASSACRE AT VASSY, IN THE COUNTRY OF CAMPAIGN, IN FRANCE.

The Duke of Guise, on his arrival at Joinville, asked whether those of Vassy used to have sermons preached constantly by their minister? It was answered they had, and that they increased daily. On hearing this he fell into a grievous passion; and upon Saturday, the last day of February, 1562, that he might the more covertly execute his determined wrath against the religious people of Vassy, he departed from Joinville, accompanied by the cardinal of Guise, his brother, and those of their train, and lodged in the village of Damartin, distant from Joinville about two miles and a half.

The next day, after he had heard mass very early in the morning, being attended by about two hundred armed men, he left Damartin and went on to Vassy. As he passed the village of Bronzeval, which is distant from Vassy a quarter of a mile, the bell after the usual manner rang for sermon. The duke hearing it, asked those he met why the bell rang so loud at Vassy. A person named La Montague told him it was for the assembling of the Hugonots; adding, that there were many in Bronzeval who frequented the sermons preached at Vassy; therefore, that the duke would do well to begin there, and first offer them violence. But the duke answered, "March on, march on, we shall take them amongst the rest of the assembly."

There were certain soldiers and archers accompanying the duke who surrounded Vassy, most of

them being lodged in the houses of papists. The Saturday before the slaughter, they were seen to make ready their weapons, arquebuses, and pistols; but the Protestants, not dreaming of a conspiracy, thought the duke would offer them no injury, being the king's subjects; remembering that not above two months before, the duke and his brethren passed near Vassy, and gave no sign of their displeasure.

The duke having arrived at Vassy with his troops, they, with the duke La Brosse, and La Montague, passed through the city with their soldiers, went directly to the common-hall or market-house, and then entered into the monastery; where, having called to one Dessales, the prior of Vassy, and another whose name was Claude le Sain, provost of Vassy, the duke talked awhile with them, then issued hastily out of the monastery attended by many of his followers. Command was given to such as were papists, to retire into the monastery and not be seen in the streets, unless they would venture the loss of their lives. The duke perceiving others in his retinue to be walking to and fro under the town-hall, and about the churchyard, commanded them to march on towards the place where the sermon was being preached in a barn about a hundred paces from the monastery. This command was soon after put in execution by such of the company as went on foot. He that marched foremost of this rabble was La Brosse, and on the side marched the horsemen, after whom followed the duke with another company of his own men, and then those of the cardinal of Guise his brother. By this time, Mr. Leonard Morel, the minister, after the first prayer, had begun his sermon before numerous auditors, which might amount to 1200 persons, consisting of men, women, and children. The horsemen first approaching to the barn within about twenty-five paces, shot off two arquebuses right upon those who were placed in the galleries joining to the windows. The people within

perceiving their danger, endeavored to shut the door, but were prevented by the ruffians rushing in upon them, who drawing their swords, furiously cried out, "Death of God! kill, kill these Hugonots."

The first they seized on was a crier of wine, who stood next the door, asking him if he were not a Hugonot, and on whom he believed. Having answered that he believed in Jesus Christ, they smote him twice with a sword, which felled him to the ground. He got up again, thinking to recover himself, when they struck him a third time; whereby, being overcharged with wounds, he fell down and died immediately. Two other men, at the same time, were slain at the entry of the door, as they were pressing out to escape. Then the Duke of Guise, with his company, violently entered in among them, striking the poor people down with their swords, daggers, and cutlasses, not sparing any age or sex; the whole assembly were so astonished, that they knew not which way to turn, but running hither and thither, fell one upon another, flying as sheep before a company of ravening wolves. Some of the murderers shot off their carbines against them that were in the galleries; others cut in pieces such as were below; some had their heads cleft in twain, their arms and hands cut off; so that many of them died instantly on the spot. The walls and galleries of the place were dyed with the blood of those who were everywhere murdered; and so great was the fury of the murderers, that part of the people within were forced to break open the roofs of the houses, in hope of saving themselves upon the top. Being got thither, and then fearing to fall again into the hands of these cruel tigers, some of them leaped over the walls of the city, which were very high, flying into the woods and amongst the vines, which with most expedition they could soonest attain; some hurt in their arms, others in their heads, and other parts of their bodies. The duke presented himself in the house with his

sword drawn, charging his soldiers to kill especially the young men. Pursuing those who went upon the house tops, they cried, "Come down, ye dogs, come down!" using many cruel threatening speeches to them. The cause why some women escaped was, as the report went, for the duchess's sake, his wife, who, passing by the walls of the city, and hearing hideous outcries among these poor creatures, with the noise of the carbines and pistols continually discharging, sent in haste to the duke her husband with much entreaty to cease his persecution because of the women's terror.

During this slaughter, the cardinal of Guise remained before the church of the city of Vassy, leaning upon the wall of the church-yard, looking towards the place where his followers were busied in killing and slaying whom they could. Many of this assembly being thus hotly pursued, did in the first brunt save themselves upon the roof of the house, not being discerned by those who stood without; but at length, some of the bloody crew espying where they lay, shot at them with long pieces, wherewith many were hurt and slain. The household servants of Dessales, prior of Vassy, shooting at the people on the roof, one of that wretched company was not ashamed to boast, after the massacre was ended, that he for his part had caused six at least to fall dead in that pitiful plight, adding that if others and all had done the same he should have rejoiced.

The minister, in the beginning of the massacre, ceased not to preach, till one discharged his piece against the pulpit where he stood, after which, falling upon his knees, he entreated the Lord to have mercy upon himself, and also upon his poor persecuted flock. Having ended his prayer, he left his gown behind him, thinking thereby to keep himself unknown: but as he approached towards the door, in his fear he stumbled upon a dead body, where he received a blow with a

sword upon his right shoulder. Getting up again, and then thinking to go forth, he was immediately laid hold of, and grieviously hurt on the head with a sword, whereupon being felled to the ground, and thinking himself mortally wounded, he cried, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, God of truth." While he thus prayed, one of the bloody crew ran upon him, with an intent to have ham-stringed him; but it pleased God his sword broke in the hilt. Two gentlemen taking knowledge of him, said, "He is the minister, let him be conveyed to my lord duke." These leading him away by both the arms, brought him before the gate of the monastery, from whence the duke and the cardinal his brother, coming forth said, "Come hither;" and asked him, saying, "Art thou the minister of this place? who made thee so bold to seduce this people thus?" "Sir," said the minister, "I am no seducer, for I have preached to them the gospel of Jesus Christ." The duke perceiving that this answer condemned his cruel outrages, began to curse and swear, saying, "Death of God, doth the gospel preach sedition? Provost, go and let a gibbet be set up, and hang this fellow." At which words the minister was delivered into the hands of two pages, who cruelly misused him. The women of the city, being ignorant papists, caught up dirt to throw in his face, and with extended outcries, said, "Kill him, kill this varlet, who hath been the cause of the death of so many." In the meantime the duke went into the barn, to whom they presented a great Bible, which they used for the service of God. The duke taking it into his hands, calling his brother, the cardinal, said, "Lo, here is the title of the Hugonot books." The cardinal viewing it, said, "There is nothing but good in this book, for it is the bible, to wit, the holy scriptures." The duke being offended, that his brother suited not to his humor, grew into a greater rage than before, saying, "Blood of God, how now?

What! the holy scriptures. It is one thousand five hundred years ago since Jesus Christ suffered his death and passion, and it is but a year since these books were printed, how then say you that this is the gospel? You say you know not what." This unbridled fury of the duke displeased the cardinal, so that he was heard secretly to mutter, "An unworthy brother!"

This massacre continued a full hour, the duke's trumpeters sounding the while several times. When any of the victims desired to have mercy showed them for the love of Jesus Christ, the murderers in scorn would say unto them, "You use the name of Christ, but where is your Christ now?" There died in this massacre within a few days, fifty or sixty persons; besides those, there were about two hundred and fifty men and women that were wounded and injured, whereof some died, one losing a leg, another an arm, another his fingers. The poor's box, which was fastened to the door of the church with two iron hooks, containing twelve pounds, was wrested thence, and never restored. The minister was closely confined, and frequently threatened to be enclosed in a sack and drowned. He was, however, on the 8th of May, 1563, liberated at the earnest suit of the Prince of Portien.

Monsieur Pierre De la Place was a gentleman whose piety equaled his courage: he was president of the court of requests at Paris. On Sunday morning, about six o'clock, Captain Michael, arquebuser to the king, came armed to his lodging, and presenting himself before De la Place, said, that the Duke of Guise had slain the admiral of France by the king's orders, with many Hugonots; and because the rest of them, of whatever quality, were destined to death, he was come to his lodging to exempt him from the common destruction; and that he desired to have a sight of what gold and silver were in his possession. The Duke De la Place, amazed at his audacity, who, in the

presence of several persons in the room, durst presume to utter such language, asked him if he knew where he was, or whether or not he thought there was a king? To this the captain roughly answered, that he must go with him to know the king's pleasure. De la Place, hearing this, began to apprehend some danger, and therefore slipped out at a back door, proposing to secrete himself in a neighbor's house. Meanwhile, most of his servants disappeared; and the captain, having plundered his chest of a thousand crowns, was entreated by the lady Marets to convey her father, with the Lord Marets her husband, into the house of some Roman Catholic; which he consented to do, and also performed it.

De la Place, like a deer singled out for death, being refused admittance at three several houses, returned to his own, where he found his wife overwhelmed with grief; but the Lord De la Place, being strengthened by the Spirit of God, with incredible constancy and calmness, demonstrated to her, that we must receive afflictions from the hand of God; and consoled her with the promises of the gospel. He then commanded all his servants that remained to be called together, when, according to his custom on the Lord's day, he made an exhortation and offered prayer. He then discoursed upon the justice and mercy of God, and showed how needful afflictions were for Christians, and that it was beyond the power of Satan or men to hurt or wrong them, without permission of the Lord. "What need have we then," he added, "to dread their authority, which at the most can but prevail over our bodies?" He then exhorted them rather to endure all kind of torment, yea death itself, than to speak or do anything that might tend to the dishonor of God.

While thus employed, word was brought him that Seneca, the provost-martial, with a band of archers, was at the door, demanding admittance in the king's

name, saying that he came to secure the person of the Lord De la Place, and to preserve his house from being pillaged by the rabble. De la Place immediately commanded the door to be opened to him. Seneca, on entering, declared that great slaughter that was made upon the Hugonots every where in the city by the king's command; adding, in Latin, that he would not suffer one to live. "Yet have I express charge from his majesty," he said, "to see that you sustain no wrong; only suffer me to conduct you to the Louvre, because the king is desirous to be informed about the affairs of those of the religion which he hath now in hand." De la Place answered, that it had always been his greatest wish, and nothing could render him more happy, than to gain any opportunity by which he might give an account to his majesty of his behavior and actions; but that such horrible massacres were every where committed, it was impossible for him to pass to the Louvre without danger of his life; he therefore prayed him to assure his majesty of his willingness to come, but to excuse his appearance until the fury of the people was somewhat abated. The provost agreed to this request, and left with him one of his lieutenants and four of his archers.

Soon after came President Charron, with whom the provost conferred a little in secret, and then left him with four more of the city archers. The whole night following was spent in fortifying all the passages and windows of the house with logs and flint stones, for the defense of De la Place and his family. Next day Seneca returning, declared that he had express charge from the king to bring him to his majesty without delay. He replied as before, that it was dangerous as yet to pass through the city. But Seneca insisted, saying, "It is the common speech of these Hugonots, to protest that they are the king's most loyal and obedient subjects and servants; but when they are to manifest their obedience to his com-

mands, then they come slowly, seeming rather to abhor and detest it." When De la Place apprehended danger, Seneca answered that he should have a captain of Paris, well known to the people, to accompany him. At that moment, the captain, named Pazon, a principal actor in this sedition, entered and offered his service to conduct him to the king. De la Place refused, telling Seneca that Pazon was one of the most cruel and bloody-minded men in all the city; and therefore, seeing that he must go to the king, he entreated him to be his guard. Seneca answered, that having now other affairs to look unto, he could not conduct him above fifty paces.

The lady of De la Place then prostrated herself at the feet of Seneca, beseeching him to accompany her husband to the king; but her husband, who never showed any sign of a dejected spirit, came to her, and lifting her from the ground, told her, that it was not an arm of flesh that we must stoop to, but unto God only. Then turning round, he perceived in his son's hat a white cross, which he had placed there to delude the enemy. His father sharply chid him, and commanded him to pluck that mark of apostasy thence; telling him, that they must now submit to bear the true cross of Christ, namely, those afflictions and tribulations which it shall please God to lay upon us, as pledges of that eternal happiness which he hath treasured up for his servants. Being now pressed by Seneca to go, as he foresaw, to death, he took his cloak, and embracing his wife, earnestly exhorted her above all things to have the fear of God and his honor in precious esteem; and then boldly went on his way. Coming into the street where the glass-house stood, assassins waited his approach with their daggers in readiness, and killed him as an innocent lamb in the midst of Seneca's archers, who led him into that butchery. They then plundered his house of all they could find, while his body being dragged into a stable,

they covered his face over with dung, and the next day threw him into the river.

Peter Ramus, the king's professor in logic, a man renowned for his learning, was not forgotten. He had taken refuge in the college of priests; but being discovered, he offered a great sum of money for his life. Nevertheless he was massacred, and cast down from a high chamber window upon the ground, so that his bowels came out on the stones, and were afterwards trailed through the streets, while the body was whipped by certain scholars, instigated by the envy and malevolence of their tutors.*

Philip le Doux, a great jeweler, on his return from a journey, had retired to rest, when he heard the furies below thundering at the door and commanding it to be opened to them in the king's name. Ill as his wife was, she ventured down and opened it to these tigers, who presently stabbed her husband in his bed. They also took this poor woman, half dead with fear, and thrust into her a dagger to the very hilt. She finding herself mortally wounded, ran into a corn-loft, whither they pursued her, stabbed her a second time, and then threw her out of a window into the street, to the great astonishment and confusion of the papists themselves, who were constrained to confess the cruelties of their own agents. One of the assassins having snatched up a little child in his arms, the innocent babe began to play with his beard and to smile upon him; but instead of being moved to compassion, the barbarian struck it with his dagger, and threw it all in gore into the river.

Quintin Croyer, an elder of the reformed church, seeing many of his companions murdered before his eyes at the massacre at Meaux, kneeled down and prayed God to pardon the murderers; at which they

*It is remarkable that in this extensive massacre not more than two ministers were known to have suffered.

fell a laughing, and not being able with their daggers to pierce a jerkin of double buff which he wore, and which they were loth to spoil, because it would be worth preserving as a good booty, they cut asunder the points, and then gave him several stabs with a dagger in his body.

Faron Haren, formerly sheriff of the city, a man zealously affected to religion, having chased the mass out of Meaux, was mortally hated by the papists. They were, in consequence, not contented simply to kill him, without first cutting off his nose, ears, and other members, and giving him thrusts in divers parts of his body, driving him to and fro among them. Being weakened, and not able any longer to hold out, from loss of blood issuing from all parts of his body, he fell dead upon the ground.

---

## PERSECUTION OF THE FAITHFUL AT TROIS, IN CHAMPAIGNE.

When news arrived at Trois of the massacre at Paris, the greater part of the judges and officers of the king went to the bailiff, and commanded a diligent search for Protestants, and to imprison all they could find.

In the city was a merchant, named Peter Belin, a man of turbulent temper. This man was at the massacre in Paris on St. Bartholomew's day, and was dispatched thence with letters from the king, dated the 28th of August, to the mayor and sheriffs of Trois, to cause all persecutions to cease, and the prisoners set at liberty. He did not, however, arrive till the 3rd of September; and on entering Trois, proceeded to the house of the bailiff, a man of the same stamp as himself. They agreed, before they published the letters, to murder all the Hugonots who were in prison; and to make it appear that this act was sanctioned by authority, they requested the assistance of the city

executioner, whose name was Charles. More just and humane than they, he peremptorily refused to have any hand in an act of cruelty; answering, that it was contrary to his office to execute any man before sentence of death had first been pronounced by the magistrates; and that he would not presume without a warrant to deprive any man of life: with these words he left them. Upon this, the bailtiff sent for one of the gaolers of the prison, but he being confined by sickness, Martin de Bures was sent to know his pleasure. The bailiff told him what Belin had signified to him in private; as also, that on a sudden all the prisoners of the religion must die, that the place might be purged of them; "and this," he added, "you must do."

De Bures, however, made no haste to execute the command, acquainted no man with aught that passed between the bailiff and him; not even Perennet the keeper, then sick in bed. The day following the bailiff came to the prison, and calling for Perennet, who was then recovered, asked him, with a smile, "Whether it was done?" "What?" said Perennet, knowing nothing of it. "Why," said the bailiff, "are not the prisoners dispatched?" and was ready with his dagger to have stabbed him. But coming a little to himself, he told Perennet his purpose, and how he was to behave himself concerning the execution. At this, Perennet, standing amazed, (though otherwise forward enough to commit any outrages against the Protestants) certified to the bailiff, that such an inhuman act could not be committed to him, apprehending that in time to come justice might rise up against him from the parents or friends of the prisoners. "No, no," said the bailiff, "fear not, I will stand between you and all harm. Others of the justices have consented besides myself, and would you have better security than that?"

In a short time after, the gaoler, coming into the yard of the prison where the prisoners were abroad

recreating themselves, ordered each to his cabin, because the bailiff was coming to see whether the keepers had done their duty. Then began these poor sheep to fear they were destined to the slaughter, and therefore went presently to prayers. Perennet now called his companions about him, reported to them what the bailiff had given him in charge, on which they all took an oath to execute the same; but approaching near to the prisoners they were so surprised with fear, and their hearts so failed them, that they stood gazing upon one another, having no courage to perform such a deed of blood; they therefore returned to the lodge without executing their commission. This repugnance, however, was of short duration; for instead of considering it as a warning from above, they sent for wine, to drown every spark of conscience. Becoming drunk, they drew a list of the prisoners, which they delivered to one who was to call them forth in order.

The first that came forth was Meurs, who was no sooner before them than one of them thrust at him with the point of his halberd, repeating the stroke often with intent to kill him; on which the poor man took hold of the weapon and pointing it himself to his heart, cried to the murderer, "Here, soldier, here, right at the heart, right at the heart!" and was instantly slain. The rest met a similar fate; and when the massacre was ended the murderers made a great pit on the back side of the chapel of the prison, wherein they cast the bodies, some of them yet breathing. One called Maufere, lying in the midst of them, being observed to raise himself above his fellow-martyrs, they poured earth upon him until they had stifled him. The blood ran in such abundance out of the prison door, and thence through a channel into a river, that the whole stream was deeply dyed.

The following day, the sanguinary bailiff of Trois caused the king's letters to be published in all corners of the city with sound of trumpet.

## THE MURDER OF DE CHAMPEAUX.

Dechampeaux, lord of Bonilli, a counsellor of Orleans, was murdered in the following manner. One called Texier came with a small troop to his house, inviting himself and company to supper with him. Dechampeaux bid them kindly welcome, being ignorant of what had happened at Paris. But supper being ended, Texier bade him deliver his purse, at which Dechampeaux laughed, thinking he was in jest. But the cruel guest, with blasphemous oaths, told him in a few words what had happened in the city of Paris, and what preparations there were among the Roman Catholics of Orleans to root out the Protestants there. Dechampeaux finding it in vain to contest with him, gave him money; when, to requite the courtesy and good entertainment he had received, Texier embrued his hand in the blood of his virtuous neighbor, a man of as upright a character as was in all the city. It is needless to add that the troop pillaged the house.

## A NIGHT OF TERROR.

On the 26th of August following, the miscreants began the execution about the ramparts in a violent manner. All night was heard nothing but shooting off guns and pistols, forcing open doors and windows, fearful outcries of the massacred, of men, women, and little children, trampling of horses and rumbling of carts hurrying off dead bodies to and fro, the street resounding with exclamations of Protestants blended with horrible blasphemies of their murderers, laughing at their barbarous exploits.

## THE MASSACRE OF EIGHTEEN THOUSAND AND FIFTY.

On Wednesday the massacre began more fiercely, and so continued to the end of the week. "Where is now your God?" cried the murderers. "What is become of all your prayers and psalms now? Let your God, whom you call upon, save you if he can." Yea, some of them, who had been professors of the same religion, whilst they were massacreing the poor innocents, sung to them in scorn the beginning of the 43rd psalm: "Judge me, O God, and plead my cause." Others, striking them, said, "Say now, 'Have mercy on me, O God.'" But these execrable outrages by no means dampened the courage of Christians, who died steadfast in the faith. The murderers boasted that in this city they caused eighteen thousand men to perish, a hundred and fifty women, with a great number of children of nine years old and upwards. The manner of their death was, first to shoot them with pistols, then to strip them, and either sink their bodies in the river, or bury them in pits.

## TAILLEBOUS' DEATH.

At night several of this bloody crew knocked at the door of a doctor of the civil law, called Taillebous, who, opening a casement and understanding that they had somewhat to say to him, came down immediately and opened the door to them. At the first greeting they told him he must die;—whereupon he uttered a prayer to heaven with such zeal and affection that the assassins being astonished and restrained by a secret power, contented themselves with taking his purse, in which were fifteen crowns, and left him to live some short season. The day following, several students resorted to his lodging requesting to see his library, into which having brought them, one asked this book of him, and another that, which he gave them. At length they told him they were not as yet

satisfied, their purpose being to kill him. Prostrating himself on the ground, and having ended his prayer, he desired them to kill him there; but they forced him out of his own house from one place to another, and at length gave him a violent and fatal blow.

## NICHOLAS BOUGARS SIEUR DE NOVE.

A rich burgess of the city, called Nicholas Bougars Sieur de Nove, a man of singular worth and highly esteemed, was at that time dangerously ill. Some of the murderers came into his chamber with a purpose to kill him, but seeing him in that state, spared him: yet, finding there Noel Chaperon, an apothecary, they cut off one of his arms, then drew him into the market-place, where they made sport and butchery of his mangled form. The next day an acquaintance came to the lodgings of Bougars, and as he was entering in he met his mother at the door. He then proceeded into the chamber, bearing the dead body of her son, and stabbing it as he passed along. The wretch then silently wiped his dagger, and, having left the mangled carcass of his innocent victim in the room, coolly walked out for further atrocities.*

## FRANCIS STAMPLE, RICH MERCHANT.

Francis Stample, a rich merchant, was threatened to have his throat cut if he refused the murderers money; but having none about him, he wrote to his wife to send him his ransom. He had no sooner sealed the letter than the monsters deprived him of both that and his life, laughing at what they had done. And

*This barbarous deed reminds us of the enormities practiced by some of the Irish Roman Catholics in their massacre of the English Protestants in the reign of Charles I., when every social tie was banished from their remorseless hearts, and the oldest friends were murdered by the hands they had so often pressed in amity and brotherhood.

though they extorted from his widow a considerable sum of money, yet could she not obtain from them the body of her husband.

## FRANCIS LE BOSSU AND FAMILY.

Among those that confessed the name of Jesus Christ, Francis le Bossu, a merchant, with his two sons, well deserve our notice; for whilst he trampled in the blood of his brethren, he encouraged his children to take their death willingly and patiently, using this speech: "Children, we are but to learn now, that it hath always been the portion of believers to be hated, cruelly used, and devoured by unbelievers, as Christ's silly sheep of ravening wolves. If we suffer with Christ, we shall also reign with him. Let not those drawn swords terrify us, which only serve to cut that thread which ties us to a miserable life, and let loose the soul into endless felicity. We have resided long enough among the wicked, let us now go and live with our God; let us joyfully march after this great company which is gone before us, and let us make way for them that shall follow after." When he saw the murderers come, he clasped his sons in his arms, and they likewise embraced their father; as if the father meant to be a buckler to his children, and as if the children, by the bond of nature, meant to ward off the blows which were coming upon their father, though with the loss of their own lives: thus embracing, all were soon numbered with the dead.

## TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER AT DAUPHINE.

At the conclusion of this furious assault, the monster perpetrators went up and down the city, displaying their white doublets sprinkled with blood; some boasting that they had killed a hundred, some more, some less. The people of Dauphine, of Languedoc, and Provence, were amazed to see so many bodies floating upon the water, some dismembered, others

fastened together with long poles, others lying on the shore, some having their eyes put out, others their noses, ears and hands cut off, stabbed with daggers in every part of their body, some among them having no shape remaining.

## THE CARDINAL ABSOLVED THE SINS OF THE BLOODY BUTCHERS.

Not many months after, when these tragedies were ended, the pope sent Cardinal Uursin as legate to the king, who was received with great solemnity at Lyons. On his return from St. John's church, where he had been to hear mass, a great number of persons presented themselves before him at the door, and kneeled down for his absolution. But the legate not knowing the reason of it, one of the leaders told him they were those who had been the actors in the massacre. On which the cardinal immediately absolved them all by making the sign of the cross.

## MONSOREAU'S MASSACRE.

As soon as the massacre commenced at Paris, a gentleman, named Monsoreau, obtained a passport with letters to murder the Protestants of Angiers. Being disappointed of his prey in one place, he came to the lodging of a reverend and learned minister, Mr. John Mason, surnamed de Launay, sieur of Riviere. Meeting his wife at the entrance of the house, he saluted and kissed her, as is the manner in France, especially among the courtiers, and asked her "where her husband was?" She answered that he was walking in his garden, and directed him to the spot.

Monsoreau having lovingly embraced la Riviere, said unto him, "Do you know wherefore I am come? The king hath commanded me to kill you forthwith, and hath given me express charge to do it, as you shall see by his letters." The wretch then showed him a pistol ready charged. Riviere replied, "I know not

wherein I have offended the king; but seeing you seek my life, give me a little time to recommend my spirit into the hands of God." Having made a short prayer, he presented his body to the murderer, who shot him immediately. The minister's wife was soon after drowned, with nine others. Six thousand were also murdered at Rouen in the same deliberate and treacherous manner.

The king of France proposed three things to the Prince of Conde; "Either to go to mass, to death, or else perpetual imprisonment; and therefore weigh well with yourself which you like best." The prince answered, "By God's grace I will never choose the first; as for the latter, I refer myself to the king's pleasure."

About three hundred were barbarously murdered at Toulouse. After taking all their goods, their enemies stripped them naked, exposed them to public view for two days, and then threw them in heaps into great pits. There were certain counsellors, who, after they were massacred, were hung up in their long gowns upon a great elm in the court of the palace.

## THE MASSACRE AT BORDEAUX.

The massacre at Bourdeaux was begun and carried on in much the same manner. Many of the ministers found means to escape, hiding themselves in the rocks and marshes, till they had an opportunity to take shipping for England. The house of a counsellor in parliament was forced open, pillaged, and spoiled. His clerk seeing his master about to suffer a cruel death, embraced and comforted him, and being asked whether he were of the same religion, he answered, "Yea, and would die with my master for the same." They were then slain in one another's arms. Du Tour, a deacon of the reformed church, an old man, who in the days of his ignorance had been a priest in the popish church, being sick in bed, was dragged into

the open street, and was asked whether he would go to mass, and thereby save his life? He freely answered, "No, particularly as I am now drawing so near my end, both from age and sickness. I hope I shall not far forget the eternal salvation of my soul, as through fear of death to prolong this life for a few days; for thus I should buy a short term of life at too dear a rate." On this they slew him instantly.

The poor protestants wandered up and down, not knowing where to save their lives; some were rejected of their own parents and relations, who shut their doors against them, pretending that they knew them not; others were betrayed and delivered up by those to whose trust they had committed themselves: many were saved even by priests and others, from whom they would have expected no security. Some were saved by their very enemies, whose hearts relented at such detestable outrages. All the city was full of terror and horrible threats against them, saying, that the king's commandment was, that he would not have so much as one of them left in his kingdom; and if any one refused to go to mass, that a hole should be digged for him in the earth, in which he should be buried alive.

The judgment of God was manifested upon one of these inhuman murderers called Vincent: he fell dangerously ill, but in the end recovering again, as he thought, told some of his friends that he felt his arms strong enough to handle his cutlass as well as ever. Shortly after he was overtaken by the hand of God, with such a flow of blood from his nose, as could not be restrained nor diverted by any of the remedies that were then used. It was a hideous sight to see him bowing his head over a basin full of blood, which, without ceasing, poured forth from his nose and mouth till he could bleed and breathe no longer. Another was taken with such swelling in all the parts of his body that there was scarcely to be discerned in him

the form of a man, and thus he continued till at length he burst asunder, and like a more ancient and royal persecutor, his entrails gushed out, and he perished a spectre of misery.

Thus, during the extreme afflictions of the reformed churches in many parts of France, there were within a few weeks nearly 30,000 put to death; leaving whole cities and almost whole provinces depopulated.

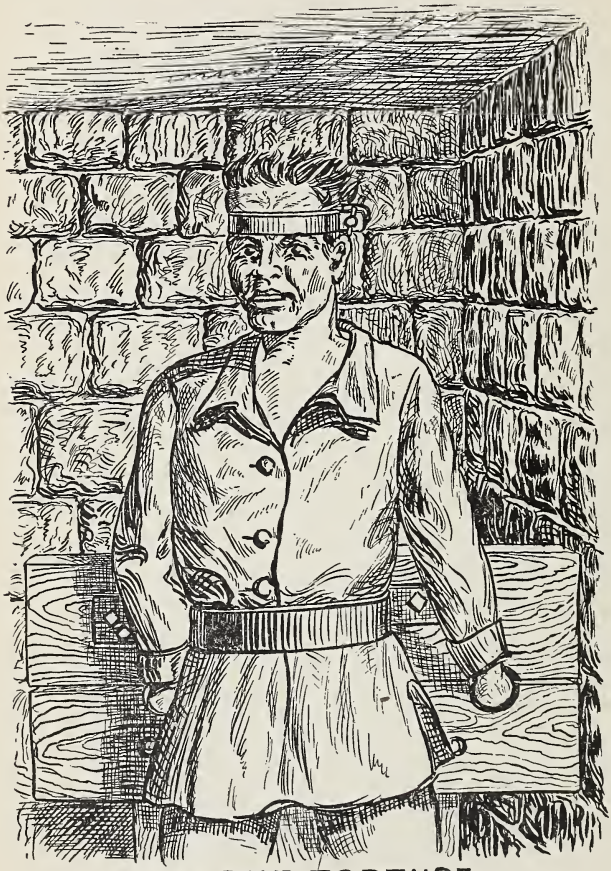
## ACCOUNT OF SANCERRE DURING THE SEIGE.

Sancerre, in the year 1573, was a place where the faithful fled for refuge. It was soon encompassed with inveterate enemies. The want of provisions was soon felt by the inhabitants, on which they collected together all the asses and mules they had in the city; but these were eaten up in less than a month. They then killed the horses and dogs; and after these were exhausted they seized the cats, moles, mice, and what other animals and vermin they could find. These being eaten they fed on ox and cow-hides, sheep-skins, parchment, old shoes, horse-hoofs, horns, ropes, and leather girdles. Towards the end of June a third part of the beseiged had no bread to eat. Such as could get hemp seed ground it or bruised it in mortars, and made bread of it: they did the same with all sorts of herbs, mingling them with bran. They also ate meal of chaff, nut-shells, excrements of horses and men; and even the offal which lay in the streets.

The 29th of July a poor man and his wife were executed for having eaten parts of a child three years old, which had died of hunger, having prepared other parts to eat at another meal. An old woman who lodged in the house having eaten part of the mournful diet, died in prison within a few hours after. All children under twelve years of age unable to bear the famine, died. It was lamentable to hear the pitiful groans uttered by

poor parents, on beholding their languishing and dying infants. A boy of ten years being ready to yield up the ghost, seeing his father and mother weeping over him, said unto them, "Wherefore weep thee thus in seeing me famished to death, mother? I ask you not for bread, I know you have none; but seeing it is God's will I must die this death, let us be thankful for it. Did not the holy man Lazarus die of famine—have I not read it in my bible?" In uttering these with similar speeches, he expired on the 30th of July.

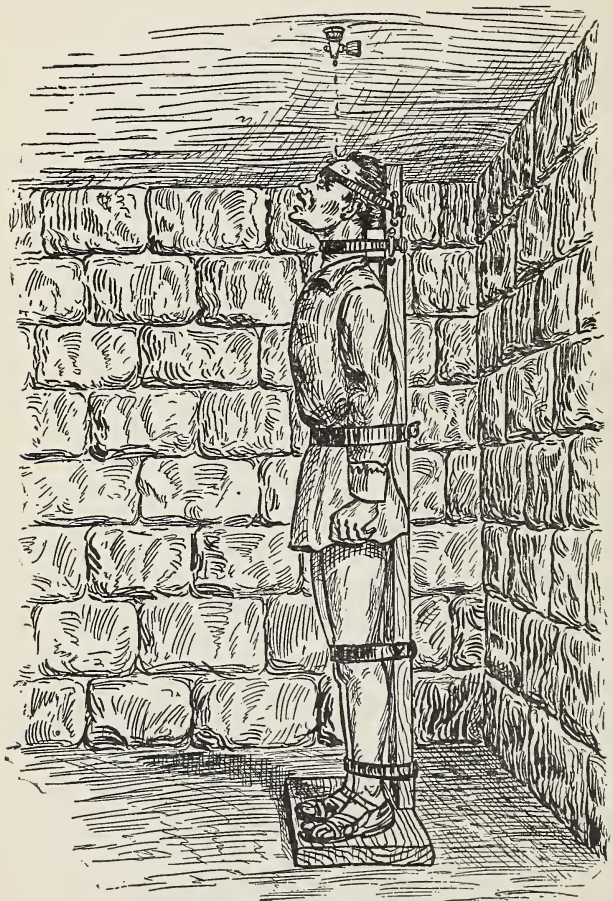
That all the people died not of famine was by reason of some horses which were reserved for service if needs should be, and six cows, which were left to give milk for the sustenance of young infants. These beasts were killed, and their flesh sold for the relief of such as were living, with a little corn, which by stealth some friends brought into the city. A pound of wheat was sold for half-a-crown. Not more than eighty-four persons died by the hand of the enemy, but of the famine more than five hundred perished. Many soldiers, in order to avoid the lingering death of hunger, fled from the city, and chose rather to die by the sword of the enemy; whereof some were totally maimed, others imprisoned, and the rest put to death. Every hope, in fact, seemed cut off from the city, and death appeared both within and without the walls; and so far was the king of France from relenting at the hapless state of this wretched people, that, enraged at their courage, he swore that if sustained they should eat up one another. But the King of kings ordained it otherwise; for the election of the duke of Anjou to the throne of Poland caused a general pacification, and the protestants once more enjoyed liberty of conscience and freedom from persecution.



HEAD BAND TORTURE

## HEAD BANDS TORTURE.

Among the various tortures inflicted upon those that denounced the papacy is, what is known as the head band instrument. From the best authorities we learn that after all other arguments had failed to convince the heretic (Christian) of his lost condition outside church of Rome, then in some places this mode of torture was used. At first the hand was set above the forehead and tightened by means of a band screw on the side of the head. If the subject was loyal to his or her convictions and would not yield, the band was tightened a little each day until it crushed through the skin. From this on it became more severe as the band now commenced to press the skull; and if they still held out it was drawn up tighter until the awful misery and pain caused the victim to become violently insane. This was usually followed by death. (See illustration.)



DROPPING WATER TORTURE

## DROPPING WATER TORTURE.

This mode of torture was used in many of the inquisition dungeons, on Protestants converted from popery. First the body was securely fastened with the head securely strapped so that it could not move; then a "spicket" overhead was opened so that water from a tank would drop regularly at intervals of about one second, and strike the subject's head on one spot. The effect of this torture is described as follows: "At first the spot becomes cold, followed then by a peculiar numbness that spreads over the whole of the cranium. After this it is not long until the victim becomes insane and dies. (See illustration.)

## PERSECUTIONS IN FRANCE.

Almericus, a learned man, and six of his disciples, were, in the third century, ordered to be burnt at Paris for saying that God was no more present in the sacramental bread than in any other bread; that it was idolatry to build altars or shrines or to offer incense to saints, and absurd to kiss relics. The martyrdom of Almericus and his pupils did not prevent many from acknowledging the justice of his notions, so that the faith of Christ continued to increase; and in time it not only spread over many parts of France, but various other nations.

In the year 1524, at a town in France called Meaux one John Clerk affixed a bill on the church door, in which he called the pope anti-christ; for this offense he was repeatedly whipped, and then branded in the forehead. His mother, who saw the chastisement,. cried with a loud voice, "Blessed be Christ, and welcome these marks for his sake." He went aferwards to Metz, in Lorraine, and demolished some images, for which he had his right hand and nose cut off, and his arms and breasts torn by pincers; while suffering these cruelties, he was sufficiently at ease to sing the 115th psalm, which expressly forbids superstition. On concluding the psalm he was thrown into the fire and burnt to ashes. About the same time several persons of the reformed persuasion were beaten, racked, scourged, and burnt to death, in several parts of France; but particularly at Paris, Limosin, and Malda.

A native of Malda was burnt by a slow fire for saying that mass was a plain denial of the death and passion of Christ. At Limosin, John de Cadurco, a clergyman of the reformed religion, was apprehended, degraded, and ordered to be burnt. When under examination, a friar undertook to preach a sermon on the occasion; when opening the New Testament he selected his text from the first epistle of St. Paul the apostle

to Timothy, chap. iv. ver. 1. "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of evil." The friar began to expound this verse in favor of the Roman Catholic persuasion, and in condemnation of the reformed religion, when John de Cadurco begged, that before he proceeded with his sermon he would read two verses which followed the one he had chosen for his text. The friar again opened the Testament, but casting his eye on the passage, he was confounded. Cadurco then desired that the book might be handed to him: this request being complied with, he read thus—"Speaking lies in hypocrisy, having their conscience seared with a hot iron, forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth." The Roman Catholics, incensed at this exposure, condemned him to the flames.

At Paris, Alexander Kanuse, a reformed clergyman, was burnt in a slow fire; and four men committed to the flames for distributing papers ridiculing the performance of mass. One had his tongue bored through. Peter Gaulet, a Genoese, was burnt by the desire of his own uncle, a bigoted Roman Catholic; and John Poynter, a surgeon, had his tongue cut out, and was then burnt. At Arras, Fontanis, and Rutiers, many were martyred for being of the reformed religion. At the latter place one Stephen Brune was condemned to be burnt for refusing to attend mass. When the fire was kindled, the flames were driven from him by a brisk wind, which occasioned the executioner to heap more fagots around him, and pour oil on them. Still, however, the wind blew the flames in a contrary direction, when the executioner, absurdly enraged with Brune, struck him on the head. Brune very calmly said, "As I am condemned only to be burnt, why do you strike me like a dog?" This expression so

enraged the executioner, that he ran him through with a pike, and then burned the lifeless body.

Aymond de Lavoy, a minister of Bourdeaux, had a complaint lodged against him by the Romish clergy of that city. His friends advised him to abscond, which he refused to do. He remained nine months in prison on the informaiton only. Being brought to trial, he was ordered to the rack; and when in the extremity of torture, he comforted himself with this expression: "This body must once die, but the soul shall live; for the kingdom of God endureth forever." At length he swooned, but on recovering, prayed for his persecutors. The question was then put to him, whether he would embrace the Roman Catholic persuasion; which positively refusing, he was condemned to be burnt. At the place of execution he said, "O Lord, make haste to help me; tarry not; despise not the work of thy hands." And perceiving some who used to attend his sermons, he addressed them thus: "My friends, I exhort you to study and learn the gospel; for the word of God abideth forever:—labor to know the will of God, and fear not them that kill the body, but have no power over the soul." The executioner then strangled him, and burnt his body.

Husson, an apothecary of Blois, went to Rouen, and there privately distributed several small pamphlets, explaining the tenets of the reformed church, and exposing the Romish superstitions. These books gave a general alarm, and a council being called, an order was issued for a search to be made for the author and distributer. It was discovered that Husson had brought them to Rouen, and that he was gone to Dieppe, and orders were given for a pursuit. Husson was brought back to Rouen, where he confessed he was both author and distributer of the books. This occasioned his condemnation, and he was executed in the following manner: his tongue being cut out, his hands and feet were tied behind, and he was drawn

up by a pulley to a gibbet, and then let down into a fire kindled beneath: in which situation he called upon the Lord, and soon breathed his last.*

Francis Bribard, secretary to Cardinal de Bellay, for speaking in favor of the reformed, had his tongue cut out, and was burnt A. D. 1554. James Cobard, a schoolmaster in the city of St. Michael, was burnt A. D. 1545, for saying, "that mass was useless and absurd." About the same time, fourteen men were burnt at Malda, their wives being compelled to behold their martyrdom. Peter Chapot brought a number of Bibles in the French tongue to France, and publicly sold them there in the year 1546, for which he was condemned to be burnt. Soon after a cripple of Meaux, a schoolmaster of Fera named Stephen Polliot, and a man named John English, were burned for their religion. Michael Michelot being told either to recant and be spared, or to persevere and be burned; he chose the latter, making use of these words: "God has given me grace not to deny the truth, and will give me strength to endure the fire." At Langres five men and two women suffered for being of the reformed religion; when the youngest woman encouraged the other, saying, "This day shall we be married to Jesus Christ, and be with him forever."

Monsieur Blondel, a rich jeweler, was in 1549 apprehended at Lyons, and sent to Paris, where he was burnt for the faith by order of the high court. Hubert, a youth nineteen years of age, was committed to the flames at Dijon; at was Florent Venote, at the same

*It is stated in Gallic. Hist. Johan. Crisp. lib. ii. that the Carmelite friar who attended Husson, and made great efforts to convert him to popery, though without success, was soon afterwards converted himself, and preached the gospel of Christ. The same writer adds, that the decree for cutting out the tonggues of the martyrs at the stake, arose from the circumstance of those worthies reviling the popish blasphemies even while the fire was burning around them.

time. A lady, named Anne Audebert, who purposed on account of her faith to retire to Geneva, was seized and sent to Paris. She was led to execution by a rope placed round her waist. This rope she called her wedding girdle; and as it was on a Saturday, she said, "I was once married to a man on a Saturday, and now I shall be married to God on the same day of the week."

Immediately after the coronation of Henry the Second, king of France, many singular circumstances happened. An artisan was apprehended for working on a saint's day; being asked why he gave such an offence to religion, his reply was, "I am a poor man, and have nothing but my labour to depend upon, necessity requires that I should be industrious, and my conscience tells me there is no day but the Sabbath which I ought to keep sacred from labor." Having expressed himself thus, he was committed to prison, and the affair being soon after rumored at court, some of the nobles persuaded the king to be present at the trial. On the day appointed, the monarch appeared in a superb chair of state, and the bishop of Mascon was ordered to interrogate the prisoner. On perceiving the king, the man paid obedience in the most respectful manner. The king was much affected with his arguments, and seemed to muse; on which the bishop exclaimed, "He is an obstinate and impudent heretic; let him be taken back to pricon, and burnt to death." The officers proceeded to obey the mandate, when the bishop artfully insinuated that the heretics, as he called the reformed, had many specious arguments, which at first appeared plausible; but on examination, they were found to be false. He then did his utmost endeavors to persuade the king to be present at the execution, who at length consented, and repaired to a balcony which overlooked the place. On seeing the king, the prisoner fixed his eyes steadfastly upon him; and even when the flames were consuming him, kept gazing in such a manner as threw the monarch into

visible confusion, and obliged him to retire before the martyr was dead. The king was so shocked, that he could not recover his spirits for some time; and it was reported that the royal dreams were for some time greatly disturbed by the visionary appearance of the martyr, with the same intense gaze upon the king.

A pious man named Claudius was burnt at Orleans. A Genoese youth called Thomas, having rebuked a Roman Catholic for profane swearing, was informed against as a heretic, and burnt at Paris; as were three men at Lyons: two of them with ropes about their necks; the third, having been an officer in the king's service, being exempted from that disgrace. He, however, begged to be treated in the same manner as his companions, in honor of the Lord: his request was complied with; and after having sung a psalm with great fervency, they were all three consumed.

A citizen of Geneva, Simon Laloe; Matthew Dimonet, a converted libertine; and Nichalos Naile, a bookseller of Paris, were burnt for professing the reformed religion. Peter Serre, originally a priest, but reflecting on the errors of popery, at length embraced the reformed religion, and learned the trade of shoemaker. Having a brother at Toulouse, a bigoted Roman Catholic, Serre, out of fraternal love, made a journey to that city, to dissuade him from his superstitions: the brother's wife, not approving of his design, lodged a complaint against him, on which he was apprehended, and made a full declaration of his faith. The judge asked him concerning his occupation, to which he replied, "I have of late practiced the trade of a shoemaker." "Of late!" said the judge; "and what did you practice formerly?" That I am almost ashamed to tell you," exclaimed Serre, "because it was the most vile and wicked occupation imaginable." All who were present, supposed he had been a murderer or a thief, and that what he spoke was through contrition. The judge ordered him to explain precisely what he meant,

when Serre, with tears in his eyes, excaimed, "Oh, I was formerly a Popish priest!" This reply so much exasperated the judge, that he condemned Serre to be first degraded, then to have his tongue cut, and afterwards to be publicly burnt.*

In 1554, two men of the reformed religion, with the son and daughter of one of them, were committed to the Castle of Niverne. On examination they confessed their faith, and were ordered for execution: they were first covered with grease, brimstone, and gunpowder; their tongues were then cut out, and they were then committed to the flames. Philip Hamlin, a priest, was apprehended for having renounced the errors of popery. Being brought to the stake, he began to exhort the people to quit the errors of the church of Rome; on which the officer who presided at the execution ordered the fagots to be lighted, and that a trumpet should be blown while the martyr was burning, that the people might not hear his voice.

*Johan. Crispinus says, speaking of this worthy martyr, as he went to the stake, he passed by the college of St. Martial, where he was told to honor the picture of the Virgin standing at the gate; but refusing, the judge commanded his tongue to be cut out; and then being put to the fire, he stood quiet, loking up to Heaven all the time of burning, as if he had felt nothing, causing such admiration amongst the people that one of the parliament said it was not judicious to bring the Lutherans to the fire, for that would do more harm than good by strengthening their cause.

# CHAPTER V

## Account of the Persecutions in Bohemia and Germany Under the Papacy.

THE severity exercised by the Roman Catholics over the churches of the Bohemians, induced them to send two ministers and four laymen to Rome, in the year 977, to seek relief from the pope. After some delay their request was granted and their grievances redressed. Two things in particular were permitted them, viz: to have divine service in their own language, and to give the cup in the sacrament to the laity. The disputes, however, soon broke out again, the succeeding popes exerting all their power to fetter their prejudices on the minds of the Bohemians; and the latter with great spirit aiming to preserve their religious liberties. Some friends, zealous of the gospel, applied to Charles, king of Bohemia, A. D. 1375, to call a council for enquiry respecting the abuses which had crept into the church, and to make a thorough reformation. Charles, at a loss how to proceed, sent to the pope for advice; the latter incensed at the affair, only replied, "Punish severely those presumptuous and profane heretics." The king accordingly banished every one who had been concerned in the application, and to show his zeal for the pope, imposed additional restraints on the religious liberties of the country.

The martyrdom of John Huss and Jerome of Prague—two great men brought to the light of the truth by reading doctrines of our countryman, John Wickliffe, who, like the morning star of the reformation, first burst from the dark night of popish error,

and illuminated the surrounding world—greatly increased the indignation of the believers, and gave animation to their cause. These two distinguished reformers were condemned by order of the council of Constance, when fifty-eight of the principal Bohemian nobility interposed in their favor. Nevertheless they were burned at the stake, and the pope, in conjunction with the council of Constance, ordered the Romish clergy everywhere, to excommunicate all who adopted their opinions or pitied their fate. In consequence of these orders great contentions arose between the papists and reformed Bohemians, which produced a violent persecution against the latter. At Prague it was extremely severe, till at length the reformed, driven to desperation, armed themselves, attacked the senate-house, and cast twelve of its members with the speaker out of the windows. The pope hearing of this, came to Florence, and publicly excommunicated the reformed Bohemians, exciting the emperor of Germany, and all other kings, princes, dukes, etc., to take up arms in order to extirpate the whole race; promising, by way of encouragement, full remission of all sins to every one who should kill a Bohemian Protestant. The result of this was a bloody war, for several popish princes undertook the extirpation, or at least expulsion, of the proscribed people, while the Bohemians, arming themselves, prepared to repel the assault in the most vigorous manner. The popish army prevailing against the Protestant forces at the battle of Cuttenburgh, they conveyed their prisoners to three deep mines near that town, and threw several hundred into each, where they perished in a miserable manner.

A bigoted popish magistrate, named Pichel, seized twenty-four Protestants, among whom was his daughter's husband. On their all confessing themselves of the reformed religion, he sentenced them to be drowned in the River Abbis. On the day of the exe-

cution a great concourse of people attended, among whom was Pichel's daughter. Seeing her husband prepared for death, she threw herself at her father's feet, bedewed them with tears, and implored him to commiserate her sorrow, and pardon her husband. The obdurate magistrate sternly replied, "Intercede not for him, child; he is a heretic, a vile heretic." To which she nobly answered, "Whatever his faults may be, or however his opinions may differ from yours, he is still my husband, a name which, at a time like this, should alone employ my whole consideration." Pichel flew into a violent passion, and said, "You are mad! cannot you, after his death, have a much worthier husband?" "No, Sir," she replied, "my affections are fixed upon him, and death itself shall not dissolve my marriage vow." Pichel, however, continued inflexible, and ordered the prisoners to be tied with their hands and feet behind them, and in that manner thrown into the river. This being put into execution, the young lady watched the opportunity, leaped into the waves, and embracing the body of her husband, both sank together.

## EMPEROR FERDINAND'S HATRED.

The Emperor Ferdinand, whose hatred of the Protestants was unlimited, not thinking he had sufficiently oppressed them, instituted a high court of judges, upon the plan of the inquisition, with this difference, that the new court was to remove from place to place, and always to be attended by a body of troops. The greater part of this court consisted of Jesuits, from whose decision there was no appeal. This bloody tribunal, attended by its ferocious guard, made the tour of Bohemia, and seldom examined or saw a prisoner, but suffered the soldiers to murder the Protestants as they pleased, and then to make report of the matter in their own manner and time.

The first who fell a victim of their barbarity was an aged minister, whom they killed as he lay sick in bed. Next day, they robbed and murdered another, and soon after shot a third while preaching in his pulpit. The soldiers abused the daughter of a Protestant before his face, and then tortured her father to death. They tied a minister and his wife back to back and burned them. Another minister they hung upon a cross beam, and making a fire under him, broiled him to death. One gentleman they hacked into small pieces. They filled a young man's mouth with gunpowder, and setting fire to it, blew his head to atoms. But their principal rage was directed against the clergy. They seized a pious Protestant minister, whom they tormented daily for a month. They placed him amidst them, derided and mocked him. They hunted him like a wild beast, till ready to expire with fatigue, they made him run the gauntlet, each striking him with a twig, their fists, or with ropes. They scourged him with wires; they tied him up by the heels till the blood started out of his nose and mouth; they hung him up by the arms till they were dislocated, and then had them set again. Burning papers, dipped in oil, were placed to his feet; his flesh was torn with red-hot pincers; he was put to the rack, and mangled by every cruel device. Even boiling lead was poured upon his feet; and lastly, a knotted cord was twisted about his forehead in such a manner as to force out his eyes. In the midst of these enormities, particular care was taken lest his wounds should mortify, and his sufferings be shortened; till the last day, when forcing out his eyes proved fatal.

At length, winter being far advanced, the high court of judges, with their military ruffians, thought proper to return to Prague; but on their way meeting with a Protestant pastor, they could not resist the temptation of feasting their barbarous eyes with a

new kind of cruelty. It was to strip him naked, and to cover him alternately with ice and burning coals. This novel mode of tormenting a fellow-creature was immediately put in practice, and the unhappy victim expired beneath the torments, which seemed to delight his inhuman persecutors. Some time after a secret order was issued by the emperor, for apprehending all noblemen and gentlemen who had been principally concerned in supporting the Protestant cause, and in nominating Frederic, elector Palatine of the Rhine, to be king of Bohemia. Fifty of these were seized in one night, and brought to the castle of Prague, while the estates of those who were absent were confiscated, themselves made outlaws, and their names fixed upon a gallows as a mark of public ignominy. The court afterwards proceeded to try those who had been apprehended, and two apostate Protestants were appointed to examine them. Their examiners asked many unnecessary and impertinent questions, which so exasperated one of the noblemen, that the exclaimed, opening his breast at the same time, "Cut here; search my heart; you shall find nothing but the love of religion and liberty: these were the motives for which I drew my sword, and for these I am willing to die."

As none of the prisoners would renounce their faith, or acknowledge themselves in an error, they were all pronounced guilty: the sentence was, however, referred to the emperor. When that monarch had read their names, and the accusations against them, he passed judgment on all, but in a different manner, his sentences being of four kinds, viz. death, banishment, imprisonment for life, and imprisonment during pleasure. Twenty being ordered for execution, were informed they might send for Jesuits, monks, or friars, to prepare for their awful change, but that no communication with Protestants would

be permitted them. This proposal they rejected, and strove all they could to comfort and cheer each other upon the solemn occasion. The morning of the execution having arrived, a cannon was fired as a signal to bring the prisoners from the castle to the principal market-place, in which scaffolds were erected, and a body of troops drawn up to attend. The prisoners left the castle, and passed with dignity, composure, and cheerfulness through soldiers, Jesuits, priests, executioners, attendants, and a prodigious concourse of people assembled to see the exit of these devoted martyrs. They were executed in the following order.

I. Lord Schilik, a nobleman about the age of fifty. He possessed great abilities, natural and acquired. On being told that he was to be quartered, and his parts scattered in different places, he smiled with great serenity, and said, "The loss of a sepulchre is but a trifling consideration." A friend stood by, crying, "Courage, my lord." He replied, "I possess the favor of God, which is sufficient to inspire any one with courage: the fear of death does not trouble me. I have faced him in fields of battle to oppose Anti-Christ." After repeating a short prayer, he told the executioner he was ready, who cut off his right hand and head, and then quartered him. His hand and head were placed upon the high tower of Prague, and his quarters distributed in different parts of the city.

II. Lord Viscount Winceslaus, a venerable nobleman, exalted by his piety, who had attained the age of seventy, and was esteemed equally for his learning and hospitality. He was so little affected by the loss of worldly riches, that on his house being broken into, his property seized and his estates confiscated, he only said with great composure, "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away."

Being asked why he could engage in a cause so dangerous as that of attempting to support the elector palatine Frederic against the power of the emperor, he replied, "I acted according to the dictates of my conscience, and, to this day, acknowledge him my king. I am now full of years, and wish to lay down my life, that I may not be witness of the evils which await my country. You have long thirsted for my blood; take it and God will be my avenger." He then approached the block, stroked his grey beard, and said, "Venerable hairs, the greater honor now attends you; it was severed from his body, and afterwards placed upon a pole in a conspicuous part of the town.

III. Lord Harant was a gentleman whose natural abilities were much refined and improved by travelling, having visited the principal places in Europe, Asia, and Africa. The accusations against him were, his being a Protestant, and having taken an oath of allegiance to Frederic, the elector Palatine of the Rhine, as king of Bohemia. When he ascended the scaffold, he said, "I have travelled through many countries, and traversed many barbarous nations, yet have I never found so much cruelty as at home. I have escaped innumerable perils both by sea and land, and have surmounted all to suffer innocently in my native place. My blood is likewise sought by those for whom I and my ancestors have hazarded our lives and fortunes; but, almighty God! forgive them, for they know not what they do." Then approaching the block, he kneeled down and exclaimed with great energy, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit; in thee have I always trusted; receive me, therefore, my blessed Redeemer." The fatal stroke was soon given.

IV. Lord Frederic De Bile suffered as a Protestant, and an instigator of the war: he met his fate

with firmness, and only said, he wished well to the friends whom he left behind, forgave his enemies, denied the authority of the emperor in that country, acknowledged Frederic to be the only true king of Bohemia, and trusted for salvation in the merits of his Redeemer.

V. Lord Henry Otto on first coming upon the scaffold seemed greatly agitated, and said, as if addressing himself to the emperor, "Thou tyrant Ferdinand, thy throne is established in blood; but if you kill my body, and disperse my members, they shall still rise up in judgment against you." He was then silent; and having walked about awhile, recovered his fortitude, and growing calm, said to a gentleman, "A few minutes I was greatly discomposed, but now I feel my spirits revive; God be praised, death no longer appears as the king of terrors, but seems to invite me to participate of some unknown joys." Then kneeling before the block, he said, "Almighty God! to thee I commend my soul, receive it for the sake of Christ, and admit it to the glory of thy presence." The pains of his death must have been severe, the executioner making several strokes before his head was separated from his body.

VI. The Earl of Rugenia was distinguished for his great accomplishments and unaffected piety. On the scaffold he said, "We who drew our swords fought only to preserve the liberties of the people, and to keep our consciences sacred. As we were overcome, however, I am better pleased at the sentence of death than if the emperor had given me life; for I find that it pleases God to have his truth defended, not by our swords, but by our blood." He then went boldly on the block, saying, "I shall now soon be with Christ," and was almost instantly launched upon the ocean of eternity and glory.

VII. Sir Gasper Kaplitz was a nobleman eighty-six years of age. On coming to the place of execution, he addressed the principal officer thus: "Behold an unworthy and ancient man, who hath often entreated God to take him out of this wicked world, but could not till now obtain his desire; for God reserved me till these years to be a spectacle to the world, and a sacrifice to himself: therefore God's will be done." An officer told him, that in consideration of his great age, if he would only ask pardon, he would immediately receive it. "Ask pardon!" exclaimed he, "I will ask pardon of God whom I have frequently offended, but not of the emperor whom I never injured. Should I sue for pardon, it might be justly suspected I had committed some crime for which I deserved this fate. No, no; as I die innocent, and with a clear conscience, I would not be separated from these noble companions who have preceded me to heaven: so saying, he cheerfully resigned his neck to the block.

VIII. Procopius Dorzecki said on the scaffold, "We are now under the emperor's judgment; but in time he shall be judged, and we shall appear as witnesses against him." Then taking a gold medal from his neck, which was struck when the elector Frederic was crowned king he presented it to one of the officers with these words—"As a dying man I request, that if ever king Frederic be restored to the throne of Bohemia, you will give him this medal. Tell him, for his sake I wore it till death, and that now I willingly lay down my life for God and my king." He then cheerfully submitted to the fatal blow.

IX. Dionysius Zervius was a gentleman fifty-six years of age, and had been educated as a Roman Catholic, but had embraced the reformed religion for some years. Just before his death the Jesuits used

their utmost endeavors to make him recant and return to his former faith, but he gave not the least heed to their exhortations. Kneeling down, he said, "They may destroy my body, but cannot injure my soul; that I commend to my Redeemer."

X. Valentine Cockan was a gentleman of great fortune, and eminent for piety and uprightness. His talents and acquirements were of an inferior order; yet his imagination seemed to brighten, and his faculties to improve on death's approach; and just before he was beheaded, he expressed himself with such eloquence, energy and precision, as amazed his hearers. This is one of the innumerable instances in which unusual wisdom follows the acquisition of eminent piety.

XI. Tobias Steffick was remarkable for his affability, and upon the approach of death displayed the greatest serenity. A few minutes before he died, he said, "I have received, during the course of my life, many favors from God; ought I not therefore cheerfully to take one bitter cup, when He thinks proper to present it? or rather, ought I not to rejoice that it is His will I should give up a corrupted life for that of immortality?"

XII. Dr. Jessenius, a learned student of physics, who had been accused of speaking disrespectful words of the emperor, of treason in swearing allegiance to the elector Frederic, and of heresy in being a Protestant. For the first accusation, he had his tongue cut out; for the second he was beheaded; and for the third and last he was quartered, and the several parts of his body exposed on poles.

XIII. Christopher Chober no sooner stepped upon the scaffold, than he said, "I come in the name

of God to die for his glory. I have fought the good fight, and finished my course; so, executioner, do your office." On this he instantly received the crown of martyrdom.

XIV. John Shultis was by all who knew him beloved in life, and regretted at his death. The only words he spoke before his martyrdom were, "The righteous seem to die in the eyes of fools, but they only go to rest. Lord Jesus! thou hast promised that those who come to thee shall not be cast out. Behold, I am come; look on me, pity me, pardon my sins, and receive my soul."

XV. Maximilian Hostialick was celebrated for his learning, piety, and humanity. When he first came on the scaffold he seemed terrified at the approach of death. Soon after he said, "Christ will wash me from my crimes." He then told the officer he should repeat the song of Simeon; at the conclusion of which the executioner might do his duty. He accordingly said, "Lord! now let thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation;" at which words his head, at one blow, was severed from his body.

XVI. John Kutnaur, not having been born independent, but having acquired a fortune by a mechanical employment, was ordered to be hanged. Just before he was turned off he said, "I die, not for having committed any crime, but for following the dictates of my conscience, and defending my country and religion."

XVII. Simeon Sussickey was father-in-law to Kutnaur, and was ordered to be executed in the same manner. He appeared impatient to be gone, saying, "Every moment delays me from entering into the kingdom of Christ."

XVIII. Nathaniel Wodnianskey, a gentleman, was hanged for having supported the Protestant cause, and the election of Frederic to the Bohemian throne. At the gallows the Jesuits used all their persuasions to make him renounce his faith. Finding their attempts unavailing, one of them said, "If you will not abjure your heresy, at least repent of your rebellion." To which Wodnianskey replied, "You take away our lives under a pretended charge of rebellion; and, not content with that, seek to destroy our souls: glut yourselves with blood and be satisfied, but tamper not with our consciences." His son then approached the gallows, and said, "Sir, if life should be offered to you on condition of apostasy, I entreat you to remember Christ." To this the father replied, "It is very acceptable, my son, to be exhorted to constancy by you, but suspect me not; rather endeavor to confirm in their faith your brothers, sisters and children, and teach them to imitate my constancy." He had no sooner concluded these words than he received his fate with great fortitude.

XIX. Wenceslaus Gisbitzkey, throughout his imprisonment, had great hopes given him, from which his friends became very apprehensive for the safety of his soul. He, however, continued steadfast in his faith, prayed fervently at the gallows, and met his end like a christian hero.

XX. Martin Foster was an unfortunate cripple; the chief accusations against him were his being charitable to heretics, and his advancing money to the elector Frederic. It is supposed, however, that his great wealth was the principal cause of his death, as it no doubt was the ground on which many of the preceding gentlemen and noblemen were cruelly slain.

# CHAPTER VI

**The Life, Sufferings, and Martyrdom of John Huss, Who Was Burnt at Constance in Germany.**

JOHN HUSS was a Bohemian, born in the village of Hussenitz about the year 1380. His parents gave him the best education they could bestow, and having acquired a tolerable knowledge of the classics at a private school, he was sent thence to the University of Prague, where the powers of his mind and his diligence in study soon rendered him conspicuous. In 1408 he commenced bachelor of divinity, and was soon after successively chosen pastor of the church of Bethlehem, in Prague, and dean, and rector of the university. These stations he discharged with great fidelity, and became at length so conspicuous for his preaching and the boldness of his truths, that he soon attracted the notice and excited the malignity of the pope and his creatures. The incident which most provoked the indignation of Huss was a papal bull, which offered remission of sin to all who would join the army of the pope in his contest with the king of Naples, who had invaded the holy see, and threatened destruction to the papal dominion.

The English reformer, Wickliffe, had so kindled the light of reformation, that it began to illume the darkest corners of popery and ignorance. His doctrines were received in Bohemia with avidity and zeal by great numbers of people, but by none so zealously as John Huss, and his friend and fellow-martyr, Jerome of Prague. The reformists daily increasing, the archbishop of Prague issued a decree to suppress the further spreading of Wickliffe's writings. This,

however, had an effect quite the reverse of what he expected, for it stimulated the converts to greater zeal, and at length almost the whole university united in promoting them. In that renowned institution the influence of Huss was very great, not only on account of his learning, eloquence and exemplary life. but also on account of some valuable privileges he had obtained from the king in behalf of the Bohemians.

Strongly attached to the doctrines of Wickliffe, Huss strenuously opposed the decree of the archbishop, who, notwithstanding, obtained a bull from the pope, giving him commission to prevent the publishing of Wickliffe's writings in his province. By virtue of this bull the archbishop condemned those writings: he also proceeded against four doctors who had not delivered up some copies, and prohibited them to preach. Against these proceedings Dr. Huss, with some other members of the university, protested, and entered an appeal from the sentence of the archbishop. The pope no sooner heard of this, than he granted a commission to Cardinal Colonno, to cite Huss to appear at the court of Rome, to answer accusations laid against him, of preaching both errors and heresies. From this Dr. Huss desired to be excused, and so greatly was he favored in Bohemia that King Winceslaus, the queen, the nobility, and the university, desired the pope to dispense with such an appearance; as also that he would not suffer the kingdom of Bohemia to lie under the accusation of heresy, but permit all to preach the gospel with freedom in their places of worship according to their own honest convictions.

Three proctors appeared for Dr. Huss before Cardinal Colonno. They pleaded an excuse for his absence, and said they were ready to answer in his behalf. But the cardinal declared him contumacious, and accordingly excommunicated him. On this the proctors appealed to the pope, who appointed four

cardinals to examine the process: these commissioners confirmed the sentence of the cardinal, and extended the excommunication, not only on Huss, but to all his friends and followers. Huss then appealed from this unjust sentence to a future council, but without success; and, notwithstanding so severe a decree, and an expulsion from his church in Prague, he retired to Hussenitz, his native place, where he continued to promulgate the truth in his writings as well as his public ministry. It was in this retirement and comparative seclusion that he compiled a treatise, in which he maintained that reading the books of Protestants could not be forbidden or prevented. He wrote in defence of Wickliffe's work on the Trinity, and boldly protested against the vices of the pope, the cardinals, and the clergy of those corrupt times. In addition to these he was the author of several other productions, all of which were penned with such strength of argument as greatly facilitated the diffusion of Protestant principles.

In England persecution against the Protestants had been carried on for some time with relentless cruelty. They now extended to Germany and Bohemia, where Dr. Huss, and Jerome of Prague, were particularly singled out to suffer in the cause of religion. In the month of November, in the year 1414, a general council was assembled at Constance, in Germany, for the purpose of determining a dispute then existing between three persons who contended for the papal throne. These were, John,* set up by the Italians; Gregory,* by the French; and Benedict,* by the Spaniards. The council continued four years, in which the severest laws were enacted to crush the Protestants. Pope John was deposed and obliged to fly, more than forty crimes being proved against him, among which were, his attempt to poison his predecessor, his being a gamester, a liar, a murderer, an adulterer, and guilty of unnatural offences.

*Three popes.

John Huss was first summoned to appear at the council. To dispel any apprehension of danger, the emperor sent him a passport, giving him permission freely to come to, and return from, the council. On receiving this information, he told the persons who delivered it, that he desired nothing more than to purge himself publicly of the imputation of heresy, and that he esteemed himself happy in having so fair an opportunity for doing so as at the council to which he was summoned to attend.

In the latter end of November he set out for Constance, accompanied by two Bohemian noblemen, who were among the most eminent of his disciples, and who followed him through respect and affection. He caused placards to be fixed upon the gates of the churches of Prague, in which he declared that he went to the council to answer all charges that might be made against him. He also declared, in all the cities through which he passed, that he was going to vindicate himself at Constance, and invited all his adversaries to be present. On his way he met with every mark of affection and reverence from people of all descriptions. The streets, and even the roads, were thronged with people, whom respect rather than curiosity had brought together. He was ushered into several towns with great acclamation, and he passed through Germany in a kind of triumph. "I thought," he said, "I had been an outcast. I now see my worst friends are in Bohemia."

On arriving at Constance, he immediately took lodgings in a remote part of the city. Soon after there came to him one Stephen Paletz, who was engaged by the clergy at Prague to manage the intended prosecution against him. Paletz was afterwards joined by Michel de Cassis on the part of the court of Rome. These two declared themselves his accusers, and drew up articles against him, which they presented to the pope and the prelates of the council.

Notwithstanding the promise of the emperor to give him safe conduct to and from Constance, he regarded not his word; but, according to the maximum of the council, that "Faith is not to be kept with heretics," when it was known he was in the city, he was immediately arrested and committed prisoner to a chamber in the palace. This breach was partially noticed by one of Huss's friends, who urged the imperial passport; but the pope replied he never granted any such thing, nor was he bound by that of the emperor.

While Huss was under confinement, the council acted the part of inquisitors. They condemned the doctrines of Wickliffe, and in their impotent malice ordered his remains to be dug up and burnt to ashes. While these orders were executing the nobility of Bohemia and Poland used all their interest for Huss, and so far prevailed as to prevent his being condemned unheard, which appeared to have been resolved on by the commission appointed to try him. Before his trial took place, his enemies employed a Franciscan friar to entangle him in his words, and then appear against him. This man of great ingenuity and subtlety, came to him in the character of an idiot and with seeming sincerity and zeal, requested to be taught his doctrines. But Huss soon detected him, and told him that his manners wore a great semblance of simplicity, but that his questions discovered a depth and design beyond the reach of an idiot. He afterwards found this pretended fool to be Didace, one of the deepest logicians in Lombardy.

At length Huss was brought before the council, when the articles exhibited against him were read: they were upwards of forty in number, and chiefly extracted from his writings. The following extract, forming the eighth article of impeachment, will give a sample of the ground on which this infamous trial was conducted. "An evil and wicked pope is not the successor of Peter, but of Judas." Answer.—"I wrote

this in my treatise, if the pope be humble and meek, neglecting and despising the honor and lucre of the world; if he he a shepherd, taking his name from feeding of the flock of God; if he feed the sheep with the word, and with virtuous example, and that he become even like his flock with his whole heart and mind; if he diligently and carefully labor and travel for the church, then is he without doubt the true vicar of Christ. But if he walk contrary to these virtues, so much as there is no society between Christ and Belial, and Christ himself saith, 'He that is not with me is against me,' how is he then the true vicar of Christ or Peter, and not rather the vicar of anti-Christ? Christ called Peter himself, Satan, when he opposed him only in one word, and that with a good affection, even him whom he had chosen his vicar, and specially appointed over his church. Why should not any other then, being more opposed to Christ, be truly called Satan, and consequently anti-Christ, or at least the principal minister or vicar of anti-Christ. Infinite testimonies of this matter are found in St. Augustine, St. Jerome, Cyprian, Chrysostome, Bernard, Gregory, Remigius, Ambrose, and all the holy fathers of the Christian church."

On his examination being finished, he was taken from the court, and a resolution was formed by the council, to burn him as a heretic unless he retracted. He was then committed to a filthy prison, where, in the day-time, he was so laden with fetters that he could hardly move; and every night he was fastened by his hands to a ring against the wall. He continued some days in this situation, while many noblemen of Bohemia interceded in his behalf. They drew up a petition for his release, which was presented to the council by several of the most illustrious men of the country; notwithstanding which, so many enemies had Huss in that court that no attention was paid to it, and the persecuted reformer was compelled to

endure all the ignominy and misery inflicted on him. Shortly after the petition was presented, four bishops and two lords were sent by the emperor to the prison, in order to prevail on Huss to make a recantation. But he called God to witness, with tears in his eyes, that he was not conscious of having preached or written anything against the truth of God, or the faith of his orthodox church. The deputies then represented the great wisdom and authority of the council; to which Huss replied, "Let them send the meanest person of that council, who can convince me by argument from the word of God, and I will submit my judgment to him." This firm and faithful answer had no effect, because he would not take the authority of the council upon trust, in opposition to the plainest reasonings of scripture. The deputies, therefore, finding they could not make any impression on him, departed, greatly astonished at the strength of his resolution.

On the 4th of July he was, for the last time, brought before the council. After a long examination he was desired to abjure, which he refused without the least hesitation. The bishop of Lodi then preached a bloody, persecuting sermon, the text of which was, "Let the body of sin be destroyed." The sermon was the usual prologue to a cruel martyrdom; and when it was over his fate was fixed, his vindication rejected and judgment was pronounced. The council censured him for being obstinate and incorrigible, and ordained that he should be degraded from the priesthood, his books publicly burnt, and himself delivered to the secular power. He received the sentence without the least emotion; and at the close of it he kneeled down with his eyes lifted towards heaven, and, with all the magnanimity of a primitive martyr, thus exclaimed: "May thine infinite mercy, O my God! pardon this injustice of mine enemies. Thou knowest the iniquity of my accusations: how deformed with crimes I have been represented: how

I have been oppressed by worthless witnesses, and a false condemnation: yet, O my God! let that mercy of thine, which no tongue can express, prevail with thee not to avenge my wrongs."

These excellent sentences were received as so many expressions of treason, and only tended to inflame his adversaries. Accordingly, the bishops appointed by the council, stripped him of his priestly garments, degraded him, and put a paper mitre on his head, on which were painted devils, with this inscription: "A ring-leader of heretics." This mockery was received by the heroic martyr with an air of unconcern, and it seemed to give him dignity rather than disgrace. A serenity appeared in his looks, which indicated that his soul had cut off many stages of a tedious journey in her way to the realms of everlasting happiness, and when the bishops urged him yet to recant, he turned to the people, and addressed them thus:—

"These lords and bishops exhort and counsel me, that I should here confess before you all, that I have erred; the which, if it were such as might be done with the infamy and reproach of many only, they might, peradventure, easily persuade me thereunto; but now truly I am in the sight of the Lord my God, without whose great displeasure, and disquietude of mine own conscience, I could by no means do that which they require of me. For I well know that I never taught any of those things which they have falsely alleged against me, but I have always preached, taught, written, and thought contrary thereunto. With what countenance then should I behold the heavens? With what face should I look upon them whom I have taught, whereof there is a great number, if through me it should come to pass that those things, which they have hitherto known to be most certain and sure, should now be made uncertain? Should I by this example astonish or trouble

so many souls, so many consciences, endued with the most firm and certain knowledge of the scriptures and gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ and his most pure doctrine, armed against all the assaults of Satan? I will never do it, neither commit any kind of offence, that I should seem more to esteem this vile carcass appointed unto death, than their death and salvation."

* * * * * * *

At this most godly speech he was forced again to hear, by the consent of the bishops, that he obstinately and maliciously persevered in his pernicious and wicked errors. The ceremony of degradation being over, the bishops delivered him to the emperor, who put him into the care of the duke of Bavaria. His books were consumed at the gates of the church, and on the 6th of July he was led to the suburbs of Constance to be burnt alive. When he had reached the place of execution, he fell on his knees, sung several portions of the Psalms, looked steadfastly towards heaven, and repeated, "Into thy hands, O Lord! do I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O most good and faithful God." As soon as the chain was put about him at the stake, he said, with a smiling countenance, "My Lord Jesus Christ was bound with a harder chain than this for my sake, why then should I be ashamed of this old rusty one?" When the fagots were piled around him, the duke of Bavaria was so officious as to desire him to abjure. His noble reply was, "No, I never preached any doctrine of an evil tendency; and what I taught with my lips I now seal with my blood." He then said to the executioner, "You are now going to burn a goose, (the name of Huss signifying goose in the Bohemian language), but in a century you will have a swan whom you can neither roast nor boil." If this were spoken in prophecy, he must have meant Martin Luther, who shone about a hundred years after, and who had a swan for his arms—whether suggested by this cir-

cumstance or on account of family descent and heraldry is not known. As soon as the fagots were lighted, the heroic martyr sung a hymn, with so loud and cheerful a voice, that he was heard through all the crackling of the combustibles, and the noise of the multiude. At length his voice was interrupted by the flames, which soon put a period to his mortal life, and wafted his undying spirit, which no fire of earth could subdue or touch, to the regions of everlasting glory.

## ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE, SUFFERINGS, AND MARTYRDOM OF JEROME OF PRAGUE.

### Who Was Burned at Constance, in Germany, for Maintaining the Doctrine of Wickliffe.

This hero in the cause of truth was born at Prague, and educated in its university, where he soon became distinguished for his learning and eloquence. Having completed his studies, he traveled over a great part of Europe, and visited many of the seats of learning, particularly the universities of Paris, Heidelburg, Cologne, and Oxford. At the latter he became acquainted with the works of Wickliffe, and being a person of uncommon application, he translated many of them into his own language, having with great pains made himself master of the English. On his return to Prague, he openly professed the doctrines of Wickliffe; and finding that they had made considerable progress in Bohemia, from the industry and zeal of Huss, he became his assistant in the great work.

On the 4th of April, A. D. 1415, Jerome went to Constance. This was about three months before the death of Huss. He entered the town privately, and consulting with some of the leaders of his party, was

easily convinced that he could render his friends no service. Finding that his arrival at Constance was publicly known, and that the council intended to seize him, he prudently retired, and went to Iberling, an imperial town at a short distance. While here he wrote to the emperor, and avowed his readiness to appear before the council, if he would give a safe-conduct; this, however, was refused. He then applied to the council, but met with an answer equally unfavorable. After this, he caused papers to be put up in all the public places of Constance, particularly on the door of the cardinal's house. In these he professed his willingness to appear at Constance in the defense of his character and doctrine, both of which he said had been greatly falsified. He further declared, that if any error should be proved against him he would retract it; desiring only that the faith of the council might be given for his security.

Receiving no answer to these papers, he set out on his return to Bohemia, previously adopting the precaution to take with him a certificate signed by several of the Bohemian nobility then at Constance, testifying that he had used every prudent means in his power to procure an audience. Notwithstanding this he was seized on his way, without any authority, by an officer belonging to the duke of Sultbach, who hoped thereby to receive commendations from the council for so acceptable a service. The duke of Sultzbach immediately wrote to the council, informing them what he had done, and asking directions how to proceed with Jerome. The council, after expressing their obligations to the duke, desired him to send the prisoner immediately to Constance. He was accordingly conveyed in irons, and, on his way, was met by the elector Palatine, who caused a long chain to be fastened to Jerome, by which he was dragged like a wild beast to the cloister, whence, after some insults and examinations, he was conveyed to a tower

and fastened to a block with his legs in the stocks. In this manner he remained eleven days and nights, till becoming dangerously ill, they, in order to satiate their malice still further, relieved him from that painful state. He remained confined till the martyrdom of his friend Huss, after which he was brought forth and threatened with immediate torments and death if he remained obstinate. Terrified at the preparations of pain, in a moment of weakness he forgot his manliness and resolution, abjured his doctrines, and confessed that Huss merited his fate, and that both he and Wickliffe were heretics. In consequence of this his chains were taken off, and this harsh treatment done away. He was, however, still confined, with daily hopes of liberation. But his enemies suspecting his sincerity, another form of recantation was drawn up and proposed to him. He, however, refused to answer this, except in public, and was accordingly brought before the council, when, to the astonishment of his auditors, and to the glory of truth, he renounced his recantation, and requested permission to plead his own cause, which being refused, he thus vented his indignation.

"What barbarity is this? For three hundred and forty days have I been confined in a variety of prisons. There is not a misery, there is not a want, which I have not experienced. To my enemies you have allowed the fullest scope of accusation: to me, you deny the least opportunity of defense. Not an hour will you now indulge me in preparing for my trial. You have swallowed the blackest calumnies against me. You have represented me as a heretic, without knowing my doctrine; as an enemy to the faith, before you knew what faith I professed. You are a general council: in you center all which this world can communicate of gravity, wisdom, and sanctity: but still you are men, and men are seducible by appearances. The higher your character is for wis-

dom, the greater ought your care to be not to deviate into folly. The cause I now plead is not my own, it is the cause of men: it is the cause of Christians: it is a cause which is to affect the rights of posterity, however the experiment is to be made in my person."

This speech, the eloquence and force of which are worthy of the best ages, produced no effect on the obdurate foes of Jerome. They proceeded with his charge, which was reduced to five articles—That he was a derider of the papal dignity—an opposer of the pope himself—an enemy to the cardinals—a persecutor of the bishops—and a despiser of Christianity! To these charges Jerome answered with an amazing force of eloquence and strength of argumemnt. "Now, whither shall I turn me? To my accusers? My accusers are as deaf as adders. To you, my judges? You are all prepossessed by the arts of my accusers." After this speech he was immediately remanded to his prison. The third day from this his trial was brought on, and witnesses were examined in support of the charge. The prisoner was prepared for his defense. which appears almost incredible, when we consider he had been nearly a year shut up in loathsome dungeons, deprived of daylight, and almost starved for want of common necessaries. But his spirit soared above these disadvantages.

The most bigoted of the assembly were unwilling he should be heard, dreading the effects of eloquence in the cause of truth, on the minds of the most prejudiced. This was such as to excite the envy of the greatest persons of his time. "Jerome," said Gerson, the chancellor of Paris, at his accusation, "when thou wast in Paris, thou wast thyself, by means of thine eloquence, an angel; and didst trouble the whole university." At length it was carried by the majority, that he should have liberty to proceed in his defense, which he began in such an exalted strain, and continued with such a torrent of elocution, that the obdu-

rate heart was seen to melt, and the mind of superstition seemed to admit a ray of conviction. He began to deduce from history the number of great and virtuous men who had, in their time, been condemned and punished as evil persons, but whom after generations had proved to have deserved honor and reward. He laid before the assembly the whole tenor of his life and conduct. He observed that the greatest and most holy men had been known to differ in points of speculation, with a view to distinguish truth, not to keep it concealed. He expressed a noble contempt of all his enemies, who would have induced him to retract the cause of virtue and truth, and upbraided his late and momentary weakness, which led him to deny himself and forget his glory. He entered on a high encomium on Huss; and declared he was ready to follow him to martyrdom. He then proceeded to defend the doctrines of the English luminary Wickliffe; and concluded with observing, that it was far from his intention to advance anything against the state of the church of God; that it was only against the abuses of the clergy he complained; and that it was certainly impious that the patrimony of the church, which was originally intended for the purpose of charity and universal benevolence, should be prostituted to sensual and sordid gratification to "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," which the apostle expressly declares "are not of the Father, but of the world."

The trial being ended, Jerome received the same sentence as had been passed on his martyred countryman, and was, in the usual style of popish duplicity, delivered over to the civil power; but being a layman he had not to undergo the ceremony of degradation. His persecutors, however, prepared for him a cap of paper, painted with red devils, which being put upon his head, he said, "Our Lord Jesus Christ, when he suffered death for me a most miserable sinner, did

wear a crown of thorns upon his head; and I, for his sake, will wear this adorning of derision and blasphemy." Two days they delayed the execution in hopes that he would recant; meanwhile the cardinal of Florence used his utmost endeavors to bring him over: but they all proved ineffectual: Jerome was resolved to seal his doctrine with his blood.

On his way to the place of execution he sung several hymns; and on arriving at the spot, the same where Huss had suffered, he kneeled down and prayed fervently. He embraced the stake with great cheerfulness and resolution; and when the executioner went behind him to set fire to the fagots, he said, "Come here, and kindle it before my. eyes; for had I been afraid of it, I had not come here, having had so many opportunities to escape." When the flames began to envelope him, he sung another hymn; and the last words he was heard to say were,

"This soul in flames I offer, Christ, to thee!"

He was of a fine and manly form, and possessed a strong and healthy constitution, which served to render his death extremely painful, for he was observed to live an unusual time in the midst of the flames. He, however, sung till his aspiring soul took its flight from its mortal habitation, as in a fiery chariot, which seemed rather sent by God than prepared by man, to convey his blessed spirit from earth to heaven in the sight of a thousand witnesses.

# CHAPTER VII

## Burning of Ridley and Latimer

NICHOLAS RIDLEY, bishop of London received the earliest part of his education at Newcastle upon Tyne, from whence he removed to the University of Cambridge, where his great learning and distinguished abilities so recommended him that he was master of Pembroke Hall in that university.

After being some years in this office, he left Cambridge and traveled into various parts of Europe for his advancement in knowledge. On his return to England, he was made chaplain to Henry VIII, and bishop of Rochester, from which he was transferred to the see of London by Edward VI.

In private life he was pious, humble, and affable; in public he was learned, sound and eloquent; diligent in his study, and very popular as a preacher.

He had been educated in the Roman Catholic religion, but was brought over to the reformed faith by reading Bertram's book on the Sacrament; and he was confirmed in the same by frequent references with Cramer and Peter Martyr, so that he became a zealous promoter of the reformed doctrines and discipline during the reign of King Edward.

The following character of this eminent divine presents so interesting a picture of the good man and pious Christian, that we give it verbatim:

"In his important offices he so diligently applied himself by preaching and teaching the true and wholesome doctrine of Christ that no good child was more singularly loved by his dear parents, than he by his flock and diocese. Every holiday and Sunday he

preached in one place or another, except he was otherwise hindered by weighty affairs and business; and to his sermons the people resorted, swarming about him like bees, and so faithfully did his life portray his doctrines, that even his enemies could not reprove him in anything.

"Besides this, he was very learned, his memory was great, and he had attained such reading withal, that he deserved to be compared with the best men of his age, as his works, sermons, and his sundry disputations in both the universities well testified.

"He was also wise of counsel, deep of wit, and very politic in all his doings. He was anxious to gain the obstinate papists from their erroneous opinions, and sought by gentleness to win them to the truth, and his gentle and courteous treatment of Dr. Heath, who was prisoner with him in King Edward's time, in his house, one year, sufficiently proved. In fine, he was in all points so good, pious and spiritual a man that England never saw his superior.

"He was comely in his person, and well proportioned. He took all things in good part, bearing no malice nor rancor from his heart, but straightway forgetting all injuries and offenses done against him. He was very kind and natural to his relations, and yet not bearing with them any otherwise than right would require, giving them always for a general rule, yea to his own brother and sister that they doing evil should look for nothing at his hand, but should be as strangers and aliens to him, and that they, to be his brother and sister, must live a good life.

On the accession of Queen Mary, he shared the same fate with many others, who professed the truth of the gospel. Being accused of heresy, he was first removed from his bishopric, then sent prisoner to the Tower of divinity school at Oxford, which they accord London, and afterwards to Bocardo prison, in Oxford; from whence he was committed to the custody of Mr.

Irish, mayor of that city, in whose house he remained till the day of his execution.

On the 30th of September, 1555, these two eminent prelates were cited to appear in the divinity school at Oxford, which they accordingly did.

Dr. Ridley was first examined, and severely reprimanded by the bishop of London, because when he heard the "cardinal's grace," and the "pope's holiness" mentioned in the commission he kept on his cap. The words of the bishop were to this effect: "Mr. Ridley, if you will not be uncovered, in respect to the pope, and the cardinal his legate, by whose authority we sit in commission, your cap shall be taken off."

The bishop of Lincoln then made a formal harangue, in which he entreated Ridley to return to the holy mother church, insisted on the antiquity and authority of the see of Rome, and of the pope as the immediate successor to St. Peter.

Dr. Ridley, in return, strenuously opposed the arguments of the bishop and boldly vindicated the doctrines of the reformation. After much debate the five following articles were proposed to him, and his immediate and explicit answers required.

1. That he had frequently affirmed, and openly maintained and defended, that the true body of Christ, after consecration of the priest, is not really present in the sacrament of the altar.

2. That he had oftenly publicly affirmed, and defended that in the sacrament of the altar remaineth still the substance of bread and wine.

3. That he had often openly affirmed, and obstinately maintained that in the mass is no propitiatory sacrifice for the quick and the dead.

4. That the aforesaid assertions have been solemnly condemned by the scholastical censure of this school, as heretical, and contrary to the Catholic faith, by the prolocutor of the convocation-house, and sundry learned men of both universities.

5. That all and singular the premises are true, and notoriously known, by all near at hand, and in distant places.

To the first of these articles Dr. Ridley replied "that he believed Christ's body to be in the sacrament, really, by grace and spirit effectually, but not so as to include a lively and movable body under the forms of bread and wine."

To the second he answered in the affirmative.

Part of the fourth he acknowledged, and part he denied.

To the fifth he answered, "that the premises were so far as his replies has set forth. Whether all men spake evil of them he knew not, because he came not so much abroad, to hear what every man reported."

He was then ordered to appear the following day in St. Mary's church in Oxford to give his final answer; after which he was committed to the custody of the mayor.

When Latimer was brought into court the bishop of Lincoln warmly exhorted him to return to the unity of the church, from which he had revolted.

The same articles which were proposed to Dr. Ridley were read to Latimer, and he was required to give a full and satisfactory answer to each of them.

His replies not being satisfactory to the court, he was dismissed, but ordered to appear in St. Mary's church at the same time with Dr. Ridley.

On the day appointed the commissioners met, when Dr. Ridley being first brought before them, the bishop of Lincoln stood up and began to report the proceedings of the former meeting, assuring him that he had full liberty to make what alterations he pleased in his answers proposed to him, and to deliver the same to the court in writing.

After some debate, Dr. Ridley took out a paper and began to read, but the bishop interrupted him and ordered the beadle to take the writing from him. The

**Ridley in Prison.**

doctor desired to read on, declaring the contents were only his answers to the articles proposed, but the bishop and others having privately reviewed it, would not permit it to be read in open court.

When the articles were again administered, he referred the notary to his writing, who set them down according to the same.

The bishop of Gloucester, affecting much concern for Dr. Ridley, persuaded him not to indulge an obstinate temper, but to recant his erroneous opinions, and return to the unity of the holy Catholic church.

Dr. Ridley coolly replied, he was not vain of his own understanding, but that he was fully persuaded that the religion he professed was founded on God's most holy and infallible church, and therefore, he could not abandon or deny the same, consistently with his regard for the honor of God, and the salvation of his immortal soul.

He desired to declare his reasons, why he could not with a safe conscience, admit of the popish supremacy, but his request was denied.

The bishop finding him inflexible in the faith, according to the doctrine of the reformation, thus addressed him: "Dr. Ridley, it is with the utmost concern that I observe your stubbornness and obstinacy in persisting in damnable errors and heresies, but unless you recant, I must proceed to the other part of my commission, though very much against my will and desire."

Ridley not making any reply, sentence of condemnation was read, after which he was carried back to confinement.

When Latimer was brought before the court, the bishop of Lincoln informed him that though they had already taken his answers to certain articles alleged against him, yet they had given him time to consider on the same, and would permit him to make what alterations he should deem fit, hoping by such means to

reclaim him from his errors, and bring him over to the holy Catholic church.

The articles were again read to him, but he deviated not, in a single point, from the answers he had already given.

Being again warned to recant, and revoke his errors, he refused declaring that he never would deny God's truth, which he was ready to seal with his blood. Sentence of condemnation was then pronounced against him and he was committed to the custody of the mayor.

The account of the degradation of Ridley, his behavior before, and at the place of execution, is curious and interesting: we therefore give it at length:

"On the 15th day of October, in the morning. Dr. Brooks, bishop of Gloucester, and the vice-chancellor of Oxford, Dr. Marshall, with others of the chief and heads of the same university, and many others accompanying them, came to the house of Mr. Irish, mayor of Oxford, where Dr. Ridley was a close prisoner. And when the bishop of Gloucester came into the chamber where Dr. Ridley lay, he told him for what purpose their coming was, saying 'that once again the queen's majesty did offer unto him by them, her gracious mercy, if he would receive it, and come home again to the faith in which he was baptized.' And further said 'that if he would not recant and become one of the Catholic church with them, then they must needs (against their wills) proceed according to the law, which they would be very loth to do, if they might do otherwise. But,' said he, 'we have oftentimes been with you, and have requested that you recant your fantatical and devlish opinions, which hitherto you have not, although you might in doing so win many and do much good. Therefore, good Mr. Ridley, consider with yourself the danger that shall ensue both of body and soul, if you shall so wilfully cast yourself away in refusing mercy offered unto you at this time.'

" 'My Lord,' said Dr. Ridley, 'you know my mind fully herein, and as for my doctrine, my conscience assureth me that it was sound, and according to God's word (to his glory be it spoken), and which doctrine, the Lord being my helper, I will maintain so long as my tongue shall move and breath is within my body, and in confirmation thereof I am willing to seal the same with my blood.'

"Brooks—Well, it were best, Mr. Ridley, not so to do, but to become one of the church with us. For you know well enough that whosoever is out of the Catholic church can not be saved. Therefore I say that while you have time and mercy offered you, receive it. and confess with us the pope's holiness to be the chief head of the church.

"Ridley—I marvel that you will trouble me with any such vain and foolish talk. You know my mind concerning the usurped authority of that Anti-christ.

"And here he would have reasoned with the bishop of Rome's authority, but was not suffered, and yet he spake so earnestly against the pope therein, that the bishop told him, "if he would not hold his peace, he should be compelled. And seeing,' saith he, 'that you will not receive the queen's mercy, but stubbornly refuse the same, we must, against our wills, proceed according to our commission to degrading and depriving you of the dignity of priesthood. For we take you for no bishop, and therefore, will the sooner have done with you, so committing you to the secular power, you know what doth follow.'

"Ridley.—Do with me as it shall please God to suffer you; I am well content to abide the same with all my heart.

"Brooks.—Put off your cap and put upon you this surplice.

"Ridley.—Not I, truly.

"Brooks.—But you must.

"Ridley.—I will not.

"Brooks.—You must; therefore make no more ado, but put this surplice upon you.

"Ridley.—Truly, if it comes upon me, it shall be against my will.

"Brooks.—Will you not put it upon you?

"Ridley.—No, that I will not.

"Brooks.—It shall be put upon you by one or other.

"Ridley.—Do therein as it shall please you, I am well content with that, and more than that; the servant is not above his master. If they dealt so cruelly with our Savior Christ, as the scripture maketh mention, and he suffered the same patiently, how much more doth it become us, his servants!

"And in saying these words they put upon him a surplice, with all the trinkets appertaining to the mass. As they were about this, Dr. Ridley vehemently inveighed against the Romish bishop, and all that foolish apparel, calling the first Anti-christ, and the last foolish and abominable, 'yea, too foolish for a device in a play.'

"Brooks—You had best hold your peace, lest your mouth be stopped.

"At which words one Edridge, the reader of the Greek lecture, standing by, said, 'Sir, the law is that he should be gagged, therefore let him be gagged.' At which words Dr. Ridley, looking earnestly upon him, shook his head at him and made no answer.

"When they came to that place where Dr. Ridley should hold the chalice and the wafer cake (called the singing bread), Dr. Ridley said, 'They shall not come into my hands, for if they do, they shall fall to the ground for me.' Then one was appointed to hold them in his hand, while the Bishop Brooks read a part in Latin, touching the degradation of spiritual persons, according to the people's law.

"They then put the book into his hand and read another thing in Latin, the effect of which was, 'We

do take from thee the office of preaching the gospel,' etc. At which wards Dr. Ridley gave a great sigh, and looking up towards heaven, said, 'O Lord God, forgive them this their wickedness.'

"Having put on him the mess-gear, they began to take it away (beginning with the uppermost garment), again reading in Latin according to the pope's law. Now when all was taken from him, saving only the surplice, as they were reading and taking it away, Dr. Ridley said unto them, 'Lord God, what power be you of, that you can take away from a man that which he never had? I was never a singer in all my life, and yet you have taken from me that which I never had.'

"So when this ridiculous degradation was ended very solemnly, Dr. Riley said to Dr. Brooks, 'Have you done? If you have, then give me leave to talk a little concerning these matters.' Brooks answered, 'Mr. Ridley, we must not talk with you; you are out of the church, and our law is, that we must not talk with any one out of the church.' Then Dr. Ridey said, 'Seeing that you will not suffer me to talk, neither will vouchsafe to hear me, what remedy but patience? I refer the cause to my heavenly Father, who will reform things that be amiss, when it shall please him.'

"They were then going, when Ridley said, 'My lord, I would wish that you would vouchsafe to read over and peruse a little book of Bertram's writing, concerning the sacrament I promise you, you will find much good learning therein, if you will read it with impartial judgment.' To which Dr. Brooks made no answer, but was going away. Then said Dr. Ridley, 'Oh, I perceive you cannot away with this manner of talk. Well, as it is to no purpose, I will say no more; I will speak of worldly affairs. I pray you, therefore, my time, he could not speak for weeping. But recovering himself, he said, 'This is nature that moveth me. but I have now done;' and lord, hear me, and be a means to the queen's majesty, in behalf of a great

many poor men, especially my poor sister and her husband, who standeth there. They had a poor living granted to them by me, when I was in the see of London, which is taken away from them, by him that occupieth the same room, without either law or conscience. I have a supplication to her majesty, in their behalf. You shall hear it.' Then he read the same, and when he came to the place that spake of his sister by name, he wept; so that he finished it, and then delivered it to his brother, commanding him to put it up to the queen's majesty and to sue not only for himself, but also for such as had any leases or grants by him, and were put from them by Dr. Bonner. Dr. Brooks said, 'Indeed, Mr. Ridley, your request in this supplication is very right; therefore I must, in conscience, speak to the queen's majesty for them.'

"Ridley.—I pray for God's sake so do.

"Brooks.—I think your request will be granted, except one thing hinder it, and that is because you do not allow the queen's proceedings, but obstinately withstand the same.

Ridley.—What remedy? I can do no more than speak and write. I trust that I have discharged my conscience therein, and God's will be done.

"Brooks.—I will do my best.

"The degradation being concluded, and all things finished, Dr. Brooks called the bailiffs, delivering to them Dr. Ridley, with this charge, to keep him safely from any man speaking with him, and that he should be brought to the place of execution when they were commanded. Then Dr. Ridley, in praising God, said, 'God, I thank thee, and to thy praise be it spoken, there is none of you able to lay to my charge any open or notorious crime; for if you could it would surely be done, I see very well.' Whereunto Brooks said 'he played the part of a proud Pharisee, exalting himself.'

"Dr. Ridley said, 'No, as I said before, to God's glory be it spoken. I confess myself to be a miserable sinner, and have great need of God's help and mercy, and do daily call and cry for the same: therefore, I pray you, have no such opinion of me.' Then they departed, and in going away a certain warden of a college advised Dr Ridley to repent and forsake that erroneous opinion. 'Sir,' said the doctor, 'repent you, for you are out of the truth, and I pray God (if it be his blessed will), have mercy upon you, and grant you the understanding of His Word.' Then the warden, being in a passion thereat, said, 'I trust that I shall never be of your devilish opinion, either yet to be in that place whither you shall go; thou art the most obstinate and willful man that I have heard talk since I was born.'

**Behavior of Dr. Ridley the Night Before He Suffered.**

"On the night before he suffered his beard was washed, and his legs, and as he sat at supper, at the house of Mr. Irish, his keeper, he invited his hostess, and the rest at the table, to his marriage; 'for,' said he, 'tomorrow I must be married.' and so showing himself to be merry as ever he had been before. And wishing his sister at his marriage, he asked his brother, sitting at the table, whether he thought she could find in her heart to be there; he answered, 'Yes, I dare say, with all her heart.' At which he said 'he was glad to hear of her sincerity.' At this discourse Mrs. Irish wept. But Mr. Ridley comforted her, saying, 'O, Mrs. Irish, you love me not, for in that you weep, it doth appear you will not be at my marriage, neither are content therewith. Indeed, you are not so much my friend as I thought you had been. But quiet yourself, though my breakfast shall be somewhat sharp and painful, yet I am sure my supper will be more pleasant and sweet.'

"When they arose from the table his brother offered to stay all night with him. But he said, 'No, no,

that you shall not, for I intend (God willing), to go to bed, and to sleep as quietly tonight as ever I did.' On this his brother departed, exhorting him to be of good cheer, and to take his cross quietly for the reward was great, etc.

### Burning of Ridley and Latimer.

"On the north side of the town, in the ditch over against Baliol college, the place of execution was appointed: and for fear of any tumult that might arise to hinder the burning of the servants of Christ, the Lord Williams was commanded by the queen's letters, and the householders of the city to be there assisting, sufficiently appointed, and when everything was in readiness the prisoners were brought forth by the mayor and bailiffs.

"Dr. Ridley had on a black gown furred, and faced with foins, such as he used to wear when he was a bishop; a tippet of velvet furred likewise about his neck, a velvet nightcap upon his head, with a corner cap, and slippers on his feet. He walked to the stake between the mayor and an alderman, etc.

"After him came Mr. Latimer, in a poor Bristol frieze frock, much worn, with his buttoned cap and kerchief on his head, all ready to the fire, a new long shroud hanging down to the feet, which at the first sight excited sorrow in the spectators, beholding on the one side, the honor they sometime had, and on the other, the calamity in which they had fallen.

"Dr. Ridley, as he passed toward Bocardo, looked up where Dr. Cranmer lay, hoping to have seen him at the glass window, and spoken to him. But Dr. Cranmer was then engaged in dispute with Friar Soto and his fellows, so that he could not see him through that occasion. Dr. Ridley then looking back, saw Mr. Latimer coming after. Unto whom he said, 'Oh, are you there?' 'Yea,' said Mr. Latimer, 'have after, as fast as I can.' So he following a pretty way off, at

length they came to the stake. Dr. Ridley, first entering the place, earnestly held up both hands, and looked towards heaven; then shortly after seeing Mr. Latimer with a cheerful look, he ran to him and embraced him, saying, 'Be of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it.'

"He then went to the stake, and kneeling down, prayed with great fervor, while Mr. Latimer, following kneeled also, and prayed as earnestly as he. After this they arose and conversed together, and while thus employed Dr. Smith began his sermon to them upon this text of St. Paul, in the 13th chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians: 'If I yield my body to the fire to be burnt, and have not charity, I shall gain nothing thereby.' Wherein he alleged that the goodness of the cause, and not the order of death, maketh the holiness of the person, which he confirmed by the examples of Judas and of a woman in Oxford who of late hanged herself, for that they and such like as he recited, might be adjudged righteous, which desperately separated their lives from their bodies, as he feared those men who stood before him would do. But he cried still to the people to beware of them for they were heretics and died out of the church. He ended with a very short exhortation to them to recant and come home again to the church, and save their lives and souls, which else were condemned. His sermon scarcely lasted a quarter of an hour.

"At its conclusion, Dr. Ridley said to Mr. Latimer, 'Will you begin to answer the sermon, or shall I?' Mr. Latimer said, 'Begin you first, I pray you.' 'I will,' said Dr. Ridley.

"He then, with Mr. Latimer, kneeled to my Lord Williams, the vice-chancellor of Oxford, and the other commissioners appointed for that purpose, who sat upon a form thereby, and said, 'I beseech you, my lord, even for Christ's sake, that I may speak but two

or three words;' and whilst my lord bent his head to the mayor and vice-chancellor, to know whether he might have leave to speak, the bailiffs and Dr. Marshall, the vice-chancellor, ran hastily unto him and with their hands stopping his mouth, said, 'Mr. Ridley, if you will revoke your erroneous opinions you shall not only have liberty so to do but also your life.' 'Not otherwise?' said Mr. Ridley. 'No,' answered Dr. Marshall; 'therefore, if you will not do so there is no remedy; you must suffer for your deserts.' 'Well,' said the martyr, 'so long as the breath is in my body I will never deny my Lord Christ and his known truth; God's will be done in me;' and with that he arose and said with a loud voice, 'I commit our cause to Almighty God, who will indifferently judge all.'

"To which Mr. Latimer added his old saying, 'Well, there is nothing hid but it shall be opened;' and said he could answer Smith well enough, if he might be suffered. They were then commanded to prepare immediately for the stake.

"They accordingly, with all meekness, obeyed. Dr. Ridley gave his gown and tippet to his brother-in-law, Mr. Shipside, who all the time of his imprisonment, although he was not suffered to come to him, lay there at his own charges to provide him necessaries, which from time to time he sent him by the sergeant who kept him. Some other of his apparel he also gave away, the others the bailiffs took.

"He likewise made presents of other small things to gentlemen standing by, and divers of them pitifully weeping; to Sir Henry Lea he gave a new groat; to my Lord Williams' gentlemen some napkins, etc., and happy was he who could get the least trifle for a remembrance of this good man.

"Mr. Latimer quietly suffered his keeper to pull off his hose and his other apparel which was very simple; and being stripped to his shroud, he seemed as comely a person as one could well see.

"Then Dr. Ridley, standing as yet in his trouse, said to his brother, 'It were best for me to go in my trouse still.' 'No,' said Mr. Latimer, 'it will put you to more pain, and it will do a poor man good.' Whereupon Dr. Ridley said, 'Be it in the name of God,' and so unlaced himself. Then, being in his shirt, he stood upon the aforesaid stone, and held up his hand and said, 'O heavenly Father, I give unto thee most hearty thanks that thou hast called me to be a professor of thee, even unto death; I beseech thee, Lord God, have mercy on this realm of England, and deliver it from all her enemies.'

"Then the smith took a chain of iron, and brought it about their middles, and as he was knocking in the staples, Dr. Ridley took the chain in his hand and looking aside to the smith said, 'Good fellow, knock it in hard, for the flesh will have its course.' Then Mr. Latimer brought him a bag of gunpowder, and tied it about his neck. Dr. Ridley asked him what it was; he answered gunpowder. 'Then,' said he, 'I will take it to be sent of God, therefore I will receive it. And have you any,' said he, 'for my brother?' (meaning Mr. Latimer). 'Yea, sir; that I have,' said he. 'Then give it to him,' said he, 'in time, lest you come too late.' So his brother went and carried it to Mr. Latimer.

"Dr. Ridley said to my Lord Williams, 'My lord, I must be a suitor unto your lordship in behalf of divers poor men, and especially in the cause of my poor sister: I have made a supplication to the queen in their behalf. I beseech your lordship, for Christ's sake, to be a means to her grace for them. My brother here hath the supplication, and will resort to your lordship to certify you hereof. There is nothing in all the world that troubleth my conscience (I praise God), this only excepted. Whilst I was in the see of London, divers poor men took leases of me, and agreed with me for the same. Now I hear that the bishop who now occupieth the same room will not allow my grants

made to them, but contrary to all law and conscience, hath taken from them their livings. I beseech you, my lord, be a means for them; you shall do a good deed, and God will reward you.'

"They then brought a lighted fagot, and laid it at Dr. Ridley's feet, upon which Mr. Latimer said, 'Be of good comfort, Mr. Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as, I trust, never shall be put out.' When Dr. Ridley saw the fire flaming up towards him, he cried with an amazing loud voice: 'Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit; Lord receive my spirit.' Mr. Latimer on the other side cried as vehemently, 'O Father of heaven, receive my soul,' after which he soon died, seemingly with very little pain.

"But Dr. Ridley, from the ill making of the fire, the fagots being green, and piled too high, so that the flames being kept down by the green wood, burned fiercely beneath, was put to such exquisite pain that he desired them, for God's sake, to let the fire come unto him, which his brother-in-law hearing, but not very well understanding, to rid him of his pain (for which cause he gave attendance), as one in such sorrow, and not well knowing what he did, heaped fagots upon him, so that he quite covered him, which made the fire so vehement beneath that it burned all his nether parts before it touched the upper and made him struggle under the fagots, and often desire them to let the fire come to him, saying, 'I cannot burn.' Yet in all his torment, he forgot not to call upon God, still having in his mouth, 'Lord, have mercy upon me,' intermingling his cry, 'Let the fire come unto me, I cannot burn.' In which pains he labored until one of the standers-by, with his bill, pulled the fagots from above and where he saw the fire flame up he wrested himself to that side. And when the fire touched the gunpowder, he was seen to stir no more, but burned

**Ridley and Latimer Burned at the Stake.**

on the other side, falling down at Mr. Latimer's feet; his body being divided.

"The dreadful sight filled almost every eye with tears. Some took it grievously to see their deaths whose lives they had held so dear. Some pitied their persons, who thought their souls had no need thereof. But the sorrow of his brother, whose extreme anxiety had led him to attempt to put a speedy end to his sufferings, but who, from error and confusion, had so unhappily prolonged them, surpassed that of all; and so violent was his grief, that the spectators pitied him almost as much as they did the martyr."

Thus did these two pious divines and steadfast believers testify with their blood, the truth of the everlasting gospel, upon which depends all the sinner's hopes of salvation; to suffer for which was the joy, the glory of many eminent Christians who, having followed their Lord and Master through much tribulation in this vale of tears, will be glorified forever with Him, in the kingdom of his Father and our Father, of his God and our God.

Mr. Latimer, at the time of his death, was in the eightieth year of his age and preserved the principles he had professed with the most distinguished magnanimity. He had naturally a happy temper formed on the principles of true Christianity. Such was his cheerfulness that none of the accidents of life could discompose him; such was his fortitude, that not even the severest trials could unman him; he had a collected spirit, and on no occasion wanted a resource; he could retire within himself, and hold the world at defiance

# CHAPTER VIII

## GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA.

**Born 1452. Burned at the Stake 1498.**

Savonarola's first success as a preacher was gained at St. Gemignano (1484-85); but the real worth and power of the reformer was not revealed until the following year at Brescia, where in a sermon on the Apocalypse the thundering tone of his message shook the souls of the people.

---

Rome, first the metropolis of the old Pagan empire, and next, the great center of Papalism. (Since the crowning of Boniface III the universal bishop (about the year 606) by King Phocas), Rome,—where Nero reigned and the Caesars ruled,—where the apostle Paul ended "the race" and received a Martyr's crown,—Rome, the rival of Athens in the arts of painting, sculpture and oratory,—Rome, the world's great monument to pagan idolatry, whose black sides from its base to its crowning apex is streaked with the crimson blood of God's martyrs for truth,—Rome, where profligacy immorality and crime had reigned supreme, where monasteries and churches were but licencious rendezvous for the priesthood,—when the papal church was at its height,—when it swayed the scepter. At a time when the tyranical power of the popes and their emissaries had kept the people in subjection. No one had dared to openly attack the monster of debauchery and crime, until, one day a voice was heard across in Florence, though faint at first, it grew in volume until the city shook under the preacher's denunciation of the abuses of the church and the corruption of mankind.

The fire of his message spread,—his name soon hung upon the lips of nearly every inhabitant of Florence. All eyes were turned towards the Duomo, where the voice of one of God's giants, had been raised as never before from the priesthood.—Masses of people packed the great church. The iron like face of the speaker coupled with the power of his eloquence and fiery nature, as he hurled forth the mighty truth of God—all marked him as an exceptional character,—God's messenger. This preacher, priest, prophet, or reformer, or whatever you are pleased to call him, had a message to deliver.

In April, 1492, Lorenzo de Medici, ruler of Florence, was on his death bed, at Careggi. His crimes had haunted him during his sickness. Oppression and fear had seized his soul as the deeds of the past stood out before him. While he had not regarded Savonarola with favor in the past on account of the preacher's denunciation of wrong that he himself had been a party to. Yet, now, at the hour of death old associates and courtiers could not satisfy. He needed some one that was sincere in his faith,—he summoned the Prior of St. Mark (Savonarola) to aid him through the hour of death. Savonarola came, and after hearing the agitated confession of the dying Prince, offered absolution upon three conditions: First, that "you must repent and have true faith in God's mercy." To this Lorenzo assented; secondly, "you must give up your ill-gotten wealth." This, too, Lorenzo promised, after some hesitation; but upon hearing the third condition, "You must restore the liberties of Florence," Lorenzo turned his face to the wall and made no reply. Savonarola waited a moment, then went away. Lorenzo died unabsolved.

Savonarola's influence increased; many adherents of the late prince, Lorenzo, had came over to his side. Meanwhile he continued to denounce the acts of the Pope's priest and other church dignitaries involved in

Girolamo Savonarola.

A lady brought before the Inquisitors, after being tortured.
(Page 37)

crime and debauchery. Thousands stood with him, while every influence was brought to bear, attempting to silence the Florentine priest. Rome had decided that Savonarola must be silenced; his voice was too powerful and his influence too great to permit him to continue. The Pope dispatched special messengers to wait upon the friar and urge him to recant, etc., but he stood immovable. A day for trial was arranged in which his bitterest foes were chosen as judges. The result of the trial was a foregone conclusion. Day after day his body was cruelly tortured and his bones broken until he became delirious. While in this condition of extreme suffering his tormentors wrung admissions on their charges, but when released and his mind restored again he immediately withdrew such confessions and clung to his faith in the Master. Day after day his bones were broken and reset, but Savonarola did not yield. Though weakened and unable to resist torture at the last, his mind was clear and he kept on praying and writing his commentary on the Psalms. While days of cruel torture had been inflicted Savonarola yet lived, and did not surrender his "faith in God" to the Pope. The two commissioners soon ended their task. The Pope had ordered the friar's death, "even were he a second John the Baptist." For three days more they examined the Prior with worse tortures than before, until he gradually weakened to a physical wreck. On the evening of May 22nd, 1498, the sentence of death was pronounced. Not to Savonarola alone, but to the two brother friars as well, who had maintained their faith in the Florentine reformer. When the sentence of death was pronounced Savonarola listened unmoved to the awful words, then quietly resumed his praying. (Evidently satisfied with the comforting presence of the Lord, who said that "I go to prepare a place for you"). The only favour Savonarola craved before death was a short interview with his fellow victims. This, after long debate, the

signory unwillingly granted, and meanwhile a monk was sent to shrive all the three. The memorable meeting took place in the hall of the Cinquecento. During their forty days of confinement and torture each one had been told that the others had recanted, and the false report of Savonarola's confession had been shown to the two monks. The three were now face to face for the first time. Fra Domenico's loyalty had never wavered, and the weak Silvestro's enthusiasm rekindled at sight of his chief. Savonarola prayed with the two men, gave them his blessing, and exhorted them by the memory of their Saviour's crucifixion to submit meekly to their fate. Midnight was long past when Savonarola was led back to his cell. Jacopo Niccolini, one of the religious fraternity dedicated to consoling the last hours of the condemned men, remained with him. Spent with weakness and fatigue, he asked leave to rest his head on his companion's lap, and quickly fell into a quiet sleep. As Niccolini tells us, the martyr's face became serene and smiling as a child's. On awakening he addressed kind words to the compassionate brother, and then prophesied that dire calamities would befall Florence during the reign of a pope named Clement. The carefully recorded prediction was verified by the siege of 1529. The execution took place the next morning. A scaffold, connected by a wooden bridge with the magistrate's rostrum had been erected on the spot where the piles of the ordeal had stood. At one end of the platform was a huge cross with faggots heaped at its base. As the prisoners, clad in penitential haircloth, were led across the bridge, wanton boys thrust sharp sticks between the planks to wound their feet. First came the ceremonial of degradation. Sacerdotal robes were thrown over the victims and roughly stripped off by two Dominicans, the bishop of Vasona and the prior of Sta Maria Novella. To the bishop's formula, "I separate thee from the church militant and the church

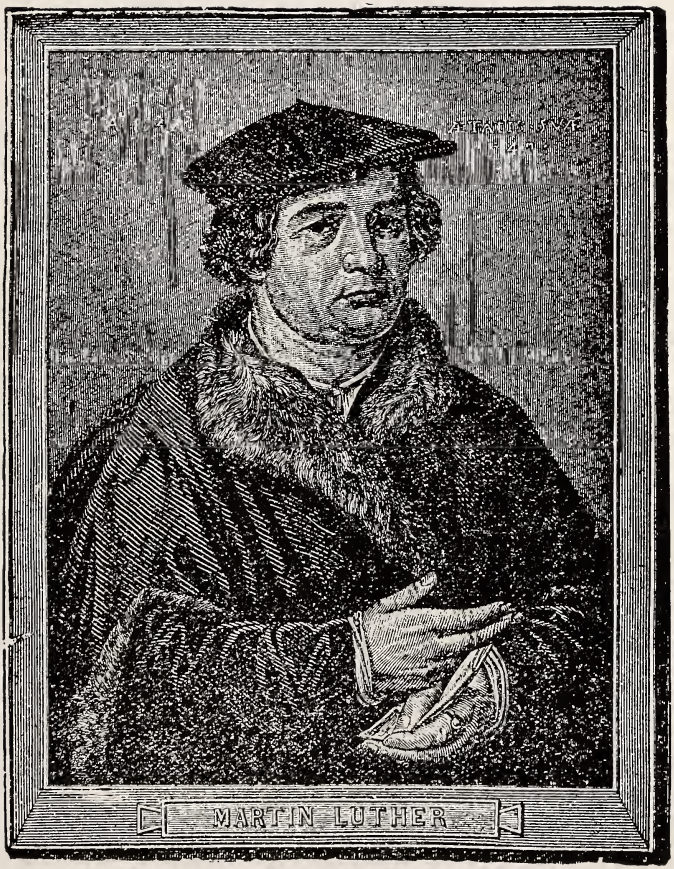
triumphant," Savonarola replied in firm tones, "Not from the church triumphant, that is beyond thy power." By a confinement of cruelty Savonarola was the last to suffer. His disciples' bodies already dangled from the arms of the cross before he was hung on the center beam. Then the pile was fired. For a moment the wind blew the flames aside, leaving the corpses untouched. "A miracle," cried the weeping Piagnoni; but then the fire leaped up and ferocious yells of triumph rang from the mob. At dusk the martyrs' remains were collected in a cart and thrown into the Arno.

"Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

## MARTIN LUTHER.

ARTIN LUTHER, one of the greatest of religious leaders and reformers, was born in Eisleben, Germany, 1483. After studying at the University of Erfurt, he became a monk of the Augustine Order in that city and in 1507 was made professor of philosophy at Wittenburg. After a visit to Rome in pursuance of a vow he had made, his ideas regarding the tenets and practices of the Roman church underwent a gradual change. In 1512 he began openly to declare his heterodox views upon scriptural theology. These views, embodied in his celebrated "ninety-five propositions," at once plunged him into bitter controversy, and exposed him to as bitter persecution. He soon found friends, however, among some of the most powerful of the German princes.

Summoned by the Pope to defend his opinions, through the intervention of the Elector of Saxony it was arranged that a hearing should be given Luther at Augsburg, before the papal legate. That interview was held, and it decided nothing. He then continued his public discussions and also gave vent to his polemic innovations in writings—the "De Captivitate Babylonica Ecclesiae." created so great a sensation that a papal bull was issued, condemning to a public auto-de-fe it and others of his productions. Luther, however, finding that the crisis had come, proceded to the walls of Wittenberg, attended by a number of his friends and disciples, there burned the pope's bull and by that act dissevered forever his remaining ties with the church of Rome. After this Luther became the spokesman of a propaganda whose labors never rested till the spirit of the Protestant religion had taken deep and lasting roots throughout northern Germany, and thence extended among her Scandinavian neighbors.




"The Just shall live by faith."

John Wickliffe.

The "Morning Star" of the Reformation whose writings stirred Europe—led Huss Jerome and others to the State, and prepared the way for the great work of Martin Luther, that has changed the political and religious course of the world.

Cited to appear before the Diet of Worms, 1521, Luther appeared there, attended by a retinue of the Protestant princes and the nobles of Germany, and after ably pleading his cause—that of religious liberty —before the Emperor, Charles V in person, he was seized on his return home at the instigation of his friend the Elector of Saxony,, and carried to the castle of Wartburg, where he remained for a period of ten months. Returning then to Wittenburg, he doffed his monastic character, married, published his translation of the New Testament in 1522 and his German vision of the Old Testament in 1534. The closing years of the life of Luther were passed in comparative tranquility. He died in 1546.

---

## MARTIN LUTHER.

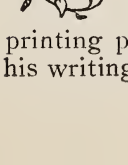
### On Trial Before the Diet of Worms.

### Chapter I.

"Though poor and weak and ignorant I be,
How rich, how strong, how wise I am in Thee."

"The conscience, that sole monarch in a man,
Owning allegiance to no earthly prince;
Made by the edict of creation free;
An individual sovereignty that none
Created might, unpunished, bind or touch."

"True freedom is, where no restraint is known,
That Scripture, justice, and good sense disown."



UN to the Dom Platz, there in the corner house he is staying. Never came such a man into Oppenheim before."

"The Margrave of Brandenberg and other princes went the other day to Wittenberg to look upon this Luther, the man who made such a stir. They say that three printing presses are kept constantly at work sending his writings through the land. Reading clubs are now

being formed in every great city, and even in the villages, to study his writings," said an aged citizen.

"Have you heard what Luther said about absolution?" asked a third. "The priests refuse to absolve their penitents who read Luther's books. Says Luther: 'If you repent, you shall be forgiven, whether the priest will or no.' If this be true it is good news.

"The Diet that meets at Worms, 28th January, this year of grace, 1521, will deal with naught else but Luther. They say that the new Emperor, Charles the Fifth, means to play him off against the Pope; thank God if he do so, for the Papists mean to burn our little doctor, and they are able."

"True, and it was only the great outcry of the people that induced the Emperor to grant Luther a safe conduct; the herald bearing it reached Wittenberg March 26th, and they say that Luther left that city April 2nd."

"Did they not seek to assassinate him lately?"

"Yea, and it was only God's mercy that prevented the monk, one Hans, from accomplishing his wicked purpose. Had it not been for Luther, the students had torn the villain in pieces."

"They say that at Gotha the devil threw down some of the stones from the church roof, because he hated Luther so."

"Very likely, but look, there he is! See, he opens the window with his left hand. I did not know Luther was left-handed before."

"Who is this?"

"Make way, good people! I am from Spalatin, the Elector's chaplain, with a message for Dr. Luther."

"Make haste, then, and tell us what he says," cried the mob as the man hurried into the doorway.

"Bravo!" he cried as he came back. "Bravo! Never gave soldier braver speech. Says Spalatin, 'Come not to Worms, they will slay you.' Says Dr. Luther: 'I will go to Worms if they carry me. It is

my duty, and, in spite of men and devils, I will go forward. Go ye,' said he to me, 'and tell Spalatin that I would enter Worms if there were as many devils as there are tiles upon the housetops.

"He hath just refused the invitation of the brave Knight of Sickengen, to take shelter with him in his castle. The horsemen sent for him have but just ridden back. Poor monk, they will burn him, unless God works a miracle to save him!"

"Now hush! here he comes! Hark, he is speaking."

"Cease, friend, cease." said Luther to a Knight who walked by his side; "though they kindle a fire all the way from Wittenberg to Worms, the flames of which should reach up to heaven, I will walk through it in the name of God. I will enter the jaws of this great Behemoth, and break his cruel teeth, by the help of God."

"Are you the man? Do you hope to succeed?" cried the crowd.

"I am the man Luther; and I shall succeed by God's help. Now, on to Worms!"

Soon the reddish twin towers appeared over the river bend, as the Rhine loops itself. The city of Worms was nearly mad with excitement. In front rode the imperial herald, bearing the eagle of the empire. Then, in a lumbering wagon with rude curtains, came Luther, sitting with a monastic companion. Behind rode Jonas, Luther's friend, and after them a body of young knights who had ridden out to meet Luther, as soon as the watchman on the walls sounded his trumpet, as a sign that the Doctor was at hand.

"God is my defence," said Luther, as he alighted at the door of the Deutscher Hof, the inn at which he was to stay. He retired at once to his room and fell asleep. But during slumber, he uttered sentences that his friends long quoted. "If I turn my eyes to the world all is over with me. O Lord, my God! stand

with me against the world. I put not my trust in any man; they all fail and change. I put all my trust in Thee, O God. Hast Thou not chosen me for this work? Be on my side, for Christ's sake! If men tear my body, yet shall my soul be safe." Brave yet true words! Luther was immortal till his work was done.

The next day at four o'clock in the afternoon the herald led Luther, through a back way, into the great hall of the bishop's palace, which was thronged; as were indeed all the streets of Worms through which he was expected to pass.

He stood before the door which was to admit him into the presence of his judges, and as he was about to pass through, a kindly hand tapped him on the shoulder, and the valiant old knight, the hero of many battles, George Freundsberg, said, "Poor monk, poor monk! thou art now going to make a nobler stand than I or any other captains have made in the fiercest of our battles. But if thy cause is just, and thou art sure of it, go forward in God's name, and fear nothing. God will not forsake thee!"

The doors were passed, and Luther stood in the presence of the Diet. Never had man appeared before a more imposing assembly. Seated upon the throne was Charles V.; surrounding him were the Archduke Ferdinand, six electors, dukes, margraves, archbishops and bishops, princes, the papal nuncios, and ambassadors—in all, above two hundred. Such was the court before which the reformer stood.

For a moment he was somewhat awed. One of the princes, seeing this, whispered kindly, "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul."

He approached and stood before the throne of the Emperor. Silence for a moment prevailed, and then the chancellor to the Archbishop of Traves, in a clear loud voice said, "Martin Luther, his Sacred Majesty has cited you before his throne to require you to an-

swer two questions: First, Do you acknowledge these books"—pointing to about twenty volumes placed on a table—"to have been written by you? Second, Are you prepared to retract these books and their contents; or do you persist in what you have advanced in them?"

After the titles of the books had been read, Luther made answer to the first question by stating that the books named were his; but as the second question concerned faith and the salvation of souls, he entreated that his Imperial Majesty would allow him time so that he might answer without offending against the Word of God.

As the reformer had spoken in a respectful manner and in a low tone of voice, many thought that he hesitated, and even that he was dismayed. Charles V., who had never taken his eyes off him, turned to one of his courtiers and said with disdain, "Certainly this man will never make a heretic of me."

Luther's request was granted, on the condition that he make his reply on the following day, verbally, and not in writing.

The next day at six o'clock in the evening the torches were lit in the hall, and Luther again admitted.

The princes having taken their seats, the chancellor asked for the reply, when Luther, in a speech which lasted for two hours, reiterated his adherence to the answer formerly given, and his willingness to retract, if convinced that he had been in error.

When he had ceased speaking the chancellor replied with a taunt, "I want an answer without horns."

"You shall have an answer without horns or teeth," said Luther. "Most illustrious Emperor and princes, I have written many books, some against the errors that all men acknowledge. I dare not disavow what I feel to be right."

"You have not answered the question put to you," said Eck angrily. "Will you retract the opinions that

the Pope condemns? You are not called here to preach. Answer at once."

"Since his Majesty requires an answer," said Luther, "I will give a precise one. Unless I am convicted of error by the authority of Scripture, I cannot and will not retract. It is unsafe for a Christian to speak against his conscience." Then looking round upon the brilliant array he spread out his arms and cried in a voice of thunder, **"Here I stand, I can do no other; may God help me! Amen."**

The combined simplicity and majesty of these words struck the august assembly with astonishment. They were thunderstruck, and not a murmur of disapproval was heard. The Emperor recovered himself first and then said, "This monk speaks boldly. He has a stout heart!"

"Retract your errors," cried Eck, "or the Emperor will deal with you as an obstinate heretic."

"God help me!" replied Luther. "I dare retract nothing."

Luther then withdrew, but was soon called back, and another effort was made to induce him to retract.

"Martin, you have not spoken with the modesty you should have preserved," said Eck. "It is absurd to speak of Scripture as you do. Declare simply whether you will retract or no?"

"I have no other answer than the reply I have already made," said Luther calmly.

"The Diet will meet tomorrow to hear the Emperor's opinion," said Eck. "You are dismissed, Luther."

It was now eight o'clock in the evening as Luther went along the crowded streets, escorted by officers.

"Is he going to prison?" cried the mob.

"Nay," answered Luther; "I am only going to my inn."

Luther Translating the Bible.

"As he entered his room a servant approached with a silver tankard. "The Duke of Brunswick invites you to refresh yourself," said the man.

"God be thanked, I am not quite friendless. God remember Duke Eric in the hour of his death," answered Luther.

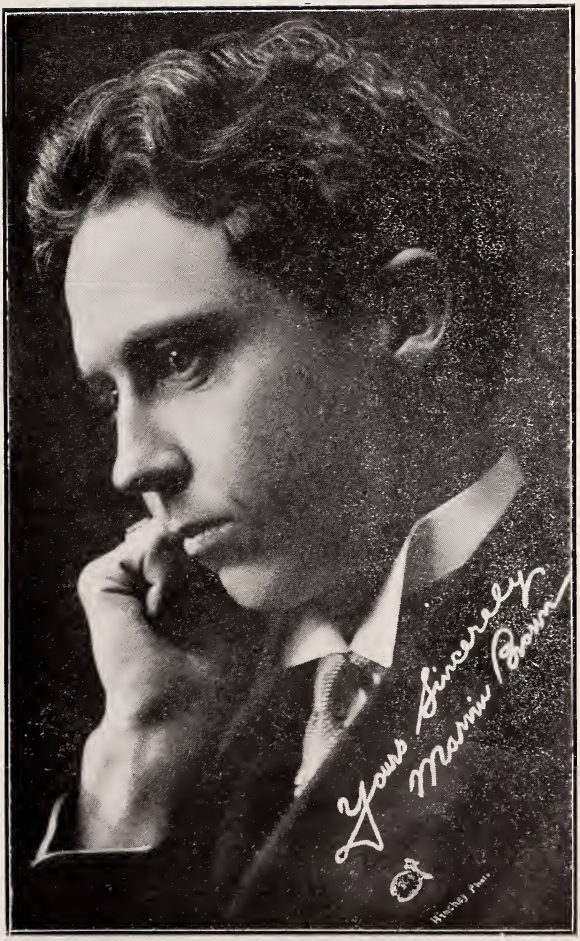
The next day, however, the Emperor declared that he would sacrifice his kingdom, his treasures, his friends, his life, his body and his soul, in order to destroy Luther.

This answer displeased many of the princes, and when the Catholic party demanded that, in spite of the safe conduct, Luther should be thrown into prison and burnt, even Duke George of Saxony opposed such an atrocious breach of faith.

Luther, therefore, was commanded to leave Worms; it being the intention of his enemies to seize him upon his return to Wittenberg.

On Friday, April 26th, Luther left Worms, the imperial herald accompanying him part of the way. At Eisenach, the scene of his childhood, he preached in the church; leaving the little town to visit Mora to see his aged grandmother. He spent the night with his uncle, Heinz, in whose house he preached the next morning, Saturday, May 4th.

Accompanied by Jonas, the doctor entered the rude, lumbering wagon with its broad wooden wheels, and they rode talking together about the exciting events at Worms. Towards evening they reached Altenstein, whence the Thuringian forest, with mountain ash, oak, lime, and beech, in their first fresh green, showing in peeps of beauty. As the road bent round to the southeast, in a sandy hollow, a band of masked horsemen suddenly dashed through the trees from the castle, attacked the monk's companions, and carried off Luther.


Yours Sincerely
Marion Davies
Winchell Smith

William Lloyd Clark.

## Part II.

### The Last Few Hours of Luther's Life.

"The just shall live by faith."

NOW accompanied by his sons and his friend, Dr. Jonas, Luther reached Eisleben, the place of his birth. Though his health was fast failing, he preached there four times, besides engaging in other services, but towards the evening of the 17th of February he complained much of oppression of the chest, and had himself rubbed with warm cloths. This somewhat relieved him, and he walked down stairs in company with his son. "There is no pleasure in being alone," he said. "Nothing frightens the devil so much as when two or three Christian people get together and sing and are happy in the Lord."

All through the evening meal he chatted and instructed the company after his usual manner. He retired early to his room and prayed fervently. After a time he became anxious and troubled, and was once more rubbed with warm cloths.

"Give me my medicine," he said; "it is nearly nine o'clock, and nothing vexes the devil so much as when preachers go early to bed. When he can keep the parson awake late at night he worries him with the wicked things that people say about him. Early to bed and pray yourself to sleep, and the preacher wakes up to praise God."

He lay down upon a couch and slept until half past ten.

With the words, "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit, for Thou hast redeemed me, Thou God of truth," he rose and went into the adjoining room. Re-

tiring to bed, he slept peacefully until nearly one. He then awoke and bade his servant heat the room.

"It is warm, master."

"Then this cold is death. How ill I am; I shall die in this house where I was born."

He returned to the adjoining room and lay down upon the couch. There he was rubbed again with warm cloths.

"Thank God, he is beginning to perspire. It will relieve him," said Count Albert.

"No. It is the cold sweat of death," replied Luther. Then he broke out into a fervent cry—

"O mighty God! I confess myself a sinner, trusting solely upon the atonement of the Lord Jesus. He is my only salvation. O Christ! in Thee have I trusted. O Lord Jesus Christ! in Thee do I trust."

Then he repeated—

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil," adding, after a pause, with tearful energy, "For Thou art with me!"

Then he said, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Take this medicine," said his friend Colius.

"I am going and shall soon render up my spirit," said Luther, repeating three times, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit, for Thou hast redeemed me, Thou God of truth!"

He then lay quite still, making no reply to the questions of those about him until, after rubbing his pulse with strengthening waters, Dr. Jonas said in his ear:

"Reverend father, will you stand by Christ and the doctrine you have preached? Does it stand the agony of death?"

"Yes! yes! a thousand times yes!" cried Luther, and turning upon his side he fell asleep.

In less than a quarter of an hour his feet grew cold. Between one and two o'clock in the morning of February 18th, 1546, he drew a deep sigh and passed away. Thus, as the night was passing into morning in Eisleben, Luther entered into the brightness which knows no sunset.

There are sunsets which have no sunrise; there are sunsets preceding eternal day. Will thy sun go down to set no more, or wilt thou close thine eyes upon earth to open them in the beauty of the King?

Hundreds came to view the body, a deep smile of peace resting upon the worn face. On the following day, Saturday, the 19th of February, a solemn procession accompanied the body to Wittenberg, where it arrived on the 22nd.

Along the route the bells of the churches were tolled, and amid national mourning they laid his body in the Castle church, upon the doors of which he had nailed his famous theses.

"He was taken away from the evil to come," said Melancthon. "I dreaded his old age; but oh, to have him back again! I leaned upon him as the ivy does upon the oak tree. Alack, there are none like him now!"

"But his work will go on," said Cranoch, the artist. "It is like one of my paintings: once done, they speak when we are silent and gone. I should not wonder if even England and Scotland will be affected by his influence, and the time may come when every country in Europe will be delivered from the tyranny of the Pope."

Luther's wife did not long survive him. In 1552 she died at Torgau, 20th December, being buried in the great church there.

"Children," she said, "your father appeared to me, and his eyes were more brilliant than ever; he carried his head even more erect than he did during life; and his voice, that I have pined to hear many and many a

day, was even sweeter than when it used to make the roof ring with its laugh: 'The age is wicked, dear Kate," he said. 'Men did not receive the Word of God from my lips, and they must suffer the horrors of war until they are better persuaded. But come thou quickly, and bid the children to come speedily to us both in heaven.' I am going to him through the merits of Christ. Oh, come all of you, and let us be a family complete in heaven."

So saying, she closed her eyes, and opened them to look on Christ whom, not having seen, she had loved.

# CHAPTER IX

## JOHN KNOX.

JOHN KNOX, Reformer, of Scotland, was born at Haddington in 1505. He received a liberal education, beginning in his native town, and at the age of sixteen entered the University of Glasgow, but for some unknown cause left the University without qualifying himself to take the degree of Master of Arts. A number of years of Knox's life is involved in obscurity, but it is probable that he took orders in the Church of Rome as secular priest about 1530.

The martyrdom of Wishart, in 1546, was the turning point in the spiritual life of Knox, determining him to renounce scholastic theology and to profess his adherence to the Protestant faith. As this subjected him to suspicion and trouble he resolved to leave Scotland and visit the schools of Germany, but was dissuaded by Douglas of Longhiddrie, and Cockburn of Ormiston, to whose sons he had for some time been acting as private tutor, and upon the advice of his friends, he entered the castle of St. Andrews, as a place of safety from the Romish clergy, along with his pupils.

In June of the same year (1547), the Catholics of Scotland and France joined their forces to avenge the death of Cardinal Beaton by capturing the Protestant garrison of St. Andrews, and the castle surrendered. It was stipulated that the lives of the refugees should be spared; that they should be removed to France and such of them as declined entering into the French service should be conveyed to any other country

except Scotland. Knox, sharing the fate of his companions, was conveyed on one of the French ships to Rouen and the captives were treated as prisoners of war, and compelled to labor, being loaded with chains. Here they were subjected to many indignities and much suffering, but each was true to his faith.

The hardships to which he had been subjected produced a very serious effect upon his health, and he was seized with a violent fever of which no hope was entertained for his recovery. He, however, gained his strength and during his captivity had sufficient energy of mind to engage in literary work. After an imprisonment of nineteen months, Knox obtained his release from the French galley in February, 1549. On obtaining his liberty, he came to London and was favorably received by Archbishop Cranmer and the Lords of Council. He labored with his characteristic fervor and zeal, exposing the errors of Romanism with unsparing severity. Having been accused of asserting that the sacrifice of the mass is idolatrous, he was summoned to appear before the bishop and to give an account of his preaching, and he accordingly entered into a full defence of his opinions, and with utmost boldness, argued that the mass is a superstitious and idolatrous substitute for the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

A few years later he was appointed one of the six chaplains to Edward VI., in which capacity he acted until the death of Edward, in 1553, after which he left England and finally returned to Scotland, where he continued to preach the doctrines he firmly adhered to. During the intervening years to the time of his death, Knox was actively engaged in his two favorite employments, preaching and writing, experiencing many trials of his faith. From 1559 to the close of his life the biography of the Reformer becomes inseparably connected with the history of Scotland. Among his most noteworthy public appearance during his last

years were the coronation of the infant James VI, where he preached the coronation sermon; he also preached at the opening of Parliament the same year, when the Confession of Faith Acts in favor of Reformed religion were solemnly ratified. He was now becoming quite weak and feeble, and made only two more public appearances. The first of these was when, in September, tidings came to Edinburgh of the St. Bartholomew massacre. Being assisted to the pulpit and summoning up the remainder of his strength, he thundered out the vengeance of heaven against "that cruel murderer and false traitor, the King of France." The other occasion on which the debilitated Reformer appeared in public was the induction of Lawson, subprincipal of King's College, Aberdeen, as his successor, which took place in November. After taking a leading and solemn part in the services, he crept down the street, leaning upon his staff and the arm of his attendant, and entered his house never to leave it alive. The Reformer died on November 24th, 1572, in his sixty-seventh year.

## JOHN KNOX.

### Part I.

**(From "Memories of Mighty Men of God," by J. J. Ellis.)**

"Patriots have toiled, and in their country's cause bled nobly;
And their deeds, as they deserve, receive proud recompense.
But fairer wreaths are due to those who,
Posted at the shrine of truth, have fallen in her defence."

"I thought that you were a quiet, peaceable man of God, John Knox; but to fling their painted image of the Virgin Mary into the river is sheer madness! I am sure our lot is hard enough already, without the awful flogging we are sure to receive when the captain returns and hears from the priests what has happened."

The speaker was a sturdy Dutchman, chained, as were his companions, to the benches of the galley, a long, narrow warship, propelled by oars and manned by criminals, or prisoners of war; but at that time in France especially by those who were not Romanists.

"I care not for these French idolaters and their graven image," said John Knox, a well-formed, sturdy Scotchman, whose strong mind manifested itself in every movement of his face and form. "I have borne long time with their vile folly, and whatever happens, I care not now."

"What did he then, that you are so nervous about?" asked an Englishman who had only been transferred from the land prison to the galley a few hours previously. "This John Knox seems a ringleader in mischief; and yet I love the face of the sturdy rogue. What wickedness have you committed now, fellow slave?"

"Like your nation, whom I love well, though of course ye are only second to the Scotch," replied Knox, lifting his chained hand to obtain a little ease, aching as it did from the heavy irons upon it. "Ye English always like to probe into all secrets, but I will pleasure ye a little, knave. We came from Rouen to Nantes a few weeks since, and are to winter here on the river Loire until the spring, when it is said that we are to attack the English. I know not how to endure the bitter taunts of the priests, that cut into my soul far more painfully than the whips of the officers do our bare backs. But this morning, after the captain had gone ashore upon his love affairs, the priests carried a wooden image of the Virgin Mary along the benches. They offered the doll to me to be kissed. I bade them begone and vex me not. But one priest pushed the doll into my face, and made me take it into my hands. I took hold of the idol and flung it into the river, and when they looked horrified, I laughed at them and said, 'Let our lady now save herself. She is light

enough; let her learn to swim.' They fished the image out of the water and dried its clothes, and now they are saying masses to make atonement for what they call the sin."

"They will give out tomorrow that the wooden block has performed a miracle," said the Dutchman. "Bah! I cannot tolerate the folly. And yet if a man will not say that he believes this nonsense, they tear

**John Knox.**

him from his home, and send him to labor as a slave in the galleys."

"Better be silent; the officers will be along directly," said a thin, slender Frenchman, who was stationed on the same bench.

"No fear of them," replied the Dutchman. "They are drinking in the captain's room. Let us have a

talk. My tongue aches for a little friendly chat. Tell me, Knox, for I love thee, how came you here?"

"I was born in 1505," replied Knox, "at Haddington, in East Lothian, Scotland. The house, with a fair plot of land, is in a part of the town called Giffordgate, and had belonged to my ancestors for some generations. My father's ancestors were noble; but, alas! their wealth had not come with their name to me. From the Grammar School of the town I went to the University of St. Andrews. There John Major was my teacher, and from him I learned to think for myself, and not to be content to regard myself as the slave of priests and kings. After taking my degree I taught in the University, and in 1530, when I was about 25 years of age, I was ordained a priest after the Popish mode. But the vile lives of the clergy disgusted me with them, as much as their foolish studies mocked my desire to know the truth."

"Ay," said the Englisman, "it is like feeding hungry men with egg shells and chalk eggs. Nothing like the Scriptures to satisfy and comfort the soul."

"So I found," replied Knox. "But it was the fourteenth of John that spake first to my heart. Here, thought I, is what I desire, and I seized upon the Divine Word with the joy and appreciation of a starving man. When the heart feels itself lost and aching it delights in the very syllables of Scripture. How the words glowed with a sweet perfume of love, and with what delight did I read them!"

"But did the priests permit you to believe and teach these new doctrines?" asked the Dutchman. "Wherever men begin to read the Bible, and to think, they break away from the Pope, but, poor things! they generally have to suffer for it."

"So, alas, it was in Scotland! That foul Cardinal Beaton seized George Wishart, my teacher in the things of Christ. Wishart would not allow me to abide with him; but on the night he was apprehended

by Bothwell he said to me, 'Nay, John, nay, let not the Cardinal destroy thee also. Return to thy work, and God Himself bless you. Me they will kill; one is enough for a sacrifice; and, beside, ye will be needed some day.' He was speedily committed to ward in the Castle of Edinburgh, and very shortly afterwards removed to St. Andrews by command of the Cardinal, who, assisted by the Archbishop of Glasgow, began preparations for his trial. In March, 1546, being arraigned on various charges, Wishart defended himself meekly, and with a profound knowledge of the Scriptures, but was quickly condemned to the stake. On the 28th he was led out to execution, having a rope round his neck and a heavy chain round his waist. When compassed by flames from the burning faggots, the dying martyr foretold the violent death which was to overtake his cruel persecutor, and which was fulfilled within three months thereafter."

"What did ye when he was gone?" asked the Englishman.

"I clave to God and His Word in strong prayer and faith," replied Knox. "Methought I was alone now, without helper or friend, but then the consolations of God were mighty within me. I taught in the family of Hugh Douglas of Longniddrie, in East Lothian, and as I might not preach I expounded the Scriptures to my pupils, suffering all who desired to attend."

"And did many strangers come to hear?" asked the Englishman.

"Yea, they did, and with great profit to their souls; glory to God for it," replied Knox. "But see the hand of God. The wicked Cardinal Beaton meditated slaying me, but some whom he had grievously harmed set upon him and slew him while he was hunting for those who read the Bible. I knew not about the deed until afterwards, but I cannot but say that he died for his crimes. In 1547 I followed my pupils into the castle

of St. Andrews, where the men who had slain the Cardinal had taken shelter, with others who desired to be free from the priests. While in St, Andrews, during the time that the Cardinal's brother (a spirit akin to the Cardinal in very truth) besieged us, I received my call to the ministry."

"How was that?" asked the Dutchman.

"Why, thus. John Rough, the minister who was over us, had often urged me to undertake the charge of preaching," said Knox, "but I ever resisted his appeal. At length one day during sermon he turned himself towards where I sat, and said in the hearing of all, 'Brothers, ye do ill to neglect the call of God. Ye are endowed with gifts that the Church requires, and I charge ye not to tarry, but to take up the work of preaching and laboring in the pastor's office.'

"As I sat confused, he turned to the congregation and asked them, saying, 'Did ye not so charge me, and do I not this by your commandment?' It thrilled my heart like to rending to hear the strong armed men and gentle women reply, 'Yea, it is our call.'

"I left the kirk in sore agony of mind, but after long prayer I obeyed the voice of God, and began to preach in the congregation."

"And with what success?" asked the slim Frenchman. "I myself have preached, and know how the heart aches when no results follow the earnest pleadings of the preacher."

"I bless God," answered Knox, "that many through my words, renounced the Pope, but I cannot say if they all have accepted Christ. Many, I fear, will be content with giving up the Pope, and will not trouble about complying with the call of Christ. But in June, 1547, a French fleet came before St. Andrews, and the city was taken from us. I was brought here; and in spite of the promises made to us when the city capitulated, I was sent to the galleys."

"Papists regard not promises when they think that a lie will better serve their purpose," said the Dutchman. "One day I will tell thee how they served me. But take heed, the fellows on the reserved seats are making signs; the captain or priests are coming."

"Reserved seats!" asked the last comer. "What do you mean?"

"Those seats are so called," replied the Dutchman, pointing forward. "The slaves chained there are servants of the captain, and they never get beaten. They wait upon the captain, and eat the remnants from his table. When he dines they all stand with heads uncovered, in sign of respect. But silence, or we shall get the lash."

During the summer (1548) the galleys were sent out in search of English vessels, and in their voyage at length came near the Scottish coasts between Dundee and St. Andrews.

"See you that coast?" asked the Dutchman of Knox. "Know ye yon place?"

"Yea, I know it well," replied Knox. "I can see the steeple of that place in which God first opened my lips to bear testimony to His grace; and weak as I now am I am fully persuaded that I sahll not depart this life before I have once more glorified God, there by preaching."

"Prophesy not," said the Dutchman, "and yet it is strange how thy words come true."

"Let be; this shall come true also," said John Knox. "Only take heed, for I know what I say."

In the following February (1549) the galley in which Knox was confined was attacked by the English, and after a furious combat was seized as a prize by them. The slaves found on board were carried to London and set free. John Knox found himself at last released from his chains. He decided to stay in this (to him) unknown country until Scotland should be a safe residence for him. But why he stayed he

did not as yet know, as with us, God was leading him graciously by a way that concealed to accomplish the designs that cannot fail. "I will do this; I did that," says some man, not seeing that he will only do, after all, what God permits, and that only by the strength that God gives, for reasons, and with consequences known only to God. Each man seems to study navigation out of his own cabin window, but, after all, the man at the helm guides the ship. We do our own will, as we imagine; but the Lord at the helm carries our ideas and attempts to the port that He intends.

## Part II.

"Remember that the nearer we attain
A perfect state, a finer sense is given
To thrill with pleasure or to throb with pain."

"If God for thy portion thou hast 'ta'en,
There's Christ to support thee in every pain,
The world to respect thee thou wilt gain,
To fear thee, the fiend and all his train."

"Friendship! what hallowed memories round thee cling;
For Jesus had His John, and so we bring
Our friendships sweetly to be blessed by Him."

"Oh, wife, I am so wearied," said John Knox, as he entered his home one evening in 1570. "I have been seeking to make Grange see the error of his ways. That man's soul is very dear to me, and I would fain that he should repent while it is yet time. He meant to have slain me; I think would have done so had not the citizens of Edinburgh warned him that they would not suffer him to do me harm. Oh, how distressed I feel!"

"Heed him not, he cannot harm you," said Margaret. "Come, supper is waiting."

"I have little appetite for supper," said her husband, seating himself wearily, "but perhaps the appetite will come. I fear not for myself, though the future is dark and dread. What I grieve about is the poor, deluded man who will, I fear, die in his sins. Oh, poor Grange, to put from himself the offer of mercy and turn back to sin!"

"Was he not once a member of your congregation?" asked Margaret, who judged it wiser to permit the grief to have expression.

"Yea, and a more hopeful youth I knew not. So lowly in his own eyes, and so earnest in his endeavors to serve God. How tender he was of conscience! But he has turned aside because he thinks to mend his estate by serving the enemies of Christ. Alas, he will find, as others have done, that serving Satan is bad policy."

"But, father," said one of his sons, "I would for our sake that ye were not so plain-speaking. Men mock at us for your sake. Do not be so careful to speak about sin."

"I am not a man of law, who has his tongue to sell for gold or the favor of the world," replied Knox. "What I feel to be right I must say; and, God, helping me, no fear of consequences shall ever prevent my saying the word of the Lord."

"Oh, father, I knew ye would be glad to hear it," said his son; "but I went along the high street this afternoon, thinking upon your sermon the Sabbath agone. It seemed as if a voice cried, 'Dost thou love the Lord, and wilt thou serve Him too?' I turned to see, but there was no one near me, and while I mused in myself I heard the voice again. I looked one more about me, but no one was near me, and the third time the call came. I cannot tell what it may be, but I replied with all my heart, 'Yea, I do love God.' But what is the matter?" he exclaimed.

His father's face was strangely contorted, his arm hung powerless, and his head lay back as if the soul of John Knox had already fled. He was struck with apoplexy, and it was a long time before he recovered his speech perfectly.

When he did so it was to find his enemies more malicious and active than ever. His friends watched his house during the night time lest the Popish party should kill him during the darkness.

"He must leave Edinburgh, or they will kill him without fail," said one citizen to Knox's son.

"Let him go to St. Andrews, and there abide until the danger is past," said another.

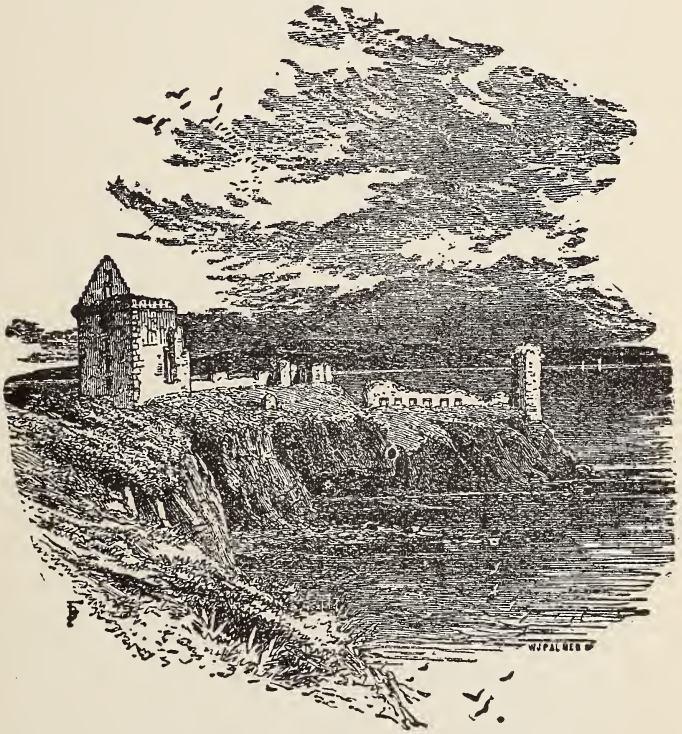
"That he will never do," replied young Knox. "My father will never desert his post because of danger."

"Then he will be attacked, and we shall fight to defend him," said the first speaker. "If blood is shed in the quarrel, as will certainly be, it will be upon his head. If he wants to prevent bloodshed he will go."

This argument prevailed with John Knox, and on the 5th of May, 1571, he left Edinburgh for St. Andrews. But here he had no rest from the incessant demands upon him. In the pulpit he was as vigorous as ever. Said one who knew him thn, "When I looked upon his feeble, shattered form, I marvelled that he as ever. Said one who knew him then, "When I looked his text all his feebleness seemed to depart, and I began to tremble and shake, so that I could not write. He flung off the fur around his neck, and stood forth a comely young man, as it seemed, striking the pulpit as if he would beat it into tinder, or were eager to fly out of it to punish our sins. Oh, it was a sermon that burned into me like the fire of God. I have never heard the like."

On the 17th of August he left St. Andrews to return to his beloved Edinburgh.

"Here I come, John Knox, with a dead hand but a glad heart," said he as he entered the city, "praising and blessing God, that He will not leave His people desolate, but will raise up for them faithful preachers



CASTLE OF ST. ANDREWS.

of His Word. Oh, I am weary of the world, and daily looking for the coming of my Lord to finish this battle. Pray for me, good people," he said entering his doorway. He looked upon the sad faces that noticed his feebleness. "Pray for me, that God may call me home."

"Alack, he will never come out alive," said one man, and so all who saw him believed.

But in September the couriers brought news about the fearful massacre of St. Bartholomew. Before the horror that seized the city had diminished, fresh details came by successive posts, until Scotland was in a frenzy of anger and horror.

"Carry me to my pulpit," said Knox; and they did so. With a mighty effort he summoned all his little strength and denounced the vengeance of God upon the wicked king who had committed this foul wrong. Said he, in tones that long lived in the memory of his hearers, "Let the French ambassador tell his master that sentence is pronounced against him in Scotland. Let him say to the King of France that vengeance will never depart from his house unless he repent. Tell ye this persecutor that his name shall descend to all time as a scorn and a reproach, and none of his race shall possess the kingdom of peace."

The ambassador quitted the kingdom in a rage, the Regent refusing to silence Knox.

But the days of Knox's preaching were nearly over. On Sunday, the 9th of November, he preached in the Tolbooth church, Edinburgh.

"I protest," he said, "before God, whom I shall shortly see, that I have walked before you all with a good conscience. I have preached the gospel with all my might, and now leave the work in the hands of Him, who hath glorified Himself by me."

He walked up the street leaning upon his servant's arm, the people following eagerly to catch a last sight of their beloved leader and friend. Through the lines of anxious, loving faces the aged man crept feebly, until he entered his house for the last time.

On the following Tuesday he was much worse, and the physicians gave him little or no relief.

On Thursday he called his secretary, Richard Bannatyne, and said, "Read me each day that I am

alive, with a distinct voice the seventeeth chapter of St. John, the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and a chapter from the Epistle to the Ephesians. Especially read me that fourteenth chapter in John," he said. "It was there I cast anchor at first, and there I anchor my soul still. Alack! Alack! my anchors would not find other hold, but I am there held fast. Oh, Richard, anchor thy soul fast in this solid, unchanging hold!"

As he lay a long time silent, Richard paused in his reading and asked, "Oh, master, are you asleep? Can you hear?"

'Yea, I praise God I can hear His true Word, and I understand it far better than I ever did. Now I behold the length and breadth and depth of that word of promise upon which my soul relies."

"Think of your family," said Lord Ruthven. "If I am able to do anything to serve you, I pray you charge me."

"I care not for the pleasures of this world," replied the dying man. "Live in Christ! Live in Christ! and then ye will need nought and will fear nought."

"What a comfort it must be to you!" said Lady Ruthven, who had accompanied her husband into the sick room. "How you must enjoy thinking upon what good you have done!"

"Tongue! tongue! Heed thy tongue today. The proud flesh needs not any to puff it up. Do ye mind what I said to you when ye were quite a bairn? 'Lady, lady,' said I, 'the black one has never trampled upon your foot,' but in truth you must lay aside your pride, and be humble as a little child in the service of Jesus Christ."

On the 2rd, which day was a Sabbath, he broke out into a cry, "If any be present let him now come and see the work of God. I am willing to lie here for many years, if but God will shine upon my soul through Jesus Christ," Then stretching out his hand, he cried,

"Lord, thou knowest my troubles. O Lord, make an end of my sorrows."

"Go read where I cast my anchor," he said to his wife, and she read the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel.

"Is it not a comfortable chapter?" said Knox. "Oh, what sweet and wonderful consolations God hath afforded me in that chapter! Now let me sleep!"

The next day he was apparently in a stupor, and when he roused himself to consciousness he sank into a heavy sleep, during which he uttered heavy groans.

The watchers expected every moment to be his last, but after a long time he opened his eyes.

"Why did you sigh so?" said Knox. "I have had many conflicts with the devil, but never have I had such a battle with Satan as now. The great enemy hath often placed my sins before mine eyes and tempted me to despair, but now he attacked me in quite a different way. He, the cunning old serpent, labored to persuade me that I had merited heaven by a faithful discharge of my ministry. But, blessed be God, I beat down this temptation, for the Spirit of God suggested to me that I should answer, 'By the grace of God I am what I am, and 'What hast thou that thou hast not received?' Now I have gotten the victory and in a little while I shall depart to be forever beyond pain or noise of battle. No more fighting! No more fighting! But rest and joy in the Lord!"

At eleven o'clock he heaved a deep sigh and said, "Now it is come! Now it is come!"

Richard Bannatyne drew near and asked, "Oh, master, think on the comfortable promises of Jesus Christ that you have often declared to others, and since ye cannot speak, give us a sign that you die in peace, resting upon Christ."

John Knox lifted up his hands, and sighing twice, he departed where sighing and sin can never come.

He was but 67 years of age, but his great sufferings had worn out his body more than the strain of years. A widow and five children, two of whom were sons, remained behind to inherit the precious legacy of a good man's prayers.

The cause for which John Knox had suffered and toiled did not die when he passed away. His bold and fearless advocacy of the truth had an abiding influence in the hearts of many of God's people, and gave them courage to confess Christ and to testify to the mighty power of the grace of God.

Strong evils and stout adversaries require qualities such as John Knox possessed in a pre-eminent degree. His austerity, hardness and perseverance were all required in the warfare that brings no pain to the conquered, and which is after all to be won by righteousness, meekness, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

---

## JOHN RUNYAN

### Born 1628—Died 1688.

### (His Early Life and Conversion.)

JOHN BUNYAN, one of our greatest religious writers, was born at Elstow, England, about a mile from Bedford, in the year 1628. He may be said to have been born a tinker, which, in his day, was not looked upon as a favorable occupation, since many of the tinkers were of a low degree, commonly known as vagrants and pilferers, and classed with the gipsies on account of their resemblance.

However, in this last respect the father of John Bunyan was an exception to the class. Instead of wanderers from place to plate, the elder Bunyan had an established domicile in Bedfordshire, where the son was taught to read and write in a village school.

His younger days were given up to miscellaneous thoughts concerning the future, drifting in study from one system of religion to another, only to meet with disappointment with each change. Harrowing thoughts regarding his condition followed him constantly, until he came to a realization of his lost condition away from God—without hope.

It was while tarrying one day in the hospitable home of John Gifford* in Bedford, that his great need of conversion came to him forcibly. Being heavy at heart, with a load of sin following him over the path of life, he sought help from this neighbor in Bedford.

Bunyan related his condition to Mr. Gifford and acquainted him with his remorse of conscience and sadness of heart, to which Mr. Gifford replied: "God must have some purpose of grace in your condition, or He had not permitted you to seek Him so long and in such distress."

"Oh, but ye know not what anguish I have felt! As I came along the road, Iwas sore tempted to try and work a miracle. I had nigh bade the puddles in the path be dry, and dry places become puddles; but for fear it should appear that I had no faith, and was therefore a castaway, I hesitated to make the trial.

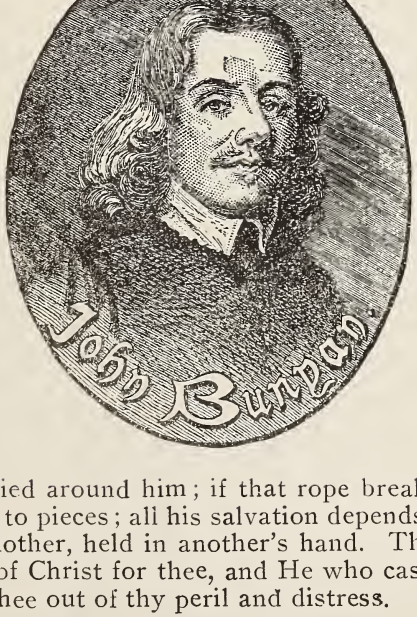
"Oh, and the anguish I have felt when night and day the voices in my heart have cried, 'Sell Christ! sell Christ! yea, sell Him!' and I have shuddered deep in my soul lest I should have done the Judas deed! Oh, for some stout texts of scripture to stand at my back when the rush of the enemy is upon me! Woe is me! What shall I do?"

"There is nought for thee to do but to seek pardon at the foot of the Cross. Consider this if thou does feel a thousand times more than thou canst ever do,

---

***Mr. Gifford is pictured in "Pilgrims' Progress" as "Evangelist".**

yet thou wilt not ever feel enough the sore burden of thy sins. Consider how many and black are thine iniquities, and how persistent thou hast been in thy rejection of the mercy of God proclaimed in Christ Jesus! Oh, it is good for thee to realize how black and foul thou art; and how desperate thy case is apart from Christ! Thou are like a man being drawn from a pit by a single rope. He does nought but cling to




the rope tied around him; if that rope break he must be dashed to pieces; all his salvation depends upon the rope of another, held in another's hand. That rope is the work of Christ for thee, and He who cast the rope will pull thee out of thy peril and distress.

"But I would specially charge thee not to rest content till thou art established upon the rock Christ Jesus. Be well persuaded, and that by scriptural proofs alone, that thou are passed from death unto life.

Fill thy spirit from the well of the Bible; drink deeply and often of its gracious words if thou wouldst be strong. Depend upon it, it is neglect of the Bible that causes the anguish and weakness of many Christians; thou canst not be strong or useful save by the influ-

ence of the inwrought word, and to it I would commend thee."

With many gracious words did the teacher urge his friend to seek knowledge and certainty in the Book of God; and so they parted as the evening drew on.

Bunyan procured a Bible, but read only the historical books, avoiding with a strange perversity the Epistles of Paul. He set the Commandments before

him as his way to heaven and for a year lived a reformed life externally. He was looked upon as a prodigy of piety. His neighbors, who had been shocked as his daring wickedness, were much pleased with the change and Bunyan, ever eager for the sympathy of others, rejoiced greatly in their esteem and commendations; yet was inwardly conscious that they were not fully deserved; "for," he writes, "had I then died my state had been most fearful."

"Wife, said Bunyan, one day in course of conversation at home, "is there such a Scripture as 'I must go to Jesus'?" She replied, "I cannot tell." Therefore he stood musing to see if he could remember it. In the course of a few minutes, he recalled what is written in the twelfth chapter of Hebrews: "Ye are come to Mount Zion . . to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the New Testament, and to the blood of sprinkling." Then with joy he told his wife, "Oh, now I know, I know!" He writes, "That night was a good night to me; I have had but a few better; I longed for the company of some of God's people, that I might have imparted upon them what God had showed to me. I could scarce lie in my bed for joy, and peace, and triumph through Christ. All my former darkness had fled away, and the blessed things of heaven were set in my view. These words have oft since that time been great refreshment to my spirit. Blessed be God for having had mercy on me!"

Being now able to confess Christ as his Saviour, he was baptized by Mr. Gifford, and enrolled in the membership of the church. This took place in the same year as that in which Oliver Cromwell became Lord Protector, 1653, Bunyan himself being about twenty-five years of age.

About two years after his conversion he began to preach. While he was of humble birth and without a knowledge of Greek or Latin, with practically

no education, yet he possessed a power not found among the pharisees of his time. Immediately his sermons had a powerful effect and his fame soon spread beyond the borders of Bedfordshire. Soul hungry people from the lower walks of life, along with an

element of stiff, curious persons, thronged his services. In the powerful tones of a prophet of God he denounced the high-brow, haughty pharisaical church of his day, boldly condemning the dead forms in both pulpit and pew; denounced the liturgy of the Church of England, at the same time saying, "Those who have most the spirit of prayer are to be found in the jails; and those who have most zeal for the form of prayer are to be found in the ale

houses." He had been preaching five years when the Restoration put it in the power of the clergy and their supporters, all over the country, to suppress the dissenters. Of all dissenters, Bunyan perhaps suffered the most. In November, 1660, he was thrown into Bedford jail, and there remained, with some intervals of liberty, for a period of twelve years. His persecutors used every persuasion to depreciate his labors, but all in vain. Various threats were made against him while resting in the dismal, cold, damp dungeon of the jail. First, he was told that if he would stop preaching he could have his liberty; second, he was threatened with banishment from the country if he persisted in following his calling, and that his neck would be stretched if he ever again was found in England. His answer was, "If you let me out today, I will preach again tomorrow." He was fully determined to obey God rather than men. Year after year he lay in his dungeon cell, compared with which the worst to be found today would be a palace. His fortitude was the more extraordinary because of unusual domestic conditions at home. Besides his wife, he had several small children, and among them a daughter who was blind and whom he loved with a peculiar tenderness. While he was held back of the jail bars he knew that his family suffered, that the little blind daughter needed food and clothing. Often his faithful wife came and begged of the jailer permission to visit John. His faithful wife should be counted along with him as truly a *martyr for the old gospel of Christ.

---

***She was made to suffer for him and for the children because of Bunyan's stand and her own loyalty to the principle cipies that had long since controlled her husband.**

Bunyan in Jail.

While in jail, Bunyan gave spiritual help to his fellow prisoners and formed among them a little flock, of which he was himself the pastor.

In 1671 the Cabal was in power. Charles II had concluded a treaty by which he bound himself to set up the Roman Catholic religion in England. The first step which he took towards that end was to annul, by an unconstitutional exercise of his perogative, all the penal statutes against the Roman Catholics, and then tried to disguise his real design by at the same time annulling the penal statutes against Protestant Noncomformists. However, this later act set Bunyan at liberty, after about twelve years' imprisonment.

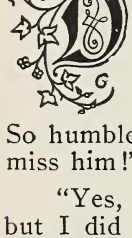
Before he left prison he had begun the book, known to perhaps millions of readers, which has made his name immortal. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is a treatise, in which he had occasion to speak of the various stages of the Christians' progress. He compared that progress to a pilgrimage through life, mainly after conversion, in which the Christian meets with trials, hardships and manifold temptations along the course as he presses through to the portals of glory. Having himself been a partaker of the trials and persecutions that usually befall those singular characters that leave the old beaten tracks of the clergy and strike for God. The great peace and deep experience possessed by John Bunyan had been bought with a price.

His title to a place in the kingdom of heaven was clear. It was his "fee simple" possession, "to have and to hold" throughout the endless ages of eternity. He had a possession that the world cannot give, neither can it take away. John Bunyan, God's faithful martyr, was a "seeker of pearls" who, when he found one pearl of great price, sold all that he had and bought that pearl. He died on Friday, August 31st, 1688.

# CHAPTER X

**Closing Chapter from the Life of John Wesley.**

---



ID you hear the news from America?" asked one preacher of another, as they met for conference in the Foundry, then as now the Mecca of Methodism.

"About Whitfield's death, do you mean? I am heartily sorry, for Whitfield was all afire to save souls and serve Christ. So humble and loving too! How John Wesley will miss him!"

"Yes, he is much cut to the heart by the tidings, but I did not refer so much to Whitfield," said his friend. " I mean that it is reported that the American Methodists have appointed one of their preachers to be a bishop."

"Indeed! Who is he?"

"Asbury. And Wesley has written to them: 'I study to be little; you study to be great. I creep; you strut along. I found a school, you found a college. Oh, beware! Do not seek to be something. Let me be nothing and Christ be all in all! How can you, how dare you suffer yourself to be called a bishop? I shudder, I start at the very thought. Men call me a knave or a fool, a rascal, a scoundrel, and I am content; but they shall never, by my consent, call me a BISHOP!' "

"Yes, he loves to cleave to the Church. Are you going to take tea with John Wesley, in his house to-

John Wesley.

night? You know that he invites a few preachers to do so?"

"No; I went last evening; but do you know as we sat round the great teapot, holding nearly a gallon, I felt so stupid I could not look at him, and kept reading the grace, which is, as you know printed upon the sides of the teapot in blue lines upon the white ground, and kept saying over to myself:

"Be present at our table, Lord;
Be here and everywhere adored.
These creatures bless and grant that we
May feast in paradise with Thee.'

"Just then he turned the teapot round, and as a sign that we had finished, pointed to the grace printed on the other side of the big teapot:

"We thank Thee, Lord for this our food.
But more because of Jesus' blood;
Let manna to our souls be given.
The bread of life sent down from heaven."

"One of our preachers now spoke up, and said he: 'Mr Wesley, Mr. Wesley! If we are to live in harmony, brethren must not find fault.'

"'What is the matter, John?" asked Mr. Wesley.

"'Oh,' said he, pointing to me, 'Joseph has been telling me of this and that; I can never please him. What have my faults to do with Joseph?'"

"What did Wesley Say?"

"He smiled sweetly, and quietly said: 'If any brother sees any fault in me, I'll thank him to tell me of it.' John said nothing, and I felt so relieved that the matter was ended."

"Just like him. John Wesley is the man to heal a difference. A true peacemaker I am sure he is.'

"But come, make haste; we shall be late for the conference," said one of the two, and they both hurried along to take their seats.

"Dear brethren," said Wesley, the president, after all the members of the conference were assembled, "I

pray you to be in earnest. I well remember Dr. Lufton saying that his father once, while visiting one of his dying parishioners, said to him, 'Thomas, where will your soul go when you die?' 'My soul, sir? Ay, surely, sir, 'tis a little bone in the back that lives longer than the rest of the body.' So much had he gained from forty years of sermons, and of good sermons, too! Be plain, brethren; I will be plain with you. Are you each saved? Are you each relying upon the finished work of Christ for salvation? Let no man in the least trust in his office, or his relations, or in anything but the blood of Christ. It is faith in the atonement that saves the soul, and faith alone! Let every man search his own heart. I, for one, trust alone in Christ."

After the deep silence which ensued as each man was looking into his own secret thoughts. Wesley broke silence by saying, "Our beloved brother, Fletcher of Madeley, is about to visit us. He is very ill in body but as holy as ever. Here he is."

The assembly rose as Fletcher entered the large room, pale, emaciated and feeble, leaning heavily on the arm of a friend. Wesley hastened to meet him, and led him to the top of the room.

The apparently dying man looked upon the company of preachers for a few seconds, and with tears running down his thin, wasted cheeks, said:

"Oh, beloved brethren, when you come to draw as near to the heavenly world as I am now, earth's toys and prizes are seen to be empty and vain. Live in Christ, I charge you. Preach Christ and feast upon His word. Oh, the delights that I have known while communing with Him in the solitude of my chamber! How sweetly near hath He been to me! How my heart hath been ravished by His love, and how tenderly hath He healed my wounds! Such signs! Such unbelief! But, Oh, what grace and what abounding mercy. Beloved, there is nought but Christ worth living for; but, Oh, what a treasure Christ is in Himself!

We must go into deep trouble, sickness, or pain to be able to appreciate the sweetness and value of His love, but how His comforts increase when we have no other friend! I charge you that you make Him your first thought; that in all things you seek to live so as to praise Him and to bring glory to His name. Oh, my Christ! When shall I see Thee face to face? When shall I see Thee as Thou art? Come, Lord Jesus! yea, come quickly."

Fearing that the excitement might prove too much for his friend, Wesley knelt upon the floor. All present followed his example and the president began:

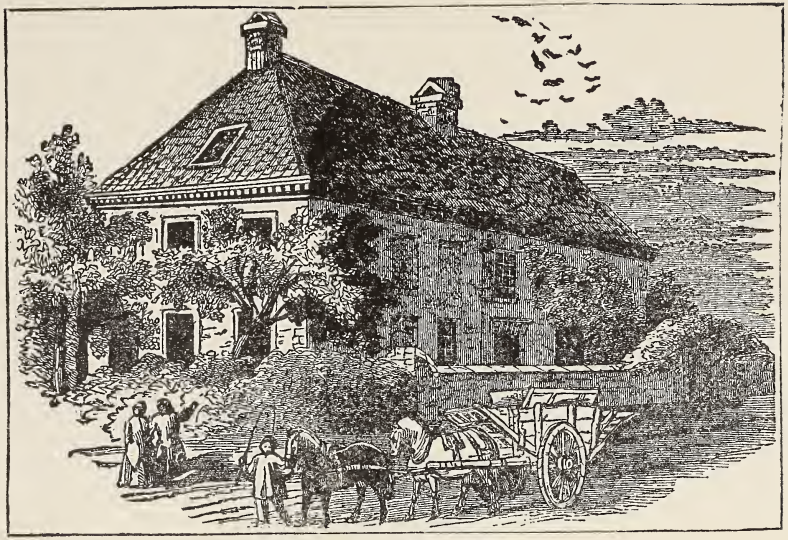
"Oh, Lord our God, have mercy upon us! Thou art our hope and our salvation! We thank Thee for our beloved friend Fletcher. We pray Thee to spare him to us a little. We need him. Oh, Lord our God. Think of the unbelief, the worldiness, the sin, the vileness of the earth, and make bare Thine arm, O Lord! Arm of the Lord, awake, awake! Bestir Thyself, O our God, and raise us many preachers for England! If it please Thee, spare Fletcher to the good work of salvation; spare him life and raise him up speedily."

"He shall not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord."

All sprang to their feet and united in singing the verse which has often given vent to united Christian joy:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Fletcher of Madeley did not die, but for eight years after continued his gentle, holy ministry before he entered the mansion above.



Birthplace of John Wesley.

**Sad But Not Sorrowful; or "God Is With Us."**

"How our hearts burned within us at the scene!
Whence this brave bound o'er limits fixed to men?
His God sustains him in his final hour!
His final hour brings glory to his God!"

"Come, child, you are late. Was the service longer this morning?" asked blind Mary as her grandchild entered her cottage one Sunday morning in 1788. Everyone in Bolton knew Mary and her grandchild.

"O granny, I shall never, never forget this morning's service," said the maiden. "We were singing the beautiful hymn you are so fond of:

'Come, oh thou traveller unknown,'

And Mr. Wesley was giving out the verses, when he came to the two line,

My company before is gone
And I am left alone with Thee!'

he burst out into a bitter cry, and covering his face with his hands, sat down in the pulpit and wept bitterly."

"Wept, did he? What was his grief?"

"Oh, grandma, Charles Wesley is dead!"

"Dead! Charles Wesley dead! Alas, a prince and a great man has fallen then in Israel. Not like his brother? No, but a mighty man also, and a leader of the host."

"The singing stopped and all the people wept together with a bitter lamentation. It was a sight never to be forgotten to see the great congregation weeping together. Strong men broke down and wailed like little children."

"No doubt! No doubt! Ay, he will be missed! Oh, to be missed by the people of God! When you die, will the Church of God miss you?"

Gentle reader, when you die, who will miss you, outside the circle of your relatives? The profane, worldly, and godless, or the holy and useful in the earth?

"After a while Mr. Wesley recovered himself, and then, granny, he did preach so beautifully. 'They are gone,' said he, 'and we cannot forget them. Nor do we desire to do so. Let us follow them as well as we may. Oh, cleave to Christ with full purpose of heart. Think of the anchors that ought to steady you in the tempests of life. From heaven the great cloud of witnesses hold thee in full survey. They have entered into rest, and are forever with the Lord. Oh, for grace for all to go where they have gone! Beloved, beloved, we will join you, and meet at last a company complete in heaven! How can I do so?"

"Ay, child, 'tis hard and 'tis easy. It cannot be done in one's own strength; but if you will renounce your own doings and trust in Jesus alone, nothing is easier. Christ does it, child! Christ does it! Ye must be carried to heaven by Jesus Christ, as your mother carried you when you were young. He must do it all for you. Can you trust Him?"

"Yes, I will. I ought. Jesus Christ, my dear Saviour, I don't know what to do, but I cast myself upon Thy mercy. Oh, save me, and keep me, and bring me to heaven at last."

"Amen, it shall be so," replied Mary, wiping her eyes. "But ye must watch and pray, and never lose hold of Christ. God save you and keep you from falling."

Have you, friend and brother, done the same? If not, there is no time like the present to trust in Christ.

Three years of earnest work Wesley was spared to perform after his brother Charles had passed away. With him the malice and prejudice had been lived down, and men began to fulfill, in his case, the promise: "Them that honor Me I will honor." Everywhere, too, Methodists felt that the days of their beloved leader were becoming few below, and like Elisha with Elijah they strove to see as much as they could of the saint about to ascend.

"I am now an old man, decayed from head to foot," he wrote on 1st January, 1790. "My eyes are dim; my right hand shakes much; my mouth is hot and dry every morning: I have a lingering fever almost every day; my motion is weak and slow. However, blessed be God! I do not slack my labor. I can preach and write still. Lord, let me not live to be useless," he prayed constantly; while to the thronging multitude, who hung upon his lips, the apostle of love gave the ancient command, "Little children, love one another."

On the 17th of February, 1791, he preached at Lambeth, feeling unwell. He did his work as usual, but upon the following Sunday, 20th February, he was too unwell to preach. On the Monday he dined at Twickenham. On Wednesday he preached at Leatherhead his last sermon, appropriately concluding his long labors as a revivalist by a sermon from the text, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call ye upon Him while He is near."

On Friday morning he returned to City Road, and was put to bed at once. The bedstead stood right up against a fireplace and wardrobe made in the wall. A small door at the foot of the bed opened into the tiny study, which was a small apartment in the chimney-like buttress behind the house. Beside the bed and behind the door stood a handsome bureau. The doors stood open, and showed that the inner side of each door was covered with portraits of Methodist workers, pasted there by Wesley's own hand. Just within the door of the little study stood a small writing table, which fitted between the doorway and the fireplace. The light fell upon the valued volumes that lined the walls. But Wesley was soon to look upon other books and obtain knowledge where they see the Teacher face to face.

Although thus confined to his room, Wesley's active spirit could not rest. As soon as he became able

to use his pen, he sat up in bed and wrote several letters to friends.

On Sunday, February 27th, he was well enough to sit up in his chair. He repeated cheerfully:

"Till glad I lay this body down,
Thy servant, Lord attend;
And Oh, my life of mercies crown
With a triumphant end!"

He was soon wearied out and lay down.

"There is no need for many words," he said.

"What I said at Bristol I feel now,
'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.'"

"Oh, how necessary it is for everyone to be upon the right foundation," he exclaimed. "We are justified by faith, and then go on to sanctification."

After a restless night he began to sing:

"Oh, wouldst Thou again be made known,
Again in Thy Spirit descend,
And set up in each Thine own
A kingdom that never shall end!
Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire eternity cease,
And bow the whole world to Thy sway."

Then he lay still awhile.

"Bring me pen and ink again," he said.

"You cannot write, I see," observed one of his friends.

"No, I cannot."

"Let me write for you then. What shall I say?"

"Nothing but that God is with us."

On Tuesday afternoon, March 1st, 1791, the change for death came. In feeble tone he said, "Lord, Thou givest strength to those that can speak and to

those that cannot. Speak Lord, to all our hearts, and let them know that Thou loosest the tongue."

He then burst out singing:

"To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree."

His voice failed and he gasped for breath.

"Let us go," he said.

"His mind is wandering," said a friend. "Call up all the friends who are downstairs."

The little bedroom and smaller study were soon filled with a weeping throng.

One of the company knelt in prayer. Wesley burst out, "Amen! Farewell! Farewell!"

The lifting his wasted arm as if in triumph, in a voice feeble indeed, but inexpressibly sweet, he exclaimed:

"The best of it all is, God is with us. I'll praise, I'll praise," he added. And so praying and praising he lingered until a few moments before ten o'clock on the next morning, Wednesday March 2nd, 1791.

John Wesley was 88 years old as time is counted below, when he began the endless life full of pleasure for evermore.

His friends knelt round his dying bed, while one was engaged in prayer.

While he spoke, and without a groan, John Wesley went in to see the King.

The company round his bed burst out into a verse of praise, singing:

"Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above,
Shows the purchase of His merit,
Reaches out the crown of love."

On the 9th of March, 1791, they laid his body to rest in the vault. But the reformation he had commenced did not die with him. All denominations of

Evangelical Christians experienced the blessed influence of his ministry. It was pre-eminently a soul-saving life, and therefore the highest type of a pastoral life. For he likest Christ who seeks to call sinners to repentance.—Memories of Mighty Men.

## RAWLINS WHITE.

TO SUCH a height did the rage and malice of popish persecutors arrive during the reign of Mary that they not only vented fury on men of eminence and learning who espoused the Protestant cause, but the meanest and most ignorant of the people who would not submit to the papal yoke were arraigned at their bloody tribunals, and put to death for no other cause but that of professing the truth as it is contained in the scriptures.

Rawlins White (the poor man whose sufferings we are about to relate), had been so attentive to the preaching of the gospel during the reign of Edward VI that he had attained to a competent knowledge of the holy scriptures, and became a very zealous asserter of the Protestant doctrines, having wholly renounced the superstition and idolatry of popery and conformed to the public worship of God, according to the English common prayer book.

Being thus converted to the true faith of Christ, he took great pains to instruct his son in the same, causing him to read a portion of the holy scriptures every night and morning till he likewise became well grounded in the principles of the true religion, as contained in the gospel.

White was not only desirous of acquiring knowledge himself, but also communicated it to others; insomuch that he took every opportunity of visiting his

neighbors, and endeavoring to instruct those whom he found desirous of obtaining a knowledge of the truth.

He continued these devout and holy exercises in a public manner till the death of King Edward, when popery being restored, and the pure religion discouraged and restrained, he used to meet his friends privately, pray, and encourage them to hold fast to the truth. At length he was apprehended by one of the officers of the town, on suspicion of heresy, who, taking him before the bishop of Ilandaff, he was, by that prelate, committed to prison.

During his confinement several of his friends sent him money, and he was visited by many whom he kept instructed in the faith of Christ, and exhorted to beware of popish emissaries, as wolves in sheep's clothing.

After a long imprisonment the bishop of Ilandaff summoned White to appear before him and endeavored to bring him over to idolatry and superstition, but all his exhortations proving ineffectual, he told him in anger that he must come to a resolution either to recant his heretical opinions or endure the rigor of the laws enacted against those who maintained tenets repugnant to the doctrines of the holy see.

On the day appointed for his examination the bishop, in the presence of his chaplains and many others, assembled in the chapel, declared that White was known not only to maintain heretical opinions himself, but to inculcate the same among his acquaintances. Then addressing himself to the prisoner, he told him that he had frequently, since his first warning, been admonished to relinquish his heretical tenets, and yet had always turned a deaf ear to the most salutary advice. He added that out of clemency they had once more sent for him mildly to endeavor to bring him to an humble sense of his errors; and assured him that upon due penitence for the crime he had committed, both against God and the laws of his sovereign,

White at the Stake.

they were disposed to show him mercy, but that if, in spite of the royal clemency, and the admonition of the reverend fathers, he persisted in his heresies, they were determined to execute on him the utmost rigor of the law, as a most damnable and obstinate heretic.

White, without the least sign of fear at the peremptory declaration of the bishop, told his lordship that he blessed God he was a Christian, and held no doctrine contrary to the divine mind and will as revealed in the scriptures of truth; if he did, he begged to be convinced of the same out of the divine word, to which he determined ever most implicitly to conform.

After much more exhortation the bishop assured him that if he did not recant he must condemn him as a heretic. To which White replied that he might proceed as he thought proper, but that he did not condemn him as a heretic, as he did not maintain any opinions that were not supported by the word of God.

The bishop then desired the people present to join with him in prayer, that it would please God to turn White's heart, and bring him to the acknowledgment of the true religion.

Our martyr applauded this behavior of the bishop, as becoming his profession, assuring him that if the request was agreeable to the divine will, God would doubtless hear and grant the same, and that while the bishop was praying to his God, he himself would pray to his God, who he knew would hear and perform his desire.

Accordingly, they all went to private prayer, which being finished, the bishop asked how he found himself disposed in his mind? He replied, "The very same as before."

The bishop, incensed that no change could be wrought upon him, was about to read the sentence, but he was advised first to say mass, during which ceremony White, standing at the door of the choir, cried out to the populace, "Bear witness that I did not bow

to this idol," meaning the host, which the priest held over his head.

Mass being performed, he was again warmly admonished to recant, but all exhortation was ineffectual; the bishop, therefore, read the definitive sentence, after which he was carried to Cardiff, and imprisoned in a place called Cock-marel, a most filthy and loathsome dungeon, where he continued till the writ for his execution came from London.

Upon the day appointed for terminating his life, which was March 30th, 1555, he was brought from prison and on his way to the place appointed for the bloody scene, met his wife and children, wringing their hands and most bitterly lamenting his approaching fate. This affecting sight drew tears from his eyes, but soon recollecting himself, and striking his breast with his hand, he said, "Ah, flesh, stayest thou me, would thou fain prevail? Well, do what thou canst, by God's grace thou shalt not get the victory."

As soon as he arrived at the stake, he fell on his knees and kissed the earth, saying, "Earth to earth, dust to dust; thou art my mother, to thee I must return."

When he was fastened to the stake, and the straw, reeds and wood placed around him, a priest appointed for the purpose stood up and harangued the spectators, who were very numerous, it being market day.

The priest having finished his discourse, in which he inveighed against the opinion of the Protestants concerning the sacrament of the altar, our martyr rebuked him, proving his doctrine to be false, and cited as his authority those words of our Lord, "Do this in remembrance of me."

The fire being kinded, he was soon surrounded by the flames, in the midst of which this good old man (for he was sixty years of age), held up his hands till the sinews shrunk, crying earnestly, "O Lord, receive my soul! O Lord, receive my spirit!" The flames were

so vehement about his legs that they were almost consumed before the upper part of his body was injured by the fire, notwithstanding which he bore his sufferings with the greatest composure and resignation, cheerfully resigning his soul into the hands of Him who gave it, in sure and certain hopes of being rewarded for his constancy with a crown of eternal life.

---

## WM. TYNDALE.

WILLIAM TYNDALE, translator of the New Testament and Pentateuch, was born in Gloucestershire about 1484. Of his early education nothing is known. When about twenty years of age he went to Oxford and afterwards resided at Cambridge. He was ordained to the priesthood about the close of 1521, and entered the service of Master John Walsh, of Gloucestershire, in the capacity of chaplain and domestic tutor. It was while here engaged that he began to contemplate the work of translating the New Testament into English.

It became generally known that he was in sympathy with the "new learning," which led to his being summoned before the chancellor of Worcester as a suspected heretic, and he later left for London, where he preached and worked at his translation; but finding publication impossible in England, he sailed for Hamburg in May, 1524. After visiting Luther at Wittenberg, he settled in Cologne and continued his work until interference of the authorities of the town compelled him to flee to Worms. It is not known where he resided during the interval between 1526 and 1530, the year of the publication of his translation of the Pentateuch. From 1530 he appears to have lived chiefly at Antwerp, but of his life there is hardly anything recorded except that, as a marked man, he was

continually the subject of plots and intrigues, and at last arrested and thrown into prison in the castle of Vilvorde in 1535. Having been found guilty of heresy, he was put to death by strangling and his body afterwards burned at the stake, on October 6th, 1536.

## Sacrifice.

"Let self be crucified and slain,
And buried deep; and all in vain
May efforts be to rise again,
Unless to live for,—**Others.**"

—From "Others" by Chas. D. Meigs.

# CHAPTER XI

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

AFRICA was in darkness. Eighteen hundred years has passed since the Son of God was nailed to a rough wooden cross, and suspended between the Heaven and Earth as the price of mankind's redemption. The lost of earth of groaning under the weight of misery and sin. Europe had heard of Jesus, and the western hemisphere had also long since heard His closing words, "IT IS FINISHED." Great revival waves had swept the lands, adding volume and impetus to the words of the Master, as the echo came reverbating down through portals of time. But Africa was in darkness, only here and there along her shores, had the glorious morning's dew of heaven's promise, allayed the desert heat and dispelled the darkness,—only "Here and there" had Moffat and others planted the Gospel along her shores. However, the hand of God was moving. A land of promise had been "Spied out"—had been discovered. The day of the Lord was at hand. From His throne in glory He had decreed that deliverance should come to the black race—that the banner of His son should unfurl its radiant folds in the heart of Africa. A search of the nations was made to find some one that would brave the task. Colleges and courts were ransacked without avail, until one day a youthful volunteer came into the offices of the London Missionary Society, turned towards its officers in charge and said, "I WILL GO." So the career of David Livingstone began. The man had been found,—one, that, under the leadership of God, would brave the

lion's jaws, the stroke of the tiger's claw, the tusks of the elephant, disease, sickness, and finally death in the heart of a distant land amid the jungles of Central Africa.

David Livingstone was born on the beautiful banks of the Clyde, near Glascow, Scotland, March 19th, 1813. At an early age he was converted and at once commenced preparation for foreign missionary work. Having learned cotton spinning in youth, he toiled at his trade during the summer months and attended the Glasgow University during the winter. Turning his attention to medicine, and having obtained a diploma, he went to London in September, 1838, to see the directors of the London Missionary Society, by whom he hoped to be sent to China.

While in England he met Moffat, then visiting England. After hearing the earnest plea of Moffat, who had labored for years as a missionary in Africa, trying to open up the continent to the Gospel of Jesus, Livingstone decided that his field should be Africa instead of China.

On December the 8th, 1839, he sailed for Africa. During the voyage the vessel touched Rio de Janiero, and upon arriving at the Cape he proceeded at once to Algoa Bay, and thence to Kuruman, the little paradise created in the desert by the hard toil of Moffat and Hamilton. But he was not contented at Kuruman, the hand of Providence was pointing to Abyssinia, on to the great unknown regions that lay beyond.

The slave trade was then a great menace to the country. Besides barbarism, awful diseases and unsanitary conditions among the inhabitants, as well as being in the midst of a country infested by the most dangerous beasts of prey, poisonous snakes and insects, the horrible African slave trade lay across his path.

David Livingston.

The great faith of Livingstone that rules in the life of a noble, persevering character, always led him on. The mission was big,—the task scarcely without an equal—but the greatness of the character and quality of the man, wrought by the power of God, made him equal to the occasion. Expedition after expedition he headed with a view of exploring the "unknown regions" and opening it for the progress of civilization, —for the gospel of his Lord and Master. Meeting with hardship after hardship, neglected by the society to some extent, troubled by tribes of Boers that pilfered the land and carried the blacks off in slavery, wounded and bitten by lions, insects, etc., falling now and then in sickness, often in distress, thus he pursued his onward march, Bible in hand, medicine case at his side, healing the sick, bearing the banner of the Gospel, preaching the saving power of the Son of God, attended by a loyal group of native converts.

In the year 1843 the missionary explorer had reached the beautiful valley of Mabotsa, where their headquarters were established. The country here was beautiful, but infested by lions. "Knowing that if one of the herd of lions is killed," wrote Livingstone, "the others would leave the country," he accompanied the natives to a small hill over a quarter of a mile long, and thickly covered with underbrush and trees. A circle was formed by the natives, and they had "closed in" on the lair of the animals. They came forth when the brush was beaten; one was wounded, but broke through the circle and got away. The others escaped also. Upon their return from the hunt Livingstone encountered one of the beasts perched upon a rock in a clump of bushes, he fired both barrels of his gun into its body, and was in the act of reloading, when the animal sprang upon him, seized him by the shoulders, and shook him as a dog would shake a rat. Only for his heavy tartan jacket he would have lost his arm and

part of the shoulder. A dull stupor came over him, and while in a semi-conscious condition another member of the party fired a second shot into the lion's body, which arrested the attention of the beast and saved the life of Livingstone. Nevertheless, the powerful jaw had done its work, the bone had been crunched to splinters, and eleven teeth wounds had left their marks upon his shoulders.

Mr. Livingstone was taken to the home of Mr. Moffat to have his injury treated and nursed back to health. It was there that he became intimately acquainted with the Moffat family, which later ripened into love between Mary Moffat and himself. On his return to his mission work at Mabotsa he was accompanied by a helper, Mary Moffat had become his wife and helpmate. This union was blest by the Lord. His wife bore his burdens, shared his hardships and perils. Only for a short time was she absent from his field of adventure and danger; she at this time rested in England. Shortly after her return to her husband's side, in April, 1862, she told of the awful persecution that was cast upon them by people who been their friends. She sobbed bitterly as she told David of her awful trials. Her health had failed, the knowledge of what they had endured, how her husband had so many times braved death for the sake of the Master, of his simple faith—and then to learn of jealous friends, whose scandalizing words of falsehood and misrepresentation, had sought to injure them, was more than she was able to endure. But her husband understood—and was better prepared to meet such matters. David met his wife's suffering with words of encouragement as was his custom. "O Mary, Christ must not be dishonored for such people. They are the scandal of the Gospel and its greatest hinderance. As for us we shall entertain only love towards them and continually enjoy the Lord's presence. Let us look away from men to the living Jesus,—and center our all in Him."

"I will David, dear; but if you would pray with me I would be so thankful. I don't understand, but while I am with you I am never troubled with doubts, and I seem to feel such love and faith in Christ. I wish I were as you are."

That night Mrs. Livingstone was taken ill, and rapidly grew worse until Sunday, April 27th, 1862, when Dr. Stewart came. He beheld a sight long to be remembered. There sat David close by the side of a rudely constructed bed supported by parts of ordinary boxes, upon which lay his wife, Mary, insensible, dying — quietly the form rested, short and fainter became the breathing, now and then visited with a long, deep sigh. Her joys and sorrows had come to an end in the journey here below, her work was ended. God seemed to be holding life and body together until the angel pallbearers would arrive and bear her soul to its everlasting abode.

It was hard for David to bear, his great frame shook and trembled. He, who had met lions, and barbarous enemy tribes and countless perils for Jesus' sake, now faced the trial of his career. In pleading tones he cried, "O Mary, just one word, only a parting kiss. Do say good-bye, dearest! Leave me not without one word of farewell! O God, help me! Help me! This is more than I can bear! Pain, poverty and evil speaking,—I have had a plenty; but this is beyond my strength. Spare her! Oh God, spare her,—yet if this cannot be—let me have just one word. Thy-will-be-done." But there was no response, and the sad, strong man wept bitterly over,—his dead; but the one word, it never came.

They laid the precious dust beneath a large baobab tree at Shupanga. With bitter tears the lonely husband turned away into the world, to go forward through the years that yet remained of his life journey.

Years had passed, Livingstone had pressed farther inland; until lost to civilization. Months passed

—no word—years then came, and passed, still no word. His friends in England supposed him dead,—perhaps murdered.

* * * * * * *

During this time he preached, labored and nursed the sick among the natives, whom he loved. He, their shepherd in the Gospel, attended to their needs, cared for them until he too fell from overwork, in sickness, and ulcerated feet. With goods all stolen, medicine gone, the natives made a litter and bore him back to Ujiji. On October 28th, 1871, five days after their arrival at Ujiji, when nearly all hope of relief had vanished, Susi, his trusted native, came running breathlessly to his master with the cry, "An Englishman coming for you! I see him come! Master, oh master, you are not forgotten!"

With the strength he had left Livingstone went out to meet the welcome, unknown and unsuspected visitor, and exclaimed: "An American flag at the head of the procession! What a pile of goods. A luxurious traveller; not a poor fellow at his wits end as I am."

In a few moments Henry M. Stanley strode forward and heartily grasped the brave Livingstone hand, a meeting as simple and noble as became the noble Scotchman and his deliverer.

"I am sent by the New York Herald to find you; or, if you were dead, to bring home your bones to England."

No words can describe the joy experienced by both men at this meeting. For several months Stanley and his party tarried in this remote section of the earth; but it was not for Livingstone to accompany him back into civilization, choosing rather to labor, toil and die among the blacks unto whom the Lord had sent him. On the 14th of March Stanley and Livingstone took their last meal together. It was a sad meal; neither could eat; their hearts were full. At last the parting came—Stanley returned to England—

Livingstone turned again to the dismal swamps—turned back. Yes, back,—to die.

He labored on in his fight against the slave trade and for the Gospel until at last his body gave out. Many disorders had taken a hold of him, together with loss of blood from injuries wore him down. Unable to travel afoot farther, they bore him as best they could upon their shoulders; but it was difficult on account of the pain he suffered when moved or handled. They finally reached Chilambo Village, where they had assured him Susi would have a comfortable grass hut ready for him.

"I shall soon have a mansion in the skies. O Mary, I am weary. So weary. Lord Jesus come, I want to go home."

Raised from the floor by sticks, rough grass formed his dying bed. a box was their only table, a fire burned outside the hut, while his boy slept near him to attend him during the night.

"Bwani (Master) wants you Susi," called the boy next evening. During the day David had lain apparently unconscious.

"Bring the medicine chest, Susi," said Livingstone. But he could not see.

"Alas, he cannot see! The night-time of death is upon him," said Susi.

The next morning they found him kneeling beside his grass bed with his arms stretched forth, his face buried in his hands upon the pillow. At first the poor faithful natives thought him praying, since it was his custom to kneel thus when praying.

They lit the candle and fastened it to a box and drew closer to their Chieftain Shepherd. But all was still. They could hear no breathing. They felt his face—it was cold. Alas! He was dead.

On the 1st day of May, 1873, Livingstone passed away, upon his knees. Oh, such a presage of victory

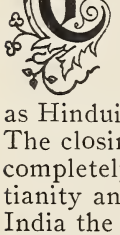
was there in such a death. A man of prayer, he had won a free Gospel for Africa, as he yielded up his spirit in the attitude of prayer.

---

## WILLIAM CAREY.

Morning is the time to act, noon to endure;
But, if thou wouldst keep thy spirit pure,
Turn upon the beaten path by worldlings trod,
Go forth at eventide, in heart, to walk with God.
—Mrs. Embury.

(1761—1834)



LOUDS of darkness had for centuries spread their Stygian folds, as a pall, across the Asiatic country. Paganism had been cloaked in various forms of idolatrous systems of religion. Buddhism and Brahmanism had flourished for centuries with their idols, images, and monastic systems, as well as Hinduism, the joint product of the two former sects. The closing decade of the 18th century found the land completely curtained from the onward march of Christianity and civilization. Throughout the provinces of India the dismal sound of the hopeless tread of India's millions could be heard. The wierd chants of the heathen, accompanied by the beating of tom-toms and cymbals, clearly marked the remorseless gloom that filled the hearts of this Asiatic people. The caste was strong, hard to reach, far away from God. Millions were falling and struggling in the river of death, without a Gospel bridge to land them on the other side. The missionary spirit had not reached the country. Some one was needed. God gave the call, "A missionary for India." Far across the continent of Europe, in the heart of the British Isles, a cobbler's boy caught the sound—recognized the call.

In the year 1782 the shore of India was sighted by one of the voyagers who stood with bundles and Bible in hand. The Province of Bengal had been reached. A deep, serious expression marked the face of this somewhat singular traveler as he looked about. William Carey, the cobbler's son, had answered the call, the noted Baptist missionary had begun the Master's work in India. Through toil and much suffering he succeeded in opening up the country for the Gospel and prepared the way for thousands to follow.

Shortly after taking up his missionary work in the Province of Bengal, he translated the Bible into the Bengali language and spread the Gospel among the natives in their native tongue. What Paul was to Macedonia, Greece and Italy, and what Livingstone was to Africa, Carey was to India. Scarcely can India be mentioned with reference to missionary work, without thinking of this great man of God, who pioneered perhaps the most difficult country in the world. William Carey was true to God answered the call, served the people, and left to his posterity, in the Master's name, a great work, a broad field, an open door to India, while thousands have since faithfully followed in his steps—but it took a William Carey to "lead the way" and open the door. Thousands will poin in the song of our redemption as a result of Carey's labors. Eternity will reveal the abundance of fruit from the seed town by this Martyr for Jesus.

# CHAPTER XII

## Martyrs and Witnesses of the Past

Thougs silent in death, yet they live. The fruits of their labors have bountifully increased.

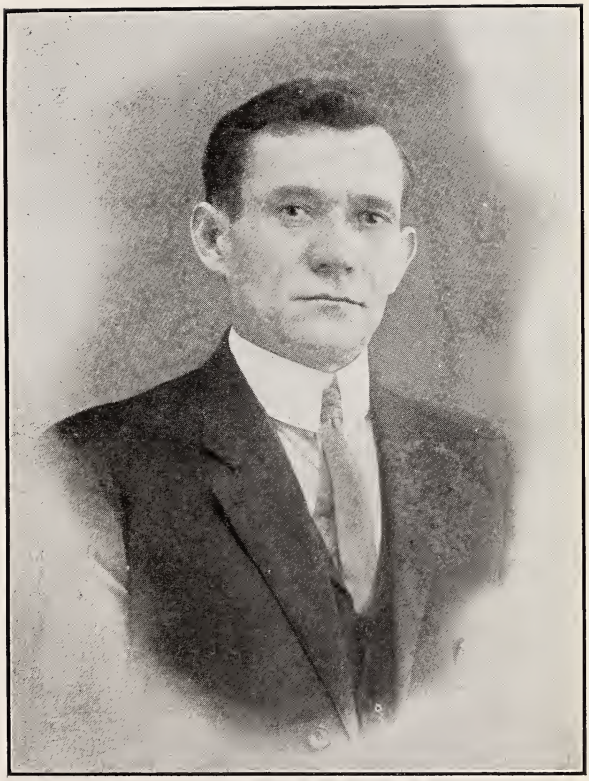
### WILLIAM BLACK.

Assassinated February 3rd, 1915, at Marshall, Texas, By the Romanists.

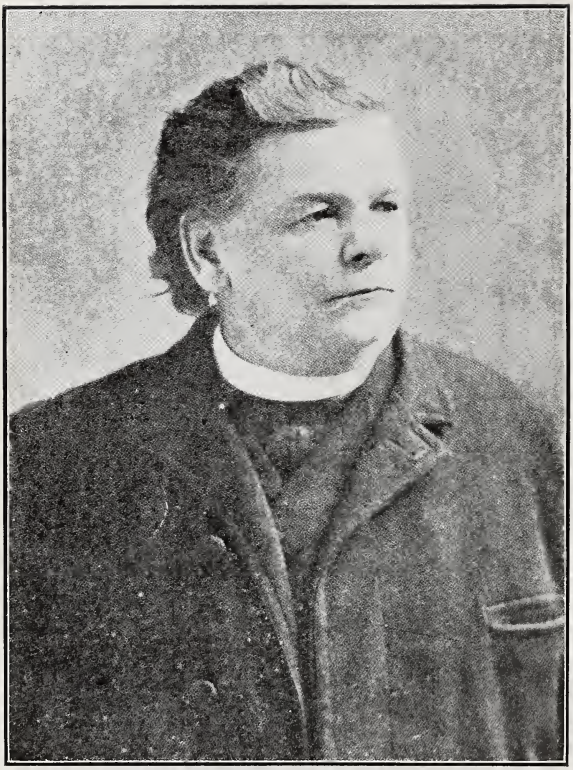
Among the many noted men that have left the Church of Rome but few have been able to take up the faith and practice of the church with more telling effect than William Black (ex-priest), late of Bellaire, Ohio. Acquainted with the workings of the church from an inside study of its theology and practice, he was fitted for the battle against its unscriptural teachings and immoral practices.

For a number of years Mr. Black had lectured in various parts of America, after he had left the priesthood. His message was felt wherever he lectured. He struck with such force that quite often murderous mobs were encountered. Sometimes being seized and maltreated. During his public ministry he was shot several times, bearing bullets in his body for several years before his death.

On February 2nd, 1915, Mr. Black commenced a series of sermons on the theology of the Church of Rome, in Marshall, Texas. On the evening of the third of February, in company with his secretary and daughter, while resting at their hotel, five well armed members of the Knights of Columbus, (a Roman



William Black.



James Vincent McNamara

Catholic secret order) entered their rooms, and assassinated Mr. Black. During the shooting, Mr. Black's secretary shot two of the assassins, killing one and wounding the other.

Mr. Black was killed because of his denunciation of Rome's immoral theology of the Sacrement of Penance,—its use and abuse in the confessional box. The work of this martyr was identical with the work of Peter Waldo and other noted Protestant Bible reformers of the past. Through his bold and fearless message hundreds of Catholics have been converted and thousands of Protestants have been enlightened upon conditions existing in the Church of Rome—While the assassination of William Black deprives America of the service of one of its most loyal citizens and patriotic speakers. He stood for liberty and freedom, and bravely fought upon the battlements of heaven's principles, in defense of God, the sanctity of the home,—and our personal privileges guaranteed by the constitution and laws of our American commonwealth. The death of Mr. Black has preached perhaps ten million sermons that he never could have uttered had he lived. A standard bearer has fallen but the "Old Banner" of truth is marching on.

Truly **Semper Eadem.**

## BISHOP JAMES VINCENT McNAMARA.
### The Irish Apostle.

Born June 30th, 1835; died February 10th, 1900.

While multitudes fall at the shrine of worldly fame,
And bequeath to succeeding generations an empty name:
There's a few that from this path will swerve,
To live, toil and suffer, content to serve.

N June 30th, 1835, in the city of Limerick, Ireland, James V. McNamara was born, and marked out for the priesthood. In nearly every Irish Roman Catholic home, the highest ambition of the parents, is to give to the church a son for the priesthood. Not only is this so with the Irish people, but Italians, Canadians, French, Spanish, and others as well. As a boy he entered the strictest Catholic schools to receive his education. Special attention was given concerning his education by his parents and elder brother. At the age of three years his father died, leaving him in the charge and custody of the elder brother, Patrick.

At the age of sixteen he was brought to Boston with other members of his family. The desire of his parents, that he should enter the priesthood was continually kept fresh in his young mind. Early in life he exhibited a marked literary ability and talent for public speaking. From Boston he went to Chicago, and from there was sent to St. Mary's Seminary, Missouri, where he took his preparatory studies. He was next sent to Paris, France, where he studied for five years in preparation for the order of the Lazarist Fathers, or missionary priests, sometimes called "the order of St. Vincent de Paul." He also studied in Germany and Prussia; was ordained a priest in Paris, France, in 1864, then came to America as a missionary

priest, holding missions through the country, subject to the calls of the bishops of the different dioceses.

He was first stationed at Niagara Falls Suspension Bridge, as professor of elocution; also at Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., and while yet a young priest was called to Brooklyn, N. Y., by the Roman bishop of that city, to be the founder of the St. John's Roman Catholic College, corner of Lewis and Willoughby avenues. As a priest of Rome but few surpassed him in zeal and ability. This, coupled with a desire to reach Heaven, brought him under the eyes of the Master. God knew his heart, his inward struggles and abided the time for an opportunity to point this soul (a priest of Rome), to his son, the Saviour of all that will heed the call:

"COME UNTO ME AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

It was during a "Retreat" in college, that his eyes were opened to the awfulness of Popery—the drunkenness and dissipation of the priesthood. His mind became perplexed and his soul troubled. The doctrines of the Roman church did not seem to produce the fruits of real Christianity. He pondered and agonized. To him it was an awful time. He had reached the "parting of the ways" that usually comes to those who catch a glimpse of the silvery spray at the fountain head of the glorious River of Life. Bishop Gibbons (now cardinal) saw his peril and the dangers that threatened the church in America. Bishop Gibbons tried to remedy the situation by transferring the Brooklyn priest to St. John's church, Raleigh, N. C., without avail—his doubts still clung to him. He went to Gibbons again, told him frankly that he could no longer preach to the people that which he did not believe. Our pen cannot describe his agony when he saw he was acting a lie.

While in the agony of this conviction, he wandered into a sailors' prayer meeting, 190 Cherry Street,

New York, and heard a poor sailor tell what God had done for his soul. This was enough. Without a moment's delay he told of his great distress and asked them to pray for him. They prayed for him and he prayed for himself. God heard his cry—and instantly bore the Saviour's call out from the land of Palestine, across Judean valleys, over mountain and sea, to a poor miserable soul, a lost Romanist Priest—McNamara. It came as the morning dew to moisten his parched and troubled soul. His tears were flowing and his head bowed in sorrow, when he caught the invitation, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden." It meant him. He came. Faith had conquered superstition. Truth was revealed, the fogs of error were fading. It was Christ, not the Pope. It was liberty in the Gospel, no longer papal bondage. He was Free.

This was in the year 1877, and immediately his labors for Bible Protestantism commenced. He became a leader in the Reformed Catholic Movement in America. Thousands of converted Catholics and Protestants convened in one of the largest halls in Harlem, and elected him Bishop of the Reform Movement. He accomplished a great work in New York, was heartily endorsed by the ministers of Boston, while conducting meetings in that city. His Boston campaign was conducted in the Music Hall and continued for three months. He was married July 7th, 1880, to Miss Charlotte L. Gilmore.

After twenty-three years of consecrated effort in behalf of deceived Romanists and sleepy Protestants, surviving mobs and turmoils in Kansas City, Mo., Cleveland, O., and other places, he quit life here below for his mansion in the sky. He died from the effects of a rock thrown by a Roman Catholic after the close of a very successful meeting in Columbia, Pa., July 6th, 1897. The missle struck him at the base of the brain, and eventuated in a carbuncle, which ended his

life, February 10th, 1900, near Chicago, where he had been proclaiming the Truth and standing for Jesus, his Lord, among a peope shrouded in midnight darkness. He had done his work and passed OVER for his reward. Today he is wearing a Martyr's Crown as he treads the streets of Glory with palms of victory in his hands.

## H. L. HASTINGS.

Author, educator and gospel preacher, was born November 26, 1831, at Blauford, Mass.; died October, 1899, at Goshen, Mass.

A Life all ease is all abused,
Oh, precious grace! that made thee wise,
To know—affliction rightly used
Is mercy in disguise.

—CHEEVER.

THIS remarkable man—at one time editor of the "Christian" and other publications; author of a text-book of high repute; a composer of hundreds of pieces of hymn music; a writer of numberless hymns, among them that one so generally known, and, "sung in every clime," "Shall We Meet Beyond the River"; a convincing lecturer of renown on both sides of the Atlantic; a preacher endowed with the power of God; a fearless, patriotic and unceasing worker in Protestant and Temperance reform; a Christian modest, benevolent and unselfish, a character in which self, had been retired.

For many years he resided at Chelsea, while his offices of publication were on Cornhill, Boston. He was a descendant of Thomas Hastings who sailed for America from Ipswick, Eng., in 1634, and was admitted a freeman of Watertown, 1635. Among his descendants were: Thomas Hastings, Doctor of Music; Judge Truman Hastings of Cleveland; Pres.

Hastings of Jaffna College, Ceylon; Gen. Hastings, of American Civil War renown, and others prominent in both church and state matters.

In 1888, when no person was allowed to preach the "old Gospel" upon the public grounds of the city of Boston without a permit, he felt the call to preach Jesus, "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," and openly defended the old Bible "Faith once delivered to the Saints." City laws had there-

**H. L. Hastings.**

fore been enacted by the Irish Roman Catholic officials prohibiting the preaching of the Protestant Gospel in the public parks or commons. Hastings felt the call to reach the multitudes that swarmed the commons. Obedient to the call he entered upon the work of outdoor preaching, disregarding the city ordinance. As a result, he had the honor of standing among twenty-three common drunkards, and being fined and imprisoned in Charles-Street jail. This stirred the city and country nearby—wide publicity was given by the press. After a thorough circulation of more than

one hundred and fifty thousand copies of Mr. Hastings' paper, and the combined work of the patriotic orders, the British Americans, the committee of one hundred, and the woman voters, the Roman Irish city government was overturned.

## BYRON SUNDERLAND.

IN 1819, Byron Sutherland, (Rev.) was born in Shoreham, Vt. He came from Revolutionary stock, both his grandfathers having been soldiers in that war. His mother belonged to the New England family of Walcotts. After graduating from Middlebury College in 1838, he entered the Union Theological Seminary, New York City, and was graduated in 1843. He served as pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Batavia, N. Y., until 1845, when he was called to Syracuse, but before taking up the pastorate there he was called to Washington, D. C., in February, 1853, and served until 1898, from which time, until his death, he was pastor emeritus. He acted as chaplain of the Senate from 1861 to '64, and from 1873 to 1879.

During his pastorate of forty-seven years he became acquainted with many prominent men, among whom were all the presidents of that period. He was a war friend of Lincoln and one of the first to reach the bedside of Garfield when he was shot by Guiteau. The day before the Emancipation Proclamation was signed he visited President Lincoln and urged him to sign it. During the time (1864-65) that he was stationed in Paris, France, in charge of the American Chapel, his sermons attracted widespread attention, especially in England, which was then reaching out a helping hand to the Confederacy. Loyalty to Truth, Liberty and Justice, though not generally known,

nevertheless, ranks Byron Sunderland as a compeer with others that gave all upon the Altar of Bible Truth and Civil Liberty.

Concerning the Roman Church and the need to arouse Protestantism, he said:

"The Protestants of our country need to be aroused, for while it sleeps Rome is getting in its work and undermining the very foundations on which our republic is built."

## REV. JOSEPH COOK.

REV. COOK, preacher and lecturer, was born in the year 1838; died at his summer home in Ticonderoga, N. Y., June 24th, 1901. He was a man of strong courage and convictions, devoting much of his time to the lecture platform, defending the Bible Principles of Protestantism and warning the American people against the danger of Romanism. He was a man of sound logic, and in the course of his lectures, presented salient matter to the great issue of Truth and Liberty, as to render his arguments incontrovertable in the hands of all opponents. His work secured him international fame—having lectured in various parts of the world, including India and Ceylon.

"Though men may keep my outward man
Within their locks and bars,
Yet by the faith of Christ I can
Mount higher than the stars."

—Bunyan.

## BISHOP N. L. A. EASTMAN.

Affliction is the Christian's shining scene,
Prosperity conceals his brightest rays:
As night to stars, woe gives luster to man.

N. L. A. EASTMAN, (Bishop), was born July 12, 1855, at Villenovia, Chautauqua County, N. Y. He resided with his parents on their farm near this place until completing the high school course, from which he graduated. He then entered the State Normal School at Peterboro, Pa., from which he received a teacher's diploma. He taught school a number of years, during which he served as principal of the Allegany, N. Y., schools for a period of time. While serving humanity in the public schools he felt the call of God to enter the Home Missionary work. From here he moved to Clarksville, Mich., where he founded what was known as the Eastman Seminary, a school designated to prepare young men and women for the ministry. Finding that the school was not the best medium through which he could best labor in the Master's cause, it was disposed of. To more effectually carry out his plans, a meeting was called of those in sympathy with an independent gospel work, at Elgin, Pa., May 8th, 1894, where he organized the Gospel Workers of America. The association soon became widely known on account of the fearlessness of many of its preachers. While the object of the band was to spread the doctrine of Perfect Love, or Scriptural Holiness, yet Mr. Eastman believed in the old apostolic teaching of Paul—that the church should earnestly contend for the faith. This Pauline aggressiveness led him and his band of faithful followers into a rough, stormy field of service, being founded upon the

faith plan, they often faced a cupboard destitute of food, which only served to strengthen them in their faith and character.

He was well known to both Christian and patriotic readers, on account of the articles that appeared in the columns of the Gospel Worker.

The Gospel Worker was established in June, 1898, by Mr. Eastman. He continued as its editor until his death, August 20th, 1916. He was a fearless and tireless worker, against the doctrine and teaching of the Church of Rome. His claims and exposures relative to the confessional, caused Rome to try and silence his work. To accomplish this she used her influence with United States officials, which resulted in several indictments against him. When brought to trial he was speedily acquitted by an American jury. He was a Bible protestant, one that knew no retreat. While his activities here below have ceased, yet the influence of his consecrated life will continue, and the echo of his earnest pleading voice will reverberate down through the corridors of time as an inspiration to the multitudes to stand loyal in the Liberty of the Gospel, and to the truth of God.

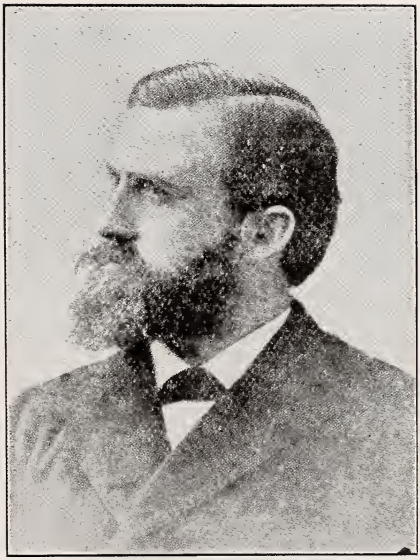
---

## HENNESSEY WALSH.

### (Ex-Monk.)

This great reform writer and preacher was converted from the Church of Rome after suffering many severe hardships at the instance of the Church. Having early in life been led to believe that in order to live a holy liwe it would be necessary for him to enter a monastery and become a religious recluse. After serving his novitiate he was received into the order and commenced his vocation in the capacity of a monk.

Upon leaving the monastery, Mr. Walsh passed through months of suffering, being destitute of food



Edward Hennessy Walsh.

N. L. A. Eastman.

and clothing in the midst of cold, damp weather. He wandered from place to place—his soul was troubled —until one day he heard the old Gospel of Jesus and His "power to save all that would come unto Him." He fell at the feet of his Saviour and soon found the peace and joy that for years he had sought after. He became a new man.

The Roman priesthood took every opportunity to persecute Mr. Walsh because of his heresy in embracing the Christian faith. While they caused him much suffering and deprivations, yet the convert remained loyal to his convictions. For a number of years he published the "Primitive Christian," a missionary paper, to arouse Protestants and bring the light of the Gospel to Romanists. Boston and New York City were the centers of his activities. After years of inestimable service he passed away to be forever with the "Author and Finisher" of his faith.

## JUSTIN D. FULTON.

Born March 1, 1828; died April, 1901.

Dr. Fulton was born in Earlville, New York, March 1, 1828. His father also a preacher was of north of Ireland stock. His mother was born in the state of Massachusetts. In 1836 he removed with his parents to Brighton, Michigan, where at the age of eleven he united with the Baptist church.

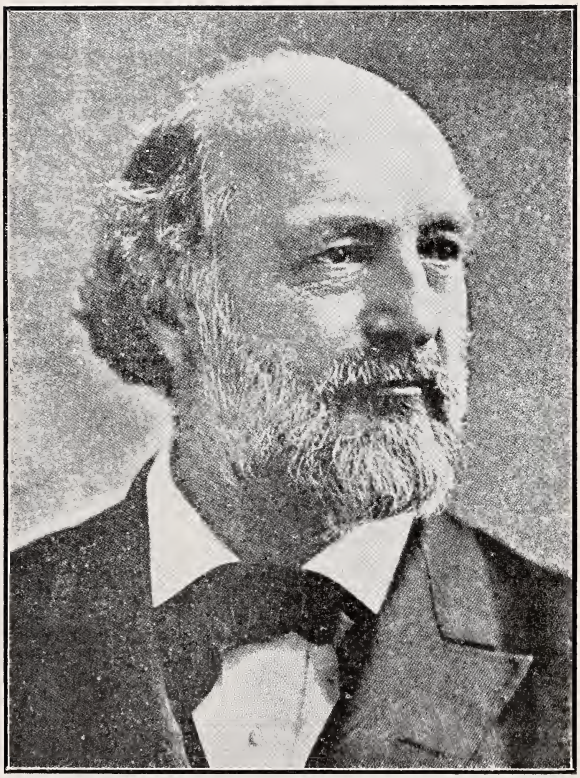
He worked his way through the University of Michigan, and then entered the University of Rochester, New York. He graduated from the latter in 1851, after which he spent nearly two years in a theological school.

Early in life he became a student of church sistory and the teachings of the Roman church, and devoted much of his time writing for various papers. Some of his best writings in early life are found in his treatment "The Roman Catholic Element in American History."

After holding several important pastorates in Ohio and New York state, he was called to take charge of the Tremont Temple congregation in Boston after being invited for the third time to take charge of that field. He labored here for about ten years, meeting with great and immediate success. While in the heat of the battle for the old faith in Boston, he felt the call of God for him to launch out into broader fields of labor. His work in Boston, a strong center of the Papal church in America, brought him into contact with the prevalent hopeless condition of the poor deceived laity of the Catholic church. He met a people steeped in gross idolatry hid beneath a thin cloak of Christianity. God gave him a vision of the Catholic people running after false gods and heathen forms. God needed a man with a heart ready for sacrifice—ready to meet priests or wash women and hold up the Bible. Justin D. Fulton was the man.

After leaving Boston he labored in Brooklyn, New York, where he did a great work. He then returned to Boston where he lectured for weeks on the "Faith and Sacrifice" of Romanism. Hundreds of Romanists were converted from Popery to the New Testament Church of Jesus. His lectures and sermons drew crowded meetings and were eagerly sought in printed form. He published them in his celebrated book, called "Why Priests Should Wed."

After this his work took him into Canada and other parts of America, always making the welfare of Romanists his first aim. He published many other books and labored incessantly for the salvation of mankind until a Romish mob at Glace Bay, Canada,



Justin D. Fulton.

Truly yours—

L. Schwinger.

attacked him. He was struck in the back and on the head by pieces of coal, knocked down and painfully bruised.

In April 1901, the great martyr passed away, ending as stormy as the life of the Apostle Paul. His death resulted from the injuries received at the hands of the mob, in Glace Bay. The crown of Justin D. Fulton will be closely studded with thousands of stars (converted Catholics) that will spread forth their rays of gratitude and reflect the glory of God down through the cycles of eternity.

## CHARLES CHINIQUY

HARLES CHINIQUY, the great Temperleader of Canada, was born July 30th, 1809, at Kamoraska, provice of Quebec.

But few priests or monks since the days of Martin Luther have equalled Mr. Chiniquy in his stand for truth and justice as God had revealed it unto him. Being one of the most noted priests in the Roman church in Canada; the leader in many civic reforms and advocate of Temperance, we find the noted man nearly in a class by himself. Early in his career he was known to take no part in the festivities of the retreats conducted by the priesthood; not only refusing the participate in their revelries, but openly denouncing drunkenness and corruption both in and out of the church.

While in the administration of his duties as priest he came into contact with gross acts of licenciousners and debaucherp. Often hearing the confessions of priests and others, who had been swept down into the blackened subterranean depths of Romes Confessional System. For years he wept with these victims of the System laboring and hoping for some way out of the

dreadful situation. Meeting with opposition in most instances from his superiors. This started him to think and study his Bible more closely. This meant the "beginning of the end" of his priesthood; he was sent from Canada to the States to found a colony of his countrymen in the state of Illinois. While laboring to better conditions among his people here, he encountered persecution on every hand. Deceived by priest and Bishop he battled away in the Church of Rome until the dawn of a brighter day appeared.

At one time we have the record of how the hierarchy sought to ruin his work and character. False witnesses had been secured to substantiate false charges attacking the character of Mr. Chiniquy. He was hailed into court and imprisoned by the framers of the diabolical plot. The day of trial was approaching and things looked doubtful. His counsel realized the enormity of the charge against their client and their seeming inability to secure evidence conclusive, relative to the plot of the enemy.

About this time Abraham Lincoln was engaged to assist in defending Mr. Chiniquy. The day of trial came, and at the eleventh hour two witnesses from Chicago made themselves known. They had overheard the priesthood plot to ruin the reformer, how a certain woman had consented to falsely accuse Mr. Chiniquy of a scandalous proposal, in lieu of receiving a tract of land for her part in the plot. When the priests learned that one of these witnesses had volunteered to give their testimony, they dropped the case against Chiniquy and fled. The reformer was set free. (See Fifty Years in Church of Rome.)

After having spent about fifty years in the Church of Rome he was converted to Bible Christianity and withdrew from the Church. Hundreds of his people now gave up the teachings of popery and followed their leader out into the green fields of Bible pasture to enjoy the freedom of the gospel of Christ. The

work of Chiniquy shook the Church throughout North America and proved one of the mightiest strokes against bondage and superstition since the time of Luther.

*Note:—Read "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome" and "Forty Years in the Church of Christ" for Chiniquy's life.

Chiniquy's two books, "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome," and "Forty Years in the Church of Christ," are classed among the greatest books of the day, and read by thousands of readers. The name of Chiniquy is inseperably connected with the Bible reform work in North America. And after living to be more than ninety years of age he departed this life of trials and persecutions for the realms of a brighter world, that knows no sorrows, pain nor tears. "For Him to live was Christ, but to die was gain."

---

## WALTER SIMS.

Back in the days of Chiniquy, Mr. Sims launched out into the Protestant cause, upon several occasions accompanying Mr. Chiniquy, through stormy battles for God and the Bible, meeting murderous mobs, barely escaping with their lives. While many other ministers remained silent on the errors of the Church of Rome and preferred to "live at peace" with the gigantic of counterfeit religions, Rev. Walter Sims traveled from city to city, defending the faith and exposing the theology of the Church of Rome, many times being brutally treated and bruised in body. But, like scores of others, persecution only spurred him on in the great cause of God and liberty.

Walter Sims was a man of God, a defender of the faith, a loyal advocate of liberty and justice.

In the fall of 1916, a few weeks after the author had paid Mr. Sims a visit, news reached us that this grand old man of God had passed over to a land

where mobs are unknown, where trials and labors cease, where endless rest and heaven's bliss will reward the worn and weary soul throughout the endless cycles of eternity.

## W. H. BOLES.

Mr Boles was a staunch Protestant preacher and defender of the faith—one of the foremost platform speakers of his time Many times he faced murderous mobs and suffered years of persecution from the hierarchy. At one time he was assaulted upon the platform at Springfield, Ill., by a Romanist and felled by a blow from a water pitcher.

Mr. Boles was a loyal supporter of the principles of Bible Protestantism, and after encountering many hardships and severe trials he passed away at his home at Marion, Ill.

## Martyrs and Witnesses of Today

**Including many of the noble men and women that have placed their "all" upon the altar of Truth and Liberty, a sacrifice for God, Home and Country.**

## GEN. NELSON A. MILES.

General Miles has rendered a great and lasting service to the American republic by acquainting the people of the nation with the gradual encroachments of the Roman Church, to-wit: in securing positions of trust and authority in both the American army and navy; how that, in many instances, the Romanists had wormed their way into the control of both the commissary and ammunition departments It was while commander of the land forces in the Spanish war and during his long years of army service that these facts were brought to his attention. Though it occasioned

great sacrifices to him personally, yet General Miles has proved himself a patriot second to none in his defense of American institutions, with their God-given liberties. He has been a general for liberty and for truth. (Read "Serving the Republic.")

## THOMAS WATSON.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most; feels the noblest, acts the best.
—Bailey.

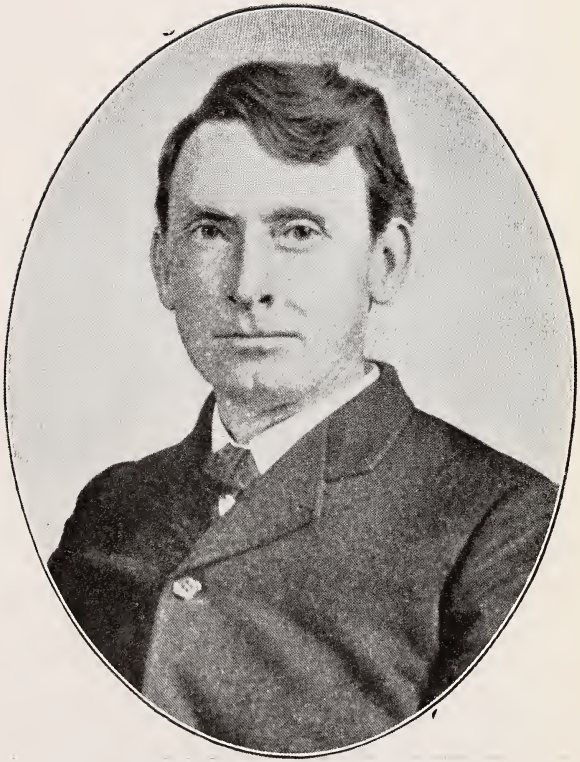
UR human progress, under the head of Civilization, marks the path of the masses in its onward rush, to what the world is prone to call,—success. Motives become a fettered slave to ambition,—and quite often lose their sublimity and beauty in the gradual sacrifice of Heaven's principles. Civilization becomes self-centered, with no natural mind nor makeup to live for others,—to benefit the whole. Gradually becoming either proud and haughty, stolid and cold, or drifting into the shallow waters of sentimentalism. When some of these conditions commence to fasten their grip upon a nation, or a people, politically or religiously, it is then that God will call a man (or people) to leave the multitude and trudge on ahead to the forks of the road, where custom and principle each separate and continue their respective courses.

When the "parting of the way" is reached, he takes up his position across the beaten path of custom and there battles with the multitude endeavoring to turn the tide and rehabilitate the path of principle. Mighty men are chosen. Some are able to turn the multitude, while others serve as a bar or check across the threshhold of error and darkness. Some stand out in bold

relief upon the pages of our time while others, less known, too, take their place among God's chosen leaders as stars of the first magnitude. Thomas E. Watson, statesman, scholar and historian, has filled a great and eminent position in the leadership of mankind, and in the advancement of civilization.

About the year 1750 a Quaker colony from North Carolina came into Georgia and purchased a tract of 40,000 acres of land between the Savannah River and Ogeechee River. They divided the land among themselves and established the old town of Wrightsborough. Among these Quaker colonists were the ancestors of Thomas Watson. (They settled this country and improved the land at a time when the implements of agriculture were crude, necessitating much toil and deprivation.) Their succeeding generations continued in the occupancy of those plantations in several instances down until the Civil War. After the war the panic of 1873 swept off all the property belonging to the Watsons, forcing them to leave the home that had been in the family for so many generations.

It was on this old plantation, September 5th, 1856, that Thomas Watson was born. He received a common school education, attended high school at Thomson, Ga., and then attended the Mercer University at Macon, Ga., 1872. While in the University the panic came and swept off the balance of the elder Watson's property, throwing the family out in the world and compelling Thomas to abandon his course at the school. Having secured a liberal education at the age of 16, he commenced to teach school, and continued to teach for nearly two years, reading law at night by the light of a pine-knot fire. Through the kindness of Judge W. R. McClaws, at Augusta, Ga., he was permitted to continue his law studies for several weeks, preparatory for his admission to the State bar, to which he was admitted in the City of Augusta in



Thomas Watson.

"Hickory Hill," Thomson, Georgia, the Home of Thomas Watson

1875. We can get some idea of the poverty of young Tom when we read from his pen, "That the clerk was kind enough to credit me with his fees for my license to practice law, which I was not able to pay at that time."

For a while the young Watson tried to teach school and at the same time practice law, but he soon realized that this could not be done with justice to both. He then returned to the old home at Thomson, Ga., to make a final effort to "get a start." An old friend and former school teacher came to his aid and took the struggling young man into his family and credited him with a year's board, in order to give him a fair chance. "Thus," as Mr. Watson later said, "In November, 1876, I began my real efforts at practicing law at Thomson." While waiting for clients he assisted the clerk in recording deeds, mortgages and other instruments of the county records.

This marks the beginning of the labors of Thomas Watson, whose first year's practice yielded him about $200.00. During his first year's practice he carried his dinner three miles to his office, in town; at the same time he bought back the old homestead and moved his parents, younger brother and sisters back to it, making the first payment out of his first year's earnings. And so he continued, year after year, until the annual income from his practice reached $12,000.00. He was married in 1878 to Miss Georgia Durham, of Thomson, Ga.; was elected to the Georgia Legislature in 1882, declining re-election; was elector-at-large in 1888 on the Democratic ticket; in 1889 led the fight against the Jute Bagging Trust. He was then elected to Congress, where he fought for the eight-hour law, and led the debate on the bill which required the railroads to put automatic couplers upon their freight cars within five years.

In 1896 he was a candidate for the office of vice-president, with W. J. Bryan for president. This was

supposed to be a fusion ticket, but later proved a trap to catch the voters of the People's Party. This movement put an end to the Populist party. Mr. Watson not being able to endorse the old party methods and principles, turned to writing. This was a turning point in his career. He wrote "The Story of France." "Life of Napoleon," and "The Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson," all bearing upon the religious and political situation in Europe and America.

Mr. Watson is, in addition to his book work, the publisher and editor of Watson's Magazine (monthly), and The Jeffersonian, a weekly publication. Both are widely circulated. He is considered by scholars and critics an authority on history. His periodicals breathe a patriotic spirit and are strongly Bible protestant in character.

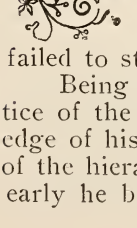
Several times has this writer and editor been arrested and thrown into jail because of the character of the matter published in his magazines. He had charged the Romish priesthood with using and practicing an immoral theology, and to substantiate his charges quoted from their Latin theology verbatim the matter studied by the priests and propounded in the confessional box to the penitents, both male and female.

Watson has proved himself an untiring worker in his defense of the fundamental principles of the American constitution. He has lived and labored through a period that will long be remembered as the time when Roman Jesuitry had all but captured the several departments of the American commonwealth, at a time when the cunning craftiness of the papal machine had succeeded in blending its latent motives with the principles of Liberty, Truth and Justice, until the protestant church had lost the peculiar identity upon which it was founded. In the midst of this strange, unnatural condition Providence placed

Thomas Watson, who, with voice and pen, has and is wielding sledge-hammer blows upon the strongholds of political Romanism. Almost single handed, in his State and section, he faced the Hierarchy with the Bible and the facts contained in history. Many attempts were made by Rome to silence him. Papal intrigue secured his arrest for publishing extracts of Rome's so-called "Moral Theology." Influence has brought to bear upon prominent officials at Washington (but God had decreed that Rome should be exposed in all her unscriptural, diabolical practices). Watson plead his own case when placed on trial, or, rather, plead for a principle that had become a part of him. The enemy was defeated. The Jesuits were routed. Papal lawyers and Roman tools skulked away,—as the old banner of Liberty again cast high its folds and swept the balmy breezes of old Georgia and the Nation. The name of Thomas Watson has taken its place in history as one of God's greatest lovers of justice, advocate of liberty, and a defender of the faith.

---

## AUGUSTUS E. BARNETT



MONG the patriotic Protestant speakers and workers of today, Dr. Barnett stands as a leader. He was called to the ministry early in life, and began his responsible mission fearlessly, with a full knowledge of his duty to God and mankind. His sermons were aglow with truth and never failed to stir the multitudes that heard him.

Being thoroughly educated in the faith and practice of the papacy, as well as having a wide knowledge of history relating to the conduct and practices of the hierarchy down through the ages. Thus quite early he began to warn the people to stand by the

Bible, Liberty and Free American Institution. When the twentieth century continuation of the principles of the reformation opened in the States, Dr. Barnett was among the first to mount the steps and unfurl the banner of Protestant truth in defense of Liberty and Justice. His book, "Shall the Pope Rule America?" is an authority on the political activities of the papacy. It is being read by thousands. He has lectured throughout America to enthusiastic audiences.

While delivering a series of lectures in the City of Buffalo, New York State, the building in which the meeting was being conducted, was attacked by a Romish mob; windows were broken and a number of people injured. It was only providentially that the speaker made his escape and that his life was spared. It was a furious throng that defied the law and surged the streets. At the postoffice he sought refuge under the Stars and Stripes. While all was confusion he was slipped away to a place of safety. However, this did not daunt the purpose of his calling. His lectures were continued with telling success after the Buffalo riot. Thunderbolts of truth were hurled into the hierarchy wherever he went that put a shudder in the camp of the enemy.

He later became associated with the management and editorial department of The American Citizen, the noted pioneer weekly Protestant publication, published in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, where Mr. Barnett resides and directs his part of the work.

"You shall hear the Truth, and the Truth shall make you Free."—Bible.

## ANTONIO GUERRETORIE.

This great Italian martyr, whose life was spent and sacrificed upon the altar of liberty, was twice exiled from his home in Naples because of his advocacy of Italian lyiberty. For years previous to Garibaldi's victorious march into Rome he stood at

every opportunity a mighty force against the despotic, arrogant rule of the Vatican. With a liberal education, a wide experience and persecution at the hands of the priesthood, he was eminently fitted for the task of assisting in bringing about a free and united Italy.

When the papal authorities first learned of his work, he was arrested and taken from his country across to France. Later Rome set a price upon his head and he was forced to live in seclusion for several years, during which his wife administered unto him, supplying food and clothing. After conditions had changed at Rome he returned and was one of Garibaldi"s advisers and marched at the general's side when the latter's army entered the gates of Rome and compelled the retirement of the pope's soldiers beyond the muddy waters of the Tiber. Perhaps in all Europe no man has been more loyal and self-sacrificing than Mr. Guerritore. The terrible torture and suffering inflicted upon his wife, through fear for his safety, caused her to loose the sight of both eyes, becoming totally blind.

Both the martyr and his wife were from the ranks of nobility, and occupied a beautiful villa, built upon the rocky slope of the north shore of the Bay of Naples, in the village of Passillipo, a hamlet of Naples. But titles, courts and all were cast aside, and the lives of both were given as a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom, justice and an open Bible.

It was the author's privilege to dine one day at the home of Mrs. Antonio Guerritore, when the above information was secured relative to the life of her husband. Since the death of Mr. Guerritore the widow spent her time singing Gospel hymns at her home and at Bethel Harbor Mission, Naples, singing and playing the organ to the sailors and Roman Catholics. Scores of souls have been converted to Bible Christianity through her speaking the Gospel in song.

## JUAN ORTIS GONZALEZ.

### Missionary.

Formerly a Franciscan Monk in Spain. Prefect in Noted Catholic Colleges, and Lecturer on Sacred Scripture.

R. GONZALEZ, one of the most noted characters within the last five centuries, was converted to Bible Christianity from the Church of Rome. Well may he be classed along with all the noted reformers and martyrs of the past. Like Paul, conversion to Christianity, meant the giving up of position, trust and authority, to become, as it were, an outcast to tread the road of persecution with his Master, Lord and Saviour.

Since his conversion from the Roman Church his life has been crowded with service. Being an educated and able speaker,—convincing in manner, and gentle in spirit, his sermons and lectures have found their way into the hearts of thousands of both Catholics and Protestants. Dr. Gonzalez is associated with the Presbyterians, as a missionary both in America and Cuba. Multitudes have received help under the sound of his voice.

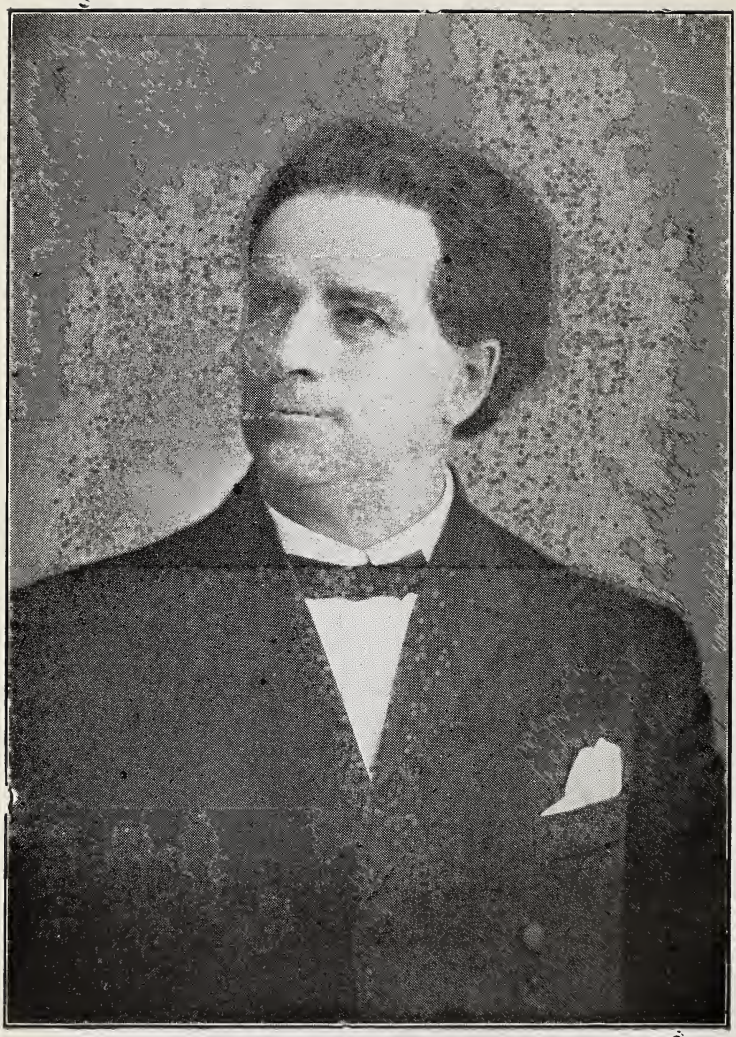
"O Father! Not my will, but thine be done!"
So spake the Son.
Be this our charm, mellowing earth's ruder noise
Of griefs and joys—
That we may cling forever to Thy breast,
In perfect rest.

—Keble.

Juan Ortis Gonzalez
Missionary.

---

**Formerly a Franciscan Monk, Prefect in Noted Catholic Colleges, and Lecturer on Sacred Scripture.**



Louis Joseph King
(Converted Catholic Evangelist)

## LOUIS JOSEPH KING.

### (Converted Catholic Evangelist).

"For God has marked each sorrowing day
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long years of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here."

B—.

THOUSANDS today know Mr. L. J. King, who was born on a farm in the Province of New Brunswick, Canada, of staunch French Roman Catholic parents. At an early age he was "set apart" for the priesthood by his parents and was educated in the schools of the Church of Rome and specially instructed by both nuns and priests with this object in view. As a young man and student he was honest in his convictions with reference to his faith in the teachings of the Church, firmly believing that there was no salvation outside of the Church of Rome,—that all Protestants were hopelessly lost and doomed to spend eternity wailing throughout the stygnian vaults of the Pandimonium. As a Romanist he was zealous for the Church—and, above all, was hungry for God. When but a boy his father (through mistake), took him and others of the family to an old fashioned Sunday School. It was here that he first heard of Jesus as his Saviour. The old hymns were sung, telling how "Jesus Paid it All," instead of Mary, dead saints, images or relics. While this only lasted several weeks during the absence of the parish priest, but, in these few meetings, seed was sown that under God was destined to change his calling from the "priesthood of the pope," to a "priest of the Most High."

When about twenty-five years of age, he providentially, attended a revival meeting which resulted in his conversion to Bible Christianity. He at once

entered the ministry of the Lord, sold the country store that he was conducting at that time, took to the highways and byways to proclaim salvation through faith instead of dead works, such as priestly absolution, penances, wafer-gods, etc. Whenever he preached towns and neighborhoods were stirred. In many places great revivals, of the old faith, broke out.

He at once faced a new order of things, old friends left him, his own family turned against him. His mother disowned him—bid him leave and never return. We have often heard him tell of this heart-tearing experience and how God sustained and helped him through it all. In the words of the Psalmist,—

**"When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."**

At first the evangelist sang and preached in school houses, country churches and street corners, often meeting with abuse and rough treatment. As his message grew "stronger and sharper," God led him into wider fields, halls were secured, store rooms temporarily seated, sometimes church doors were opened for his message.

During his career, as a reformer and evangelist, of about thirty years, he has lectured and preached in hundreds of towns in Eastern Canada and throughout the United States. Time and time again he has been hailed into court and often thrown into jail because of his fearless message to humanity. The same zeal that once marked his efforts for the popery, now controlled his enthusiasm for the "faith once delivered to the Saints,"—often meeting with murderous mobs. Upon several occasions was brutally beaten, mauled with clubs, and left for dead. Hundreds of threats have been made by his enemies, threatening his life. Always trying to intimidate the speaker and break up the meeting, but God had picked a man that knew nothing about retreat, a man full of power, love, and lion boldness, a soul that had its eyes set upon the

Lamb of Calvary. A Romanist saved by grace through faith, determined to reach the portals of Glory (receive a harp and crown), and join the ransomed throng in the great triumphal march over the golden streets to the great throne—center of the new Jerusalem, and there cast his crown at the feet of Jesus, while all the hosts of heaven will play upon their golden harps and sing, **"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing, etc." Amen.**

God selects men for every important position in the battle for the Kingdom of our Lord. Men that will stand through trials and tests, men that will suffer death if needs be for the Master whom they serve. Old Paul "fought the fight,—Savonarola gave his body to the flames,—Luther willingly faced both king and potentate,—both Wesley and Knox traveled a thorny path for truth, as well as scores of others found within these pages, and hundreds of other great and mighty men and women, who, for want of space, we cannot mention. Even so God has directed the steps of Louis Joseph King, Converted Catholic Evangelist, over the path of His calling, for the upbuilding of humanity the edification of the body of Jesus, and the Glory of God.

---

(Note 1). Mr. King, the subject of this sketch, resides at Toledo, Ohio, where he maintains a missionary quarter for the publication of a monthly magazine (called the Converted Catholic Evangelist), and other literature to aid in his meetings throughout America.—(For Evang. King's early life and battles read **"Scarlet Mother on the Tiber."**)

---

(Note 2.) The author and compiler of this book, is greatly endebted to Evangelist L. J. King, for much of God's blessed truth. It being in one of Mr. King's meetings at Phoenix, Arizona, in the witer of 1911-12 that Mr. Hedrickson surrendered all to God.—Gave up all and started for Rome, Italy, where he studied Popery at its fountain-head—within the shadows of the vatican.

## REV. WALLING CLARK

"I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might:
Choose thou for me, O God,
So I shall walk aright."
—Bonar.

SPEAKING of God's faithful servants that today stands upon the altar, between the handles for service and sacrifice, is Walling Clark. He was educated for the ministry and ordained in America, where he occupied a number of important charges. But other work was in store for him. Another field was in need of a laborer; a people groped in darkness; poor deluded souls were starving. Though the storehouse of love and mercy stood at hand in their benighted land, yet, to some extent, if not in a great measure, it was closed to them. A missionary was needed,—a servant with Bible in hand, fearless and bold, for Truth, and the cause of the Master's kingdom. A singular and peculiar position was vacant. It called for one capable and singular to fill the place,—Missionary to the Italian priesthood.

While the land of Italy was not a stranger to the gospel of the Son of God, yet certain classes among the descendants of old Rome were seemingly beyond reach and without proper help. The restless, unconverted, dissatisfied priesthood throughout Italy was wandering "to and fro," "hither and yon," seeking peace for their troubled souls. Some had discovered that their church (Roman Catholic) was corrupt and unscriptural. When a Roman priest in Italy comes to this conclusion his position is unfortunate. To leave the Church of Rome means excommunication accompanied with the papal curse. This stands at his back, while in front he faces the strong distrustful anti-clerical portion of the Italian people. Nowhere to go,

no one to help. For this work, to fill this gap, Dr. Clark was chosen. In Italy he was called to superintend the work of the Methodist church in the district of Rome, succeeding Bishop Burt. A large residence building has been donated as a house of refuge for ex-priests, but for lack of funds and some one to assume active charge, its doors had been closed a part of the time. Mr. Clark, together with representatives from the various denominations, formed an inter-denominational committee. This committee chose Mr. Clark as its chairman. The home was opened under the name of the "Savonarola Institute." The first year several noted converted priests were admitted into the institution, some receiving instructions in manual training, while others were taught the New Testament plan of Salvation. For several years the work increased according to the means that came into the hands of the committee. Among the number of converted Monks and priests received at the home, and assisted, were several big men from the Roman church. One a canon, another noted for his compositions of music.

The work at the institution flourished upon the faith plan up until the outbreak of the European war, which cut off much of the support from the countries at war. When this came Mr. Clark has been laboring to secure help for the storing Romish priesthood in America, going from place to place telling the people of the sad condition existing in Italy. Hundreds of priests in Italy are anxious to quit the papacy. Many of them are honest in purpose and deserving of help. A great field for the foreign missionary boards to help. Twenty-five thousand dollars spent annually on this institution would mean a mighty work, and eternity would reveal the result. Dr. Walling Clark's foreign address is 38 Via Firenze, Rome, Italy. May hearts be touched so that the needed help will come to Mr. Clark and his associates in the Protestant Missionary Bible cause.

## EVANGELIST THOMAS E. LEYDEN
(Ex-Romanist.)

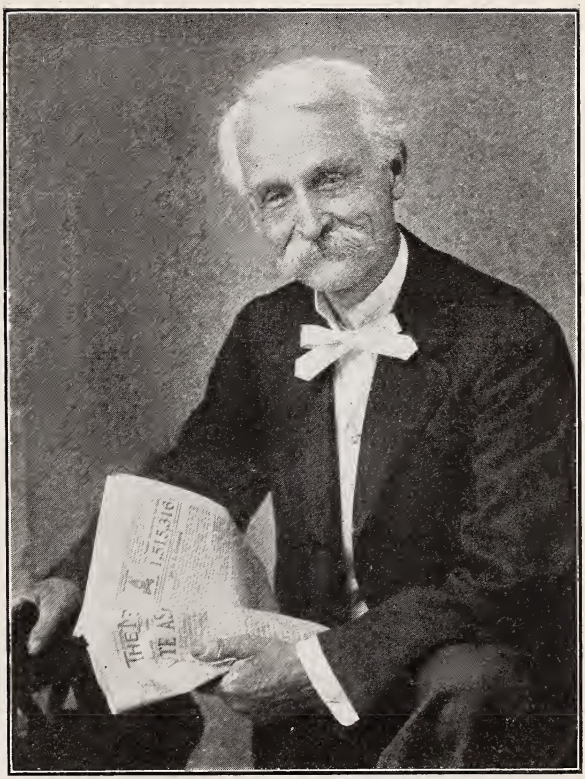
"So much as in me is, I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are at Rome also."

ONE OF the most noted men in the warfare against the papacy and its attempt to make American Roman Catholic is Thomas E. Leyden, better known as the converted Roman Catholic preacher of Boston.

He was born in the City of New York in the year 1854, and by education and environment was led in early life to dedicate himself to the service of the Roman Catholic Church; and, like all true followers of the Pope, believed in the sacraments and claims of the system as the only way to know the Lord. But God had better things in store for this cruelly-deceived papist. On an evening in March, 1883, he attended a meeting for men in the Park Street church in the City of Boston. There he heard the true message of the saviour of men. He accepted Christ as his only priest and mediator, and was "born again" into the peace and liberty of the sons of God.

Two years after he heard the call of the Holy Spirit to "Go and tell what great things the Lord hath done for him." In a ministry of over thirty years he has, like Paul and Luther, dared all things in defense of the Gospel, and amidst trials and discouragements, in constant peril of his life, he preached the truth and cried aloud to his deluded brethren, "Come out of her, my people." In all his discourses he presents the love of Christ as a friend and saviour of all who believe and accept his word in faith.

He has preached to great gatherings in the leading cities of the United States, Canada, England, Ireland and France. In many places he has been mobbed by his deluded brethren, and, like Paul of old, he de-



Yours truly
Theo. C. Walker
Sr. Editor
The Kruger

Thomas E. Leyden
(Ex-Romanist, Evangelist)

clares that persecution, poverty and imprisonments will not deter him from telling the story of "God's love for sinners." In the City of Haverhill, Mass., he attempted to deliver several addresses in the city hall, but was prevented by a mob of over ten thousand of his former co-religionists. In their mad frenzy the city hall and many of the homes of Protestants were wrecked; citizens were assaulted; they cried for the blood of Leyden; 19 alarms of fire were sounded in different parts of the city; police and militia were called. The city was a scene of disorder, and, despite the powers of satan and the Anti-Christ, God wonderfully delivered the reform preacher out of the hands of his enemies, and he lives to continue the battle for truth, and every cloud against the enemy of God and man—the Roman Catholic Church. "Surely God is true to all who place their faith and trust in Him."

"He put a new song in my mouth, even praise to our God. Many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord."—Bible.—(Contributed.)

---

## THEODORE C. WALKER

(By B. O. Flower.)

WHATEVER is best and most enduring in civilization has been won for mankind by those, who, forgetful of self, have freely consecrated life's richest gifts to some great cause or vital issue. To these "Heroes of the Durable" duty is divine, and the call of truth, justice and righteousness is the voice of God before which all else sinks into insignificance. Among these chosen ones who today represent this conscience voice that constitutes the nation's soul, Rev. Theodore Cobb Walker, the senior editor of The Menace, justly holds a prominent place. For more than fifty years he has consecrated his life to

what he believed to be the demands of duty and the high interests of humanity and the state.

Mr. Walker was born at Paw Paw, Michigan, in 1839. His collegiate education was obtained at that famous nursery of moral and intellectual activity, Oberlin College. He entered this institution when the long gathering storm of Civil War was about to break in unprecedented fury on our land, and it was while at Oberlin, when the nation made one of its earnest appeals for men, that the young student followed in the footsteps of the one hundred other Oberlin boys who had enlisted under the flag.

For three years he bravely faced all the perils of battlefield and camp, seeing active service in twenty-four of the great battles of the Civil War, being wounded at Mission Ridge and Gettysburg. When the war closed Mr. Walker returned to his studies, and later entered the Christian ministry, being ordained in the Congregational church by Rev. Josiah Strong, the high-minded and noble servant of God from whom Mr. Walker imbibed much of that spiritual enthusiasm and lofty religious idealism which marked his score of years as an active minister in the vineyard of the Master.

Brave and important as was his service in the Civil War, rich as was the fruitage in lives ennobled and hearts illuminated by spiritual truth through his ministrations, as a loved and honored clergyman in the Congregational church, these services sink into comparative insignificance before the work achieved in the third epoch of his life, that of editor of the paper that long since became the most powerful factor in the great struggle to prevent the overthrow of our fundamental Protestant democracy by the substitution of the monarchial papal system through the nation-wide organized campaign of the Roman Catholic hierarchy.

On April 15, 1911, the first issue of The Menace appeared with Rev. Theodore Cobb Walker as editor.

This paper, founded by Mr. Wilber F. Phelps, was destined under the editorial direction of Mr. Walker, to soon become a periodical of nation-wide influence and 'ere long one of the most powerful conscience forces in the land. The Menace has long since been the mightiest lion in the way of Rome's rapid advance to a dominant position in the republic.

From the very first this noble, high minded, pure and upright servant of God was made the victim of Roman Catholic reckless abuse and calumny. Thousands of threatening letters and communications far too foul and vile to show to decent eyes, have, since the founding of The Menace, reached his desk from faithful sons and daughters of the Roman Church.

Theodore Walker is loved by all who know him. He is a fine type of scholarly, broad visioned, brave, conscience-governed militant Christianity, who, in life, word and deed, nobly reflects the life and teachings of the great Nazarene. As Jesus was unsparing in his condemnation of the corrupt and hypocritical hierarchy of his day, so Mr. Walker is unsparing in his exposure of the hypocritical subterfuges of the Jesuits and the political machinations of the Roman hierarchy in our land today. On the other hand he is a true disciple of the lowly Nazarene in his love for all the children of the Father who are seeking the light. His spirit is ever going out in helpfulness for those who are crying in the night time or our present materialistic self-absorption for the living water and the bread of life. Moreover, he is a tireless worker for a broader, juster, nobler and freer civilization that shall dower all life with opportunities to grow Godward under influences that shall make for harmony, peace, joy and spiritual florescense.

## ALICE MANLOVE.

True charity, a plant divinely nursed,
Fed by the love from which it rose at first,
Thrives against hope, and, in the rudest sense,
Storms but enliven its unfading green;
Exhuberant is the shadow it supplies,
Its fruits on earth, its growth above the skies.
—Cowper.

BUT seldom do we find a woman, with the peculiar fitness and special calling for the office of a Bible Protestant Missionary—to attack the works of popery in the presence of priests and laity and boldly hold up Jesus as THE WAY, THE TRUTH and THE LIGHT. Such a calling only come to those God given talents or ability adapt them for such special service.

Near the Pacific Coast in the southern part of the State of California, Los Angeles is situated, in the midst of rose gardens, vineyards, palms, figs, dates and pastures green. It is the metropolis of the southwestern America as well as a strongly Romanized center. It is here that God needed a Protestant Torch bearer some one to boldly protest—contend for the Faith—be a witness for Truth.

While pleasure seekers are crowding the streets and hundreds of thousands of Protestant church members are indifferent to their trust, in the mad rush for wealth, ease and pleasure, a small little figure is daily winding its way through the great throngs that surge the streets night and day, clad modestly and becomingly with a hand bag in hand,* she now stops to place a tract into the hands of a gentleman passing—perhaps a minister with a few words of exhortation she passes on, to where she next meets a wearied looking man, with a sad and hopeless looking face. She stops again, a gentle hand touches the poor man's arm, a sweet modu-

Alice Manlove

Alma White.

lated voice recommends a remedy—suggests a friend to help him—recommends Jesus the head of the church (instead of Peter) as the Lamb of God, "that taketh away the sin of the world." The peculiar somber expression so noticeable upon the face of Roman Catholics now becomes changed for one of hope—then peace and joy unspeakable. Thus the frail little messenger brought the True Faith to a poor deluded soul in the ranks of Popery. A soul had been delivered. This is the work of Alice Manlove, the "Madame Guyon" of California.

Upon another occasion she visited a Roman Catholic meeting, listened a few minutes to what the priest had to say, passed out and waited at the side door where she met the priest a few minutes later, opened her store house of Bible verses—told him of the blackness of the confession box, that he stood in the way of his followers—that hell awaited him if he did not repent and turn his people to the Living God. He ordered her away, but she kept on preaching the old Bible Faith, a policeman was called and she was thrown into jail. But she kept on pleading and protesting while the priests were laying further plans to rob her of her liberty. Next they took her to an asylum, under a charge of lunacy and locked her up in one of the wards for women. Bravely she stood the test and fearlessly protested against the Church of Rome and the treatment accorded her. She stirred the institution, proclaimed the Gospel to both Catholic and Protestant nurses and others until her liberty was secured. She was finally released and for years Mrs. Manlove has been a power for "The Faith"—bearing witness and testimony to Romanists and others, that the Just SHALL live by faith.

*Note—The hand bag or satchel is always filled with Bibles, tracts and copies of all the leading patriotic papers.

## ALMA WHITE.

ALMA WHITE, nee Mollie Alma Bridwell, was born in Lewis County, Kentucky, June 16, 1862, at the breaking out of the Civil War. She was the seventh child in a family of eleven children. There were seven girls and four boys. Her mother, who was Mary Ann Harrison, is still living at the age of eighty-four years. She was a distant relative of William Henry Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe.

Mrs. White's father, William Moncure Bridwell, was born and reared near Fredericksburg, Va., on the old Windsor estate, but later moved to Kentucky. He was a tanner by trade, having once been engaged in the tannery business with the father and brother of Ulysses S. Grant, the 18th president of the United States.

Mrs. White was brought up on a farm. She was converted at the age of sixteen, and at the age of seventeen she secured a teacher's certificate and began teaching in the public schools of Kentucky.

Immediately after her conversion she felt the call of God to religious and reform work. At the strong solicitation of an aunt, who lived in Montana, she was persuaded to go there to teach in the public schools.

On March 20th, 1882, Miss Bridwell started alone to Montana, on a journey of 2,000 miles, and this at a time when the buffaloes, Indians and cowboys were in possession of the Great Plains. Her story of divine protection on this trip, and other experiences, reads like fiction. In entering upon her duties as a teacher in that far Western state, which was then a territory, she met with opposition from the School Board and others for reading the Scriptures and praying in her school. The Roman Catholic sentiment was strong in the city where she was engaged as teacher, but determined not

to be defeated in her purpose to serve God, she put up a standard that the enemy was unable to overthrow. For one hour each day she turned the school into a mission: and taught the children to pray, read the Bible, and commit sacred hymns to memory. In one city there was an uprising against her; and the political parties became involved. He foes declared that she should not read the Bible in the school, but new trustees were elected and she won out in the fight; and was given the school as long as she desired it.

In 1887, Miss Bridwell was married to Rev. Kent White, a Methodist preacher, then a student in the University of Denver. After her first son was born she mas not well for three years. Physicians could do her no good, and her soul was crying out for a deeper work of grace; she prayed to live for her child and when smitten with fever and her life despaired of, her recovery was miraculous.

Later, Ray White, the second son, was born; and three times in his infancy was given up by the physicians as dead, but through prevailing prayer and the promise that she would preach the Gospel, Mrs. White saw him restored, to the amazement of many.

After the child's recovery Mrs. White sought and obtained the baptism of the Holy Ghost. It was then that she entered upon her life's work. He tongue was touched with a live coal from the altar; she began to preach the Gospel in her husband's church; and later preached in forty different localities in the State of Colorado, where the great Pillar of Fire movement that now belts the globe was launched out through her efforts; her converts multiplied until it was necessary to effect an organization to take care of them and train them for missionary work. Her whole life has been devoted to the uplifting of humanity and the salvation of the lost. She has been fearless and uncompromising, crying out against the wrong wherever she found it.

In 1902 Mrs. White began to publish a paper, now called the Pillar of Fire. Scattered all over the country are her trained missionaries, who are continually meeting with opposition from Roman Catholic police in their open air meetings. It was because of this opposition that Mrs. White began to publish The Good Citizen, an anti-Catholic paper, known throughout the United States and Europe. Its fearless editorials and striking cartoons have opened the eyes of many thousands to the corruption of the Roman Catholic Church and the efforts it is putting fourth to make America Catholic.

In addition to the Pillar of Fire and The Good Citizen, Mrs. White is editor of The Metropolitan, published at Denver, Colo., the London Pillar of Fire and The British Sentinel. She has also written eleven books and is the author of nearly one hundred hymns. —(Good Citizen office, contributor.)

---

## "BILLY" PARKER

(By John Parker.)

IN THE mining village of Allanton, Lanarkshire, Scotland, Billy Parker, known in the patriotic field of labor as the "Witty Little Scotchman," was born, September 14, 1871. When quite young he migrated with his parents to Canada; but the climate of Canada not agreeing with the father's health the family returned to Allanton, where the father was killed in the coal mine shortly afterward. The family then moved to the town of Larkhall, where Mr. Parker received his education in the Glengswan Public School and the Larkhall Academy. When he left school the first employment that he secured was at Hamilton, four miles distant. He walked to and from his work each day, for which he received the munificent sum of

62 cents per week. He emigrated to the United States in 1893, and settled in Pennsylvania, where he worked in the coal mines.

Billy Parker is known in the patriotic movement as one of the extreme radicals. He owes this to an inheritance from his father, who was an Orangeman, and his mother, who was also a radical.

Mr. Parker has had many trying experiences and hard battles in the patriotic reform work, but he came through it all victoriously with telling and lasting results. He was with the late Dr. Boles in Minneapolis, Minn., when they were open fired on by Romanists, who afterward returned and burnt the tent in which they were lecturing. The meetings were then held in Unity Mission church, where one night about 1,500 Papists surrounded the church and hurled stones through the large stained-glass windows, breaking nearly every window in the building. Three nights that week they were taken to their hotel in a patrol wagon heavily guarded by policemen to protect them from the murderous mobs that threatened their lives. There was not one Roman Catholic elected to an office in that city at the following election, which was the ultimate results of that series of meetings. (A great victory for Truth and Liberty.)

During his long stay in that state he became the partner and co-worker of the late Rev. William Black, who was assassinated at Marshall, Texas, February 3, 1915, by six Knights of Columbus. This memorable trip will go down in the history of American patriotism as one of the greatest trips ever carried out by two patriotic lecturers. On this trip the whole State of Arkansas was stirred and aroused, and it caused the passing of the Arkansas inspection bill, the first direct State legislation in America that brought about the lowering of the bars and the unbolting of the massive doors on the iniquitious convent system throughout the States.

At Hot Springs a little girl by the name of Sadie Allison, who had broken away from the convent at that place, appealed to Rev. Black for protection. In order to properly protect and safeguard her against danger from those that might attempt to return her to the convent, Rev. Black adopted her, and while preparing to take her to his home in Ohio the tragedy took place in which Mr. Black was killed. Mr. Parker was lecturing in Hope, Ark., at that time, and he took the first train for Marshall and arrived shortly after the tragedy. He shipped the body of his martyred companion home, and then held a series of successful meetings in and around Marshall. He appeared before the Grand Jury that indicted the Knights of Columbus for the murder of William Black. He then took Miss Black to his own home in Pennsylvania, and on September 1, 1915, she was sent to school.

The great patriotic victory in Florida is, however, the crowning success of his life's work thus far. The beautiful Sunshine State was controlled by the Roman heirarchy. The State Committee of the Democratic party sold out bodily to the Roman Catholic political machine. United States Senator Nat P. Bryan was the political boss of the State.

When Billy took up the fight in Jacksonville, Fla., October 24, 1915, thence touring over the State in the interest of Liberty and American institutions. This aroused the citizens to their duty, and when the votes were counted, on June 6, 1916, Nat Bryan, political boss and tool of Rome, was nearly 20,000 votes short, —sending him down to defeat and into his political grave. Almost every candidate that didn't come clean on the question of Romanism was defeated. Sidney J. Catts, not known to more than two per cent of the voters, announced himself as a candidate for the office of Governor on the Democratic ticket with an anti-Catholic plank in his platform. The people rallied to his support and he was nominated and elected.

Mr. Parker promised the people, on starting his campaign in Florida, that if the Romanists didn't take their hands out of the politics of the State that he would stay there till they did; and he has kept his promise and has moved his family from Pennsylvania to his new residence, where he may now be found at 222 Phelps street, Jacksonville, Fla.

After fighting through to a victory in Florida, he then took up the fight in Georgia, and while in that State the Inspection law was passed. Similar to the enactment of the legislation of Arkansas.

Mr. Parker is the author of three books on the question of Anti-Romanism, namely:

"The Last Trip and Martyrdom of William Black."

"The Bloody Trail of Romanism."

"The Crimes of the Popes, and Then Some."

## MARVIN BROWN.

Providence marks the epochs in the history of mankind, and directs the walks of men preparatory for the issue involved. Great events must sometimes require men of special fitness.—(Author.)

OVEMBER 30th, 1879, Marvin Brown, Managing Editor of "The Menace," was born at Cooksville, Tenn. He was educated in the public schools and graduated from the Cooksville Collegiate Institute. In the year 1901 he answered the "call of the west" and located at Ada, Indian Territory, where he established The Ada Weekly News, now a flourishing daily paper. Later continuing his journalistic labors at Stonewall, Okla., Girard, Kan., and Oklahoma City, leaving Oklahoma City in the month of August, 1911, to assume the Editorial Man-

agement of "The Menace" paper at Aurora, Mo. Previous to this time God had raised up men (see biography of Theo. C. Walker, page 291) of strong courage and loyal to the principles of the reformation, to found The Menace and commence the circulation of a paper that would prove to be one of the mightiest weapons ever hurled against the Roman Political Machine. The first issue of this paper left the press April 15th, 1911. With the first ring of the anvil came the sparks, dead Protestantism began to arise from slumber and scan the horizon in search for rays of light. Far down in the southwestern part of the state of Missouri was the little town of Aurora, scarcely known beyond the county in which it was situated. There it stood, without prominence, in obscurity. Aurora's relative position to St. Louis or Kansas City reminds us somewhat of poor old Smyrna and its relative postion to Ephesus, the one time metropolis of Asia Minor. It stood as Bethlehem with Jerusalem before the birth of Jesus. Like a flash the news spread. The circulation went in "leaps and bounds." It became the Star of Liberty, set in the west, upon which the eyes of North America were turning. The founders soon had their desks buried beneath the flood of subscription, etc. A man was needed, capable, keen, quick to act, and manage the editorial department. To this position Marvin Brown was called—about four months after the first issue he took the editorial management. Bold and naked truths were spread over the four pages of "the paper." Rome began to howl—the circulation continued upwards—first to fifty thousand, then one hundred thousand, one-half million, next three-quarter million, then law suits were instituted to put the paper out of business. But the right man was there—justice was demanded—enemies to a free press were routed. Victories won, on up the circulation bounded, past the million mark. The Roman Catholic papers flinched and displayed

their usual weakness—by boycotts, threats, mobs, etc. The battle was on, the country was aroused—millions saw the monster that stood at the very door of American Liberties, ready to drag the Constitution in the dust and trample Civil and Religious Liberties under foot. They came to the rescue—over one million five hundred and fifteen thousand mark was reached. This occurred under the editorial management of Marvin Brown.

Mr. Brown was married April 13th, 1902, to Mattie Lou Rogers, at Ada, Indian Territory. They have two daughters. He is a member of the Christian Church, a thirty-second degree Mason. Mr. Brown is one of the most able writers in the service of the patriotic press, and known to millions of readers.

## WILLIAM LLOYD CLARK.

JANUARY 29th, 1869, William Lloyd Clark, author, lecturer and publisher, was born at Mt. Sterling, Illinois. His parents were staunch believers in the Bible principles of protestantism. Special mention is fitting concerning his mother, who, in the blessed administration of a mother's duties, so carefully and attentively guided the early steps of the reformer; taught him how to pray and live. To this tender God-fearing "mother in Israel," Mr. Clark is much indebted for a right start in life, as well as for whatever success marked his pathway in after years. (May God bless our staunch Christian homes and encircle the brow of loyal Christian mothers with a crown of everlasting reward to shine and sparkle throughout the ages of time and cycles of eternity.)

He was educated at Chaddock College, Quincy, Illinois. Later he studied law, preparatory to entering the profession, but Providence had decreed otherwise.

Instead of becoming an advocate of the "rights of persons and things," he was called to defend and advocate the Principles of the Reformation at the Bar of Justice, with the Judge of Judges on the bench and the public in the jury box. He delivered his first protestant lecture about the year 1888, under the auspices of the College Literary Society of Chaddock College, Quincy, Illinois. As a result of this lecture he was nearly mobbed the next day by the Roman Catholic students. A few years later he assumed the management of a printing and publishing plant in Quincy (a weekly newspaper) investing his capital in the enterprise. When Rev. J. G. White, the venerable pioneer protestant defender of American Institutions, was brutally beaten and mobbed by Romanists, Mr. Clark defended the preacher in his right to free speech in the columns of his paper to the displeasure of the priesthood. In a few days a committee of Romish priests called upon Mr. Clark (as they do upon editors in most cases when Romish mobs and papal methods are exposed) and tried to force an apology for the article. But the met the wrong man in the editor's chair. Clark refused to apologize for telling the truth. This meant suicide for the paper. Rome whipped the boycott devil into the harness and broke up the enterprise. But this did not stop the progress of young Mr. Clark; it rather led him more actively into the calling that should mark the future of his labors. He now took to the platform in churches and halls in defense of Liberty of Speech and Freedom of Press. Crowds gathered, multitudes were awakened and educated upon the principles of Romanism. The North Central section of the United States become his field. When no halls could be secured he went to the street corner, mounted a soap box and times without number barred his breast to howling mobs and blood-thirsty throngs of Romanists, often meeting with violent rough treatment. Several times he was nearly killed, often stoned,

struck with clubs and other missles, kicked, battered and bruised, many times arrested at the instance of Roman officials, tnrown into jail and fined, but nearly always standing ground until liberty was secured and the priesthood put to flight.

He early in his career commenced to publish books, papers and tracts on the Roman question, and today we have the report that over 300,000 copies of books, booklets and tracts have been distributed into the hands of the American people. Continual labor and always untiring in his efforts for American liberties has marked his life; when others grew weary from the heat of battle he still trudged on to receive the marks and scars that today adorn his body as a token to his valor while on picket duty, warning the slumbering ranks of protestantism. He has traveled hundreds of thousands of miles by wagon, boat and rail, delivering lectures "along the way."

Mr. Clark resides at Milan, Illinois, and enjoys the blessing of a noble wife for a helper in his battles. Three children complete the family circle. It is here in a modest country home that wounds are healed and strength renewed.

### "The Rail Splitter."

Along with his other work he finds time to edit and publish "The Rail Splitter," a monthly magazine exposing political and Idolatrous Rome.

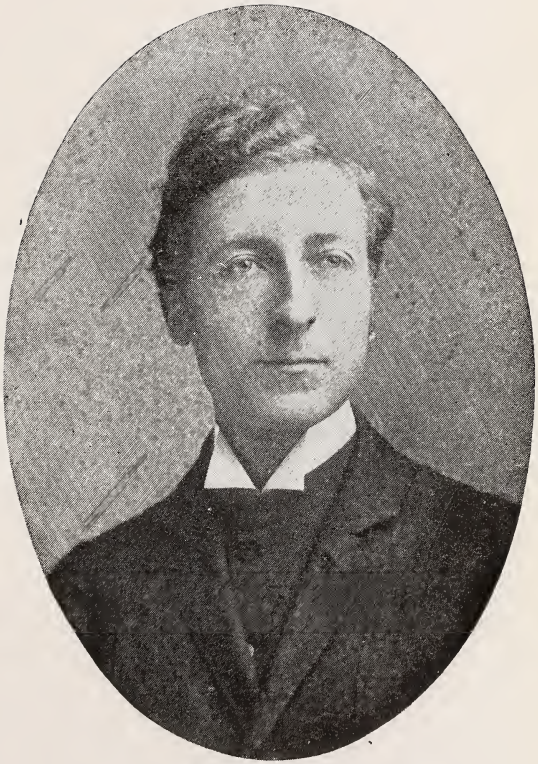
## MABEL McCLISH.

After spending a number of years in a Cincinnati convent, she secured her liberty and today is telling the awful story of her life Rome's convent; how she was made to suffer on account of the barbarous treatment accorded her while serving the Church back of a convent wall. Her revelations are too terrible to put into print.

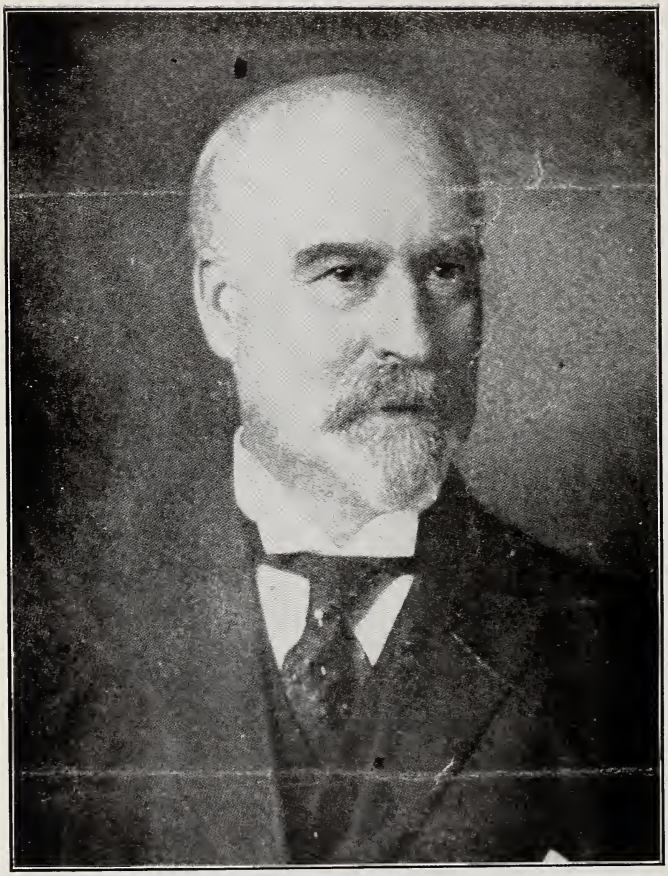
## A. E. RASSMANN.
### (Missionary to India.)

FOR the sake of a better understanding of the life and character of the sketch, we will go to the distant land of India. Arriving at one of the coast towns, we immediately start for the interior. After a few days slow traveling by ox-cart over a rough road and mountain passes, we reach the land of primeval heathendom,—the jungles of India. We halt our lazy oxen for the night at the outskirts of a hindoo village. Hundreds of half-clothed natives are gathering near a covered (Tonga) cart.

The sun has lowered in the golden west, until shielded from our view by the distant mountain peaks. The evening song of some strange bird in yonder tree breaks the quietude of the hour. Both male and female natives are passing to and fro, some pausing for a moment to look us over. We are strange to them, a peculiar people, called Christians. Suddenly the shrill clear notes of a coronet are heard in the direction of gathering about the Tonga cart. We now hear several voices singing in the native tongue. While listening we join in the spirit of the song and sing with them, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." Again the clarion notes of the coronet stir the group of natives. With hearts full of sympathy we draw closer until we reach the little band of workers. It is here and now that we face conditions and the work of a missionary in India. We meet Missionary A. E. Rassmann and wife, assisted by several native preachers. Mr. Rassmann opens the Bible, preaches "Christ and Him Crucified" to this band of heathens that are born and steeped in idolatry. They listen in a careless, half-concerned manner. Prayer is then offered,—Mr. Rassmann then closes the meeting with a cornet solo, an old song, "Shall We Gather at the River." The crowd then disperses to



E. A. Rassmann.
Missionary.



H. C. Hocken.
((See Page 308)

their huts. The missionary group kneel in prayer, then retire for the night—sleeping upon a rudely constructed bed as numberless brilliant stars stand out as sentinels over head.

Day after day the work continues, moving from town to town, now camped in a jungle valley, next by the side of a mountain pass, surrounded by poisonous reptiles, wild beasts of prey, disease and pestilence on every hand, all included in the experience of a gospel missionary who has heeded the call to "go ye and preach."

When Mr. Rassmann received his call to India to battle against idolatry, he was engaged in the real estate business in Phoenix, Arizona, with the firm of E. J. Bennett & Co., with every prospect of financial success. He immediately withdrew from the firm, packed his grip and made a missionary tour through Arizona, with Bible in hand attacking the teachings and practices of the Church of Rome, meeting with hardships, insults and rough treatment along the way; Always seeking to undeceive the Romanists and awake the Protestant Church. After a period of this preliminary work in the mountains and deserts of Arizona, he sailed for India as an independent missionary with promised support from several Christian bands, conducting their labors by faith. Along with his strenuous missionary toils he finds time to write for a number of religious and patriotic papers and magazines. His years of toil and experience, with Rome and Paganism in India, has developed a remarkable literary talent that is being greatly used in the tearing down of devil doctrines and false systems of so called Christian religion.

After laboring in India for several years he was married, securing for a helpmeet a noble consecrated lady, who today shares his battles for the Master—and accompanies him on his ox cart journeys into the jungles.

"In Him we live, move and have our being."

## H. C. HOCKEN.

### (Toronto, Canada.)

THE world's history is replete with word pictures, rich in color, eloquent in form, describing and picturing the nations of earth when radiant with material plenty—in the zenith of their glory—while on parallel pages we learn that in most instances, the grandeur and the height, thus pictured, marks the crisis that is destined to shape the future for its people.

The greater the crisis, the greater the need of a "Red Sea Moses" or a "Jordan River Joshua" to command the situation and force the issue to a successful ending.

While the Dominion of Canada is rated as a Protestant country, with its flag and commercial and state integrity, under the protection of Protestant England, yet of all our free Protestant countries, the educational, religious and economical situation of Canada stands in the greatest danger of any to suffer at the hands of the Roman hierarchy. Not content with a bleeding Mexico, an ignorant Spain, a priestly debauched Phillippines, a priestly ruined and papal spoilated Austria, an infidel France, she now turns her attention to Canada (and Ireland), where she now seeks to intoxicate the inhabitants with the wine of her fornication (Papal teaching and practice).

Among the noted and foremost defenders of the God given liberties of Canada, Mr. H. C. Hocken, public speaker, writes, and editor of the "Sentinel," stands, as one of Canada's most loyal sons. He has always stood openly and without equivocation for an open Bible and the old "Faith once delivered to the Saints." When the Church of Rome seeks to divert public funds into her coffers the voice of Mr. Hocken

has always been raised in thundering tones of denunciation. With Canada's public school system endangered by either provential or territorial legislation, and Catholic Quebec forcing the bilingual question all at a time when Protestantism was its weakest, because of her thousands of patriotic sons being joined in the European struggle, we find Mr. Hocken the foremost editor, and leading writer defending the free and established institutions of his country. He is plain, open and justly charitable in all his dealings with the papacy. His years of experience as a public servant, a leading Orangeman, a Christian character of high standing, all have singularly fitted him for the position that he has so ably filled. When other Protestant editors are fearful and exchange principle for papal poison, Mr. Hocken stood true to Canada, to God and Home. The task in Canada is great, where the hand of Rome is powerful (the country being about 40 percent Roman Catholic). But men of principle, that can forget self and make unlimited sacrifice for truth and liberty in the crisis that Canada has reached will be the only hope for the continued maintenance of Dominion's Free Institutions.

It is to such men as the Hon. H. C. Hocken, ex-Mayor of Toronto, and his compeers, that much credit is due for maintaining an open bible liberty of speech and freedom of the Canadian press.

---

## CANADA.

While Canada has entered the deep shades of trial, yet, under the directing hand of an all wise Providence, may she stand the test, pass the crisis, and ascend the tranquil mountain slope in her noblest achievement, until the crest of heaven's richest blessings is reached, where laden with the dawn of a brighter day, unhampered by Jesuit intrigue, she can bask in the golden sunlight of God's great love—when our Lord, the King of kings shall sway the scepter and reign supreme.

## HENRY FOWLER.

### (London, England.)

FOR the purpose of spreading Bible Protestantism and at the same time attack the political encroachments of the Church of Rome, is the Protestant Alliance of England, an association of Protestants. Mr. Henry Fowler is the Secretary in charge of the work. Perhaps no other individual has a better understanding of the papal system than Mr. Fowler. He is untiring in his efforts to serve the cause always ready to attend all matters in detail.

Through the instrumentality of Mr. Fowler, Spanish prisoners have been set at liberty. One was an officer in the Spanish army, who being a Protestant, had refused to attend the Roman Catholic Mass. For absenting himself from this Papal ceremony he was seized and sentenced to six months in prison. Mr. Fowler immediately took the matter up with King Alfonzo of Spain and labored for the officer's freedom until the king granted the petition for his liberty.

At another time the Church of Rome had arranged for a Eucharistic Congress in London, England,Church dignitaries from other parts of the world were present —the usual procession had been planned to march the streets of London with the "wafer" god at the head of the procession. This had been planned especially for London on account of England being a Protestant country; but the Living God had a watchman on Zion's Tower, that did not slumber. The day was near at hand for Rome to attempt to humiliate Great Britain, by a public demonstration in honor of the wafer god of Rome. The matter was brought to the attention of the King and members of Parliament with the result that the procession marched without the

Edward C. Wells.
(See Page 312)

John Marchant.

wafer being carried with the usual honor being accorded the "piece of cracker."

Scores of converted Romanists look to Mr. Fowler as Secretary of the Protestant Alliance for help and advice. He has proved himself a true friend to all worthy applicants.

Among the Loyal Sons of Great Britain, to the cause of Protestantism, Mr. Henry Fowler stands a daily sacrifice to the cause of humanity. In connection with his labors he publishes the Protestant Alliance Magazine of England that is read by thousands annually. He also publishes the Life of a Carmelite Nun,—also a Protestant Catechism besides other books and pamphlets. The Alliance office is located at 430 Strand, London, England.

## JOHN MARCHANT.

JOHN MARCHANT, Protestant preacher and lecturer of London, England, is one of Great Britain's foremost defenders of the Faith. In London at the parks and public halls, he is known as one of the leading Protestant Alliance preachers. For years Mr. Marchant has labored in various well known centers of London among the Romanists; ofttimes meeting with abuse and hardships. In Finsbury and Mildway Parks every Sunday and sometimes through the week Mr. Marchant, in company with other Protestant Alliance preachers, erects the "Alliance" platform and witnesses for the old Bible and God plan of redemption. During these missionary meetings they are invariably met by the leading defenders of the Church of Rome. Some great meetings are held as a result of these reply lectures. Mr. Marchant is also one of the founders of the "Royal Knights of the Order of David," one of the leading Patriotic orders of Great Britain.

## E. C. WELLS.

NE of Great Britain's most prominent Protestant workers is E. C. Wells. His earnest, fiery speeches have stirred many parts of London. He is noted as one of England's most powerful patriotic speakers and Protestant lecturers. He appears in the leading public meeting places three or four times during the week. In company with John Marchant this faithful Protestant warrior* has won many a great battle for the old Bible faith and laid bare the errors of the Church of Rome to great congregations of thosuands that swarm these public speaking resorts in London.

The Reform work in England is backed by the Bible and the speakers are not only confronted by defenders of the Church of Rome but by the ritualists as well. The high Church of England being nearly as antagonistic to their work as the Church of Rome.

Under certain laws in England idolatry is forbidden in the Church of England; but this did not stop the installation of an idol image of the Infant Jesus, at St. Phillips, Plaistow, Essex. However, it was not long before Mr. Edward C. Wells learned of the location of the image and went immediately to St. Phillips Church and removed it from the building and sent it to the Bishop of St. Albans.

When the Rev. Father (?) Chappel went to officiate at the six o'clock service the following Saturday morning the found the following notice pinned to the board outside the Church:—

"'Thou shalt not worship graven images nor bow down to them.'

*It was the author's pleasure to battle hand in hand at the side of these preachers, in London, during the missionary trip to England in the year 1914.

"The Protestant Alliance preachers removed from St. Phillips Church, Plaistow, an idol, and sent it to the Bishop of St. Alban, and requested him to do his duty and banish idolatry from the Church of England.

(Signed) EDWARD C. WELLS,
Protestant Alliance, 430 Strand.

"P. S.—No Popery in the Protestant Church of England."

With the voice of Marchant, Wells, Boals and a host of others in England raised against the errors of the Church of Rome, as well as the voice and pen of Henry Fowler, Secretary of the Protestant Alliance of England, truly, it can be said that the fires kindled when Rome burned Ridley and Latimer at the stake, are still burning by the grace of God. The prayer of the dying martyr has been answered.

*"Fires at Smithfield" in another chapter.

## EDWARD JACQUE.

### The Detroit "Menace Man."

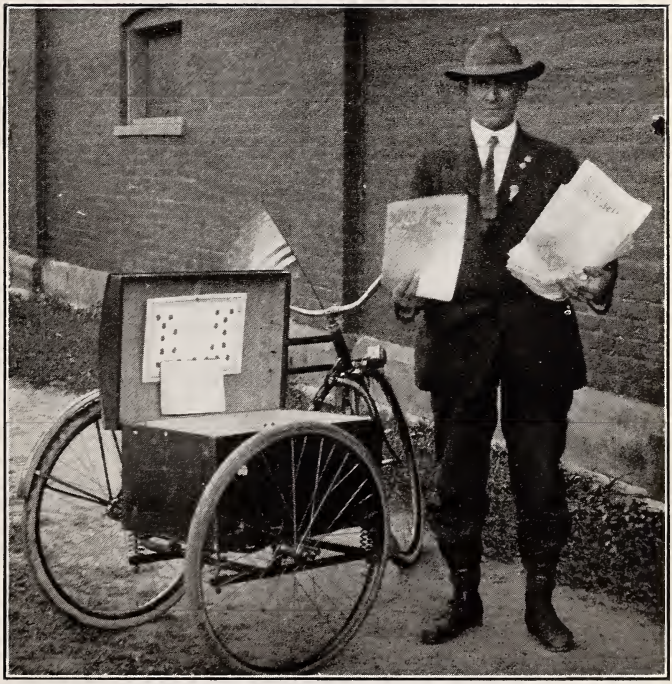
UNKNOWN to the great struggling family of mankind outside of the City of Detroit, Michigan, there lives a protestant of the martyr type. A convert from popery to the Protstant faith, that has stood the tests of persecution equal to that suffered by the martyrs and witnesses in the dark ages.

After spending about thirty years in the Church of Rome, the time came when he was brought face to face with the erroneous claims of the priesthood,

and the truth contained in the Bible. He read the Menace, American Citizen (patriotic Protestant papers), and the Bible, and in a short time he became satisfied that the Roman Church was not the Church of God. After his conversion he attended the Protestant Bible reform *campaign in which hundreds of other Romanists were led into the Protestant faith. During this meeting he felt the call to labor for the cause of Liberty and Truth. Born in humble environment and not having the advantage of an education, he was led to the selling and distribution of papers, magazines, Protestant books and Bibles.

Day after day he took up his stand, both testifying and laboring for the cause he had at heart. After meeting with insults from Romanists, called the vilest of names, spat upon almost daily, kicked, jostled and abused by women as well as men; but always bearing it patiently without murmur or complaint, always patient. Some days the Catholics had him arrested and tried to force him from the streets by ruining his clothes. They poured mollasses over him until he was drenched and dripping. A Romanist police then arrested him. The next day he was back selling the Menace. Some days the Catholics had him arrested from three to five times. But this did not stop his work; in every instance he was back selling his papers the next day. In all he has been arrested and hauled into court nearly one hundred and fifty times. (A good record for "in the Land of the Free and Home of the Brave.")

During the two years of his work he has faced every manner of discouragement. One morning he arose from his bed, to find the youngest of his children cold in death. Sorrowfully the little body was laid away and again the voice of the "Menace Seller" continued at the old street corner. A few weeks later a second child took sick and died and amid a dreary



Edward Jocque.

**The Famous Medal**

Commemorating the Massacre of about thirty thousand Protestants on St. Bartholomew's day. (See page 95).

chilly rain a sad procession halted at the burial ground and witnessed the heart-breaking struggle of Mr. Jacque and his wife, as the second child was laid to rest. With a heavy heart the Protestant paper and bookseller returned home and to his post to meet more trials, insults and persecutions; to face snow, rain and chilling winds; to sell papers, books and magazines; to labor for the Cause of Liberty and Bible Christianity.

## JOHN GRAY.

From the ranks of humanity men are called to defend "the faith" and the principles of liberty. Sometimes the most commonplace persons are chosen to take part in the warfare for Bible Christianity. This is true in the case of John Gray. Born of Irish stock and a native of Ireland, he early in life migrated to America, was later converted to the Christian faith, and immediately commenced to exhort and speak in public. He soon felt the necessity of educating the public on the claims and errors of the Church of Rome. From boxes, curbstones and carriage seats, with Bible in hand, he has waged a campaign in the face of mobs, threats and other dangers, bearing his expenses from the sale of Bibles, books and other Protestant literature. In an humble and earnest way, John Gray, the Irish Protestant speaker and colporteur, has sown seed from which no doubt he will reap an hundredfold.

## ANNA M. LOWRY

Was educated for the Sisterhood and after serving the Church of Rome in the capacity of school teacher for a number of years, experiencing many hardships

and witnessing dishonesty and abuses on every hand, she was led to renounce the Sisterhood and the Church of Rome and embrace the Protestant faith. Since her conversion she has proved a power in both lecturing and writing. She has lectured in many of the cities in the United States, and has been imprisoned several times and brought to trial for exposing the theology of the Church of Rome used in the Sacrament of Penance, by the priest, when hearing confession. Her path has been rough since taking up the battle for liberty, as is usually the case with those who oppose the practices and claims of the priesthood. She has stood many hard tests and severe trials.

"Fear not, I will be with thee."

---

## A MARTYR.

"My hair is grey, but not with years;
My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil."

# APPENDIX

## EMINENT PROTESTANT WRITERS.

Other writers that are a power for the cause of Protestantism who, with pen and ink and in every way possible, have occupied great and important positions in the conflict for an open Bible, and the principles of the reformation, are:

Rev. L. L. Pickett,
Robert Long,
Jeremiah J. Crowley,
B. O. Flower,
Judge Gilbert O. Nations,
Charles Lenz,
August Ekholm,
S. Boals, Scotland,
J. I. Sheppard,
George P. Rutledge,
Ernest Phillips,
Dan Law,
D. J. Reynolds,
Chas. W. Bibb,
W. L. Brandon,
Editor Scarboro,
Patrick Morgan, Canada.

and many others whose names do not appear with their articles, but honorably deserve mention along with the others because of their ardent stand for God and Truth.

## PROTESTANT WITNESSES.

In every great epoch in the history of mankind where strength and character are needed, God finds men capable to fill the position. Others that have rendered valuable service are J. G. White, O. L. Spurgeon, A. D. Bulman, Helen Jackson, Drs. Joseph and Mary Slatterly, F. B. Jordan, and Pat Malone.

# BOOK LIST

**WHY PRIESTS SHOULD WED.**
**By Justin Fulton.**

Known as the black book on Romanism. Exposing the immoral practices and moral degeneracy as a natural result of an unmarried bachelor priesthood. Rome has done her best to destroy this book on several occasions. Mobbed the author from which injuries were received that caused his death. A library of solid truth, revealing Rome's black path of shame and ruin.

Over 390 Pages, Cloth bound.....**$1.00**

---

**SECRET CONFESSION TO A PRIEST.**
**By Ford Hendrickson.**

A bold exposure of the language used in the Confession Box (Secret Chamber) by the priest and the woman. An exposure of Rome's **"Theologia Moralis"** by Alph. de Ligoria. The only complete book on the subject in the world treating the church law, history, theology, ruination and moral depravity, in connection with this cesspool of iniquity.

128 Pages, Substantial Paper Binding.....**$0.25**

---

**MY LIFE IN A CONVENT.**
**By Margaret Shepherd (Escaped Nun).**

Awful disclosures in her own handwriting, telling of a wrecked and ruined life caused by the unmerciful lusts of the Roman priesthood. You should read this book.

258 Pages, Paper bound.....**$0.50**

**THE BLACK CONVENT SLAVE.**
**By Ford Hendrickson.**

A complete treatment of Rome's Convent System, exposing existing conditions. Awful revelations of the escaped victims, as told from their own lips. It fully explains the reason for convent walls, barred windows and bolted doors, and why girls in so many instances leap from the roofs and windows to their death below. An eyeopener to the world.

128 Pages. Linen Paper, bound.....**$0.25**

**LIFE OF A CARMELITE NUN.**

The great book, including the famous 20 photographs taken on the inside of the Carmelite walls, as well as a photo of the author in private audience with Pope Pius X.

A neat volume, bound in paper.....**$0.25**

We handle a complete line of the best Protestant books in print. Special inducements offered to wide-awake "Protestant Book" Agents.

Send remittances by Express or Post Office Money Order.

**PROTESTANT MISSIONARY PUB. CO.,**
445 Fisher Ave. Detroit, Mich.

# Great Opportunity

for

## Booksellers, Missionaries and Colporteurs

Write for Terms and Territory

Every Protestant, Patriot or Christian will want a copy of

# MARTYRS AND WITNESSES

Sells everywhere on sight

### SPECIAL RETAIL PRICES

The two dollar silk cloth gold stamped volume, retails ..... $1.25

The five dollar full leather [Spanish Cow-hide] gold stamped ..... 3.00

ORDER NOW

Express Orders, Post Office Money Orders and Bank Drafts accepted. Don't send stamps or Personal Checks.

**Protestant Missionary Publishing Co.**

445 Fisher Avenue Detroit, Michigan

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: May 2005

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 167 795 0